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EXPERIENCE has been declared, with equal truth and poetry, to adopt occasionally the tone, and attain to something like the certainty, of Prophecy. In the contemplating mind the past and the future are linked by a bond as indissoluble as that which connects them in their actual sequence. Metaphysicians may dispute concerning the nature of causation; and it will always, no doubt, be difficult to explain and demonstrate the objective reality of that relation: but the reality, as an internal feeling, of the expectation that what has happened under given circumstances will happen again under precisely similar circumstances, is independent of metaphysical dispute and above it. It is an axiom drawn from the inward consciousness of our nature by involuntary generalisation. We acknowledge it expressly or impliedly in every instant of life. It is the practical ground of

every sane transaction. Instinctive in childhood — or if not instinctive, the direct result of the earliest, simplest, and most powerful associations — it becomes, however, entangled with conditions and modifications, as reason enlarges her sphere of vision, and we learn to question the absolute similarity of circumstances in any two assigned cases. But though puzzled for a while, and baffled as by a verbal quibble, the impression itself is not destroyed or weakened. We begin early to distinguish between relevant and irrelevant circumstances; to attend only to the former and to disregard the latter. Upon this ground Inductive Science takes her stand and erects her axioms; making it her business to ascertain, in each case, what are the really relevant circumstances on which events depend, and to analyse the complicated web of phenomena into a system of elementary and superposed uniformities, to which we assign the name of inductive theorems, or laws of nature.

One of the greatest steps which have yet been made in the philosophy of Logic — a step which may almost be termed a discovery when we consider the inveteracy of the habits and prejudices which it has cast to the winds—is that recently taken by Mr. Mill *, in showing that all reasoning (meaning thereby the investigation of truth as distinguished from the mere interpretation of a formula) is from particulars to particulars, and in thence assigning to general propositions their true character and to the syllogism its true office. But while a vast accumulation of rubbish, which obscured the basis of all sound philosophy, has thus been swept away, a condition of affairs is disclosed which, at first sight, seems to annul our prospect of attaining to any general knowledge whatever, — at least in those of its departments in which analogies are not at once perceived to be identities. No one has ever yet contended that our knowledge of special facts is intuitive. The questions, therefore, at once arise, 1st. What sort of security have we for the truth of any assertion concerning any external thing or fact which has not been made a matter of direct observation? and, 2dly. What measure have we of the degree or amount of that security, supposing we possess it in some degree, and supposing absolute and mathematical certainty to be unattainable?

Now, with regard to the first of these questions, it must at

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* System of Logic, 2d ed. chap. 3. on the functions and logical value of the Syllogism. Perhaps Mr. Mill may be considered as only following out more emphatically the views originally taken by Berkeley on this subject, but which seem to have dropped so far out of notice as to give their revival all the force of novelty.

once be admitted that no conclusion from inductive reasoning, *i. e.* from the observed to the unobserved, can enjoy more than a provisional security. If the unbroken experience of all observers, in innumerable instances, be really no ground for extending the conclusion to one unobserved instance admittedly parallel, then and in that case inductive argument should have no influence on human belief. But if, on the other hand, such large and uniform experience of the past is irresistibly felt to warrant a conclusion as to the future, we should then confidently adopt that conclusion, though with a distinct perception and admission of a risk of error more or less infinitesimal, which we make up our minds to disregard. And it is thus that we come to rest in *practical*, as distinct from *mathematical*, certainty, in all physical inquiry, and in all the transactions of life.

It is to express the perception, and enable us to speak consistently, and at the same time definitely, concerning the amount, of this risk, that the term PROBABILITY has been invented — a term having reference to our ignorance of the analysis of events, and of the efficient causes which really *necessitate* the successive steps by which they arise; and that not generally, but with special and personal reference to the party using that term; so that the same physical relation — the same historical statement — the same future event — may have very different degrees of probability in the eyes of parties differently informed of the circumstances, the causes in action, the reputation for veracity of the testifying authors, or their opportunities of knowing the facts related.

The scale of probability, as viewed in its greatest latitude, obviously extends from the assured *impossibility* of the event contemplated to the *certainty* that it will happen. The total interval between these extremes, either of which is complete knowledge, is occupied by higher or lower degrees of expectation or belief, determined by the partial knowledge we happen to possess, and may be regarded as a natural unit susceptible of numerical subdivision into fractional parts — much as the interval from the freezing to the boiling point on the thermometric scale may be subdivided into aliquot parts or degrees. Properly speaking there is no natural numerical *measure* of a mental impression, any more than of a corporeal sensation; but in both cases we are sure that higher degrees in the numerical scale may well represent greater intensities of the impression, and in both there is proof that equal increments of a certain element, purely ideal in the one, though possibly substantial in the other, — answer to equal numerical differences on the scale; and that the greater or less abundance of this

element, in some way or other, *determines* the degree of intensity of the impression in question.

But the scale of probability plainly admits of a much more precise graduation than that which would merely mark a general increment or decrease, inasmuch as it is obviously capable of an exact bisection, marked by a definite state of mind, — that, namely, where the mind is completely balanced between the expectation of the event happening and not happening; and this state is therefore indicated by assigning $\frac{1}{2}$ as the measure of probability in its case. In fact the *non-happening* of an event is in itself an event; and in the case of a balanced state of mind this event is held to be as probable as the other; so that the unit of certainty must be taken as equally divided between them. In reference to this state of neutrality, then, the words 'probable' and 'improbable' present a meaning. An event is 'probable' when its probability numerically estimated exceeds $\frac{1}{2}$, — 'improbable' when it falls short of that fraction.

The certainty of an event is not usually spoken of in common parlance as a probability, — as 0 is not commonly called 'a *number,*' nor 'the whole' '*a part.*' Continuity of mathematical language, however, obliges us to identify a probability having 1 for its measure with certainty. Yet there seems to be some psychological cause, some involuntary mental action, in the sort of leap which most men make from a high probability to absolute *assurance,* — bearing no remote analogy to the sudden consilience or springing into one (with an immediate sentiment of tangible reality) of the two images seen by binocular vision, when gradually brought within a certain proximity; or as some eminent authorities in the higher logic seem to have become impressed with a conviction of the *necessary* truth of certain physical axioms, which others continue to regard only as inductive propositions of very great generality. There is no doubt that minds differ materially in their readiness to make this spring, and to acquiesce in probable propositions as if certain.

Into the delicate and refined system of mathematical reasoning, now generally known as the 'Calculus of Probabilities,' the metaphysical idea of Causation does not enter. The term *Cause* is used in these investigations without reference to any assumed power to effect a given result by inherent activity. It simply expresses *the occasion* for a more or less frequent occurrence of that result, and may consist quite as well in the removal of an impediment as in any direct agency. The distinction is that taken by metaphysicians between the *efficient* and *formal* cause. The result, itself too, is regarded not as a magnitude or phenomenon susceptible of varieties of degree

according to the intensity of causation, but merely as an event which *must either happen or not happen;* and which will happen more or less frequently, according to the facilities so afforded for its happening under the action of its proper but unknown physical or moral causes, be they what they may, or the impediments interposed to defeat them. Moreover, the sort of events contemplated in establishing the fundamental principles of this calculus are such as, in their simplicity, absolutely exclude one another without the possibility of compromise, or passing into each other by insensible gradation. Hence the frequency in its reasonings, of illustration by the drawing of balls of different colours, or otherwise differently marked, from urns; the distinction between the colours or marks in such cases being obviously absolute, and mutually exclusive. Such events are commonly said by writers on the subject to be *contrary* to each other. We should prefer the word *complementary*, as we should 'hypothesis' or 'occasion' for 'cause,'—and we think the subject would acquire an accession of clearness by this change in its nomenclature. The distinction itself is most important, and requires to be steadily borne in mind in all applications of this calculus, the chief delicacies in which depend on duly resolving any contemplated event into a determinate succession, or simultaneous combination, of other elementary events mutually exclusive and yet presenting equal facilities for their occurrence.

It requires also to be dwelt on with some emphasis in another point of view, as establishing a chain of relation between the province of this branch of science and that of Physics, which concerns itself with *efficient* causes, on the one hand, and with Natural Theology, which refers phenomena to *final* ones, on the other. So considered, it lies at the root of all philosophical inquiry. Chance, indeed, is admitted into its reasonings as the expression of our ignorance of agents, arrangements, and motives, but with the express view to its exclusion from their results. We speak of it as opposed to human certainty, not as opposed to Providential design.* And, as the first step towards narrowing its domain, we endeavour to form a correct estimate of its extent. Among all the applications of this calculus by far the most important are those which come directly in aid of physical, social, and moral inquiry, by enabling us to measure either the degree of rational reliance we may place on numerical data (the fundamental elements of Physical science), or the decisiveness with which we are justified in pronouncing the existence of a formal

* De Morgan, Encyc. Metropol., art. *Probabilities.*

cause or determining condition, from the records of a succession of phenomena. Such conditions once placed in evidence and rendered matter of practical certainty, we hand them over to reasoners of another kind, to discover by appropriate inquiries or experiments in what they consist, and what other offices they may fulfil in the great arrangements of creation.

It is matter of familiar observation and experience that a *single* occurrence of an event, accompanied by any circumstance then for the first time noticed, is enough to raise a considerable amount of expectation that a recurrence of the same circumstance will issue in the reproduction of the same event. The one becomes indissolubly associated with the other, and is *connoted* with it; that is to say, set down in memory as one of its distinctive marks. A man with a black crape over his face presented a pistol at me yesterday, alone and at nightfall, and demanded my purse. I shall never see a craped face in future (especially if alone and at dusk) without expecting also to see the pistol and hear the unwelcome demand. The unusual event and the unusual circumstance become associated in imagination, never after to be disunited; and even when further experience may have shown that they often occur disjoined, the occurrence of what has been once set down as a mark or sign of a highly painful or pleasurable incident continues to agitate us with a feeling we cannot shake off, however condemned by reason. In infancy or early youth, when all phenomena are new and striking, and all pains and pleasures vivid, these earliest *connotations* make a deep and indelible impression, and become either the germs of knowledge or the roots of prejudice. Now it may be worth while to inquire what account the theory of Probabilities gives of this impression, apart from all metaphysical considerations. What is the numerical measure of the expectation (derived from a simple consideration of equipossible combinations) that, of two well characterised events, each of which has been once, and once only, observed, and then in connexion with the other, the next appearance of the one will be accompanied with that of the other? The happening of one event (A) (no matter which) may be considered as equivalent to inserting the hand into an urn containing no other than black and white balls, at least one of each, but without any further restriction as to their numbers, absolute or relative; while the coincident happening of the other event (B) may be assimilated to the drawing thence a ball of the one or the other colour, the opposite colour being held *thenceforward* to denote its not happening. The second happening of the event (A) will therefore come to be assimilated to a second insertion

of the hand into the same urn, *the ball first drawn not being replaced**, and a second happening of (B) will be expressed by the drawing thence of a ball of the same colour as the first: its not happening by the contrary colour. Under these circumstances, an exact analysis of all the possible combinations assigns $\frac{2}{3}$ for the probability *antecedent to the first drawing* that the second drawing will produce the same colour as the first; or, as commonly expressed, there are two chances to one in favour of such a result. It is never without its instruction to trace this sort of parallel between mental impressions and abstract numerical relations. As in the theory of sound, we are led to perceive that the uninstructed ear, in a manner unknown to us, feels out the exact coincidence of numerical ratios, and the sense is delighted with such coincidence; so here we find that a sentiment arises in the uninstructed mind — we know not how, yet irresistibly — to which exact science enables us to trace a parallel, if not to see a reason, in the numerical preponderance of favourable over unfavourable cases, in an indefinite and absolutely unknown multitude of combinations.

As Probability is the numerical measure of our expectation that an event will happen, so it is also that of our belief that one *has* happened, or that any proposed proposition *is* true. Expectation is merely a belief in the future †, and differs in no way, so far as the measure of its degree is concerned, from that in the past. It may be more difficult to weigh the credibility of human testimony than to reason on contingencies in passing events; but the difficulty exists only in making the estimation, not in the mode of calculating on it when made. Numerically speaking, a certain percentage of every man's assertions is incorrect; and the way in which overwhelming probabilities may arise from the accumulation of such imperfect statements on the one hand, or in which all reasonable reliance may be destroyed by successive hearsay transmission on the other, is not among the least interesting subjects of consideration in this calculus.

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* This is essentially involved in the conditions. Though we may presume, or guess, that a combination which has once happened may happen a second time, we are not *sure* that it can. There may be an impossibility in the very nature of the events that it should. If we replace the ball first drawn, we leave no room for the contingency that the supposed dependent event may be unique in its kind, and having once happened can never happen again.

† Brother Jonathan applies the word 'expect' indiscriminately to past, present, and future.

The theory of Probabilities has been characterised by Laplace, one of those who have contributed most largely to its advance,—as 'good sense reduced to a system of calculation;' and such, no doubt, it is. But it must be especially noticed that there is hardly any subject to which thought can be applied, which calls for so continuous an application of that excellent quality, or in which it is easier to make mistakes from simple want of circumspection. And, moreover, that its reduction to calculation is attended with difficulties of a very peculiar nature, such as occur in no other application of mathematical analysis to practical subjects, arising out of the great magnitudes of the numbers concerned, which defeat the ordinary processes of arithmetical and logarithmic calculation, by exhausting the patience of the computer, and require special methods of *approximate* evaluation to bring them within the compass of human industry. These methods form a conspicuous feature of the general subject, and have furnished scope for very extraordinary displays of mathematical talent and invention. That very large numbers will inevitably be concerned in questions where numerous and independent contingencies may take place, and in any order or mode of combination, will be apparent to any one who considers the astonishing *fecundity* of such combinations numerically estimated, when the combining elements are many. For example, the number of possible 'hands' at whist (regard being had to the trump) is 1,270,027,119,200.

The calculus of Probabilities, under the less creditable name of the doctrine of Chances, originated at the gaming table; and was for a long time confined to estimating the chances of success and failure in throws of dice, combinations of cards, and drawings of lotteries. It has since effectually obliterated the stain on its cradle, as there is no monitor more severe, no lecture which can be delivered on the certain ruin which attends habitual gambling more emphatic than may be found in its demonstrations. Questions of this kind, it is true, are still retained in treatises on the subject; nor indeed can they be conveniently dispensed with, since they furnish the simplest and readiest illustrations of the combination of independent events, and the superposition of contingencies arising out of them, which belong essentially to its principles. They, however, form a very insignificant part of its applications, in comparison with the problems which its scope at present takes in, and which its modern developements have enabled it to handle.

Its first advances towards the dignity of a distinct branch of Mathématics are attributable to the celebrated Blaise Pascal, and his no less celebrated contemporary and correspondent

Fermat,—both reasoners of extraordinary acuteness, and who seem to have been specially attracted (like many of their followers) by the close reasoning and careful analysis its problems demand for their successful issue. Subsequent to these, but still among its earlier contributors, we find the distinguished names of Huyghens (to whom we owe the first treatise on the subject), those of the Grand Pensionary De Witt, Hudde, and Halley (with whom originated its application to the probabilities of life and the construction of tables of mortality), and that of James Bernouilli, who may be considered the first philosophical writer on the subject. To him we owe the demonstration of two great fundamental theorems or laws of Probability, as applied to the results of very numerous trials of any proposed species of contingency: viz. 1st, that in any vast number of trials there is a demonstrably greater probability that the events will happen in numbers proportional to *their respective chances in a single trial*, than in any other *specified* proportion; and, 2dly, That a number of trials may always be assigned so great, as to make the probability of the events happening in numbers falling within any assigned limits of deviation from that proportion, however narrow, approach to certainty as nearly as we please. The first of these propositions has the air of a truism, when the meaning of its terms is not nicely weighed. But the second is obviously of paramount importance; since it goes to take the totality of results obtained in any sufficiently extensive series of trials, almost out of the domain of chance, and to place in evidence the influence of any 'cause' or circumstantial condition common to the whole series, which may give even a trifling preponderance of facility to any one of the classes of events contemplated over the rest.

Common sense, it may perhaps be said, would tell us as much as this. No doubt it might suggest some such propositions as likely enough to be true; and the usual course of inductive reasoning up to causes tacitly assumes their truth. But when we come to demand what number of trials may reasonably be expected to bring out into prominence a very small given preponderance of facility? or to declare within what limits of accuracy such preponderance may reasonably be expected to be represented on the upshot or final average of a given number of trials?—or, lastly, what is the probability that on a given number of trials such an average will represent the preponderant facility in question within given limits of exactness?—all of them, and especially the last, evidently practical questions of much interest; we find ourselves forced to appeal from the unaided judgment of simple good sense, to strict numerical calculation,—taking

for its basis not a mere *aperçu*, but a rigorous demonstration of the truth of the propositions above stated. This is very much the case with all the more important conclusions of this theory; when generally enunciated, they are almost universally seen to be pretty plainly conformable to ordinary clear judging apprehension of their relations. Even the apparently paradoxical conclusions by which we are occasionally startled, lose that aspect when their exact wording is duly attended to, and all the conditions implied in it clearly apprehended. It is their applicability to exact computation, and the means they afford thereby to precise determinations useful in practice, which give them all their value.

Problems of the class abovementioned were first successfully treated by De Moivre, to whom also we owe the happy idea of applying Stirling's theorem to approximate to the ratio of the high numbers which enter into such calculations, without which they would be impracticable. From these it would appear but a small step to pass to what may be deemed the *inverse calculus* of Probabilities, which applies the knowledge gained by the observation of past events to the prediction of future, by concluding from the succession of facts observed the respective degrees of probability of the existence of each out of several equipossible determining conditions, and thence starting as it were anew, and ascertaining from the knowledge thus acquired the probability of an event or events similarly determined *in futuro*. It was reserved, however, for another member of the gifted family of Bernouilli to make this step, which has in some respects changed the whole aspect of the subject, and given to it that degree of importance it possesses as an auxiliary of the inductive philosophy.

It may perhaps be doubted whether subsequent writers have added very materially to the intrinsic philosophy of the subject, though there can be no hesitation as to the value of the improvements they have made in its methods of procedure, whether in point of elegance or power; the extension given to its formulæ; or the numerous and important applications made of its principles, especially in those cases (which comprise almost all the really interesting ones) where the transition has to be made from the finite to the infinite, from the limited though often large number of possible combinations which its simple and more elementary problems offer, to the *literally infinite* multitude which the gradation of natural causes and influences obliges us to consider, and which call for the perpetual employment of the most refined theories, and the most delicate and abstruse applications of the integral calculus. In all these

respects the great work of Laplace ('Théorie Analytique des 'Probabilités') stands deservedly preeminent; occupying in this department of science the same rank and position which the 'Mécanique Analytique' of his illustrious rival Lagrange holds in that of force and motion, and marking (we had almost said) the *ne plus ultra* of mathematical skill and power. So completely has this sublime work been held to embody the subject in its utmost extent, and to satisfy every want of the theorist, that an interval of a quarter of a century elapsed from the date of its appearance (1812) before any further original contribution of moment was made to the theory. The valuable memoir of Poisson, published in 1837, on the probability of judicial decisions* (which contains a *resumé* of the whole theory of Probabilities), though admirable for its clear exposition of principles and elegant analysis, can hardly be said to have carried the general subject much beyond the point where Laplace left it.

It may easily be imagined that a work like this of Laplace, followed at a short interval by an admirable *exposé* of its contents by himself ('Essai Philosophique sur les Prob.'), could not fail to make a lively impression and to excite general attention. Laplace possessed in an eminent degree the talent of stating the most profound results of his own geometry in a style at once philosophical, luminous, and pleasing. Few works have been more extensively read or more generally appreciated than this Essay and that on the 'Système du Monde' by the same author. There is in both a breadth and simple dignity corresponding to the greatness of the subjects treated of, a loftiness of style, the direct result of generality of conception, and which is felt as adding to rather than detracting from clearness of statement, and a masterly treatment which fascinates the attention of every reader. Nowhere can be found so great a body of important discoveries, so consecutively enchained, and so distinctly and impressively announced. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that were all the literature of Europe, these two Essays excepted, to perish, they would suffice to convey to the latest posterity an impression of the intellectual greatness of the age which could produce them, surpassing that afforded by all the monuments antiquity has left us.

Previous to the publication of the 'Essai Philosophique,' few except professed mathematicians or persons conversant with insurances and similar commercial risks, possessed any know-

* Recherches sur la Probabilité des Jugemens en Matière Criminelle et en Matière Civile; précédées des Règles Générales du Calcul des Probabilités. Paris, 1837.

ledge of the principles of this calculus, or troubled themselves about its conclusions,—regarding them as merely curious, and perhaps not altogether harmless speculations. Thenceforward, however, apathy was speedily exchanged for a lively and increasing desire to know something of a system of reasoning which for the first time seemed to afford a handle for some kind of exact inquiry into matters no one had ever expected to see reduced to calculation and bearing on the most important concerns of life. Men began to hear with surprise, not unmingled with some vague hope of ultimate benefit, that not only births, deaths, and marriages, but the decisions of tribunals, the results of popular elections, the influence of punishments in checking crime — the comparative value of medical remedies, and different modes of treatment of diseases — the probable limits of error in numerical results in every department of physical inquiry — the detection of causes physical, social, and moral, — nay, even the weight of evidence, and the validity of logical argument — might come to be surveyed with that lynx-eyed scrutiny of a dispassionate analysis, which, if not at once leading to the discovery of positive truth, would at least secure the detection and proscription of many mischievous and besetting fallacies. Hence a demand for elementary treatises and popular exposition of principles, which has been liberally answered.

Among the valuable works of this kind in the French and English languages which have appeared since the epoch in question, we may notice more especially Lacroix's 'Traité 'Elementaire du Calcul des Probabilités; Paris, 1822,' and the several encyclopædic essays and articles on the subject by Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Drinkwater (Bethune), in the Library of Useful Kowledge, by Mr. Galloway in the Encyclopædia Britannica, (since published separately in a small and compendious form — a work of great merit and utility), and by Mr. De Morgan, in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. To the last-mentioned treatise, as well as to two admirable chapters on the subject in the recent elaborate work by the same author on the Formal Logic, we may refer as containing, *par excellence*, the clearest views of the *métaphysique* of the subject, and the most satisfactory analysis of the state of the mind as to belief or disbelief, and the degree of assurance afforded by the conclusions of the calculus in cases where the data themselves are vague and uncertain, which can any where be found. All or any of these works will afford the English student a perfect insight into the mathematical treatment and reasonings of the subject, and consequently serve as an abundant preparation for the study and mastery of Laplace's great work; — but we would

caution all who desire to enter upon the more general and intricate parts of the theory, never for an instant to lose sight of special examples and numerical particulars, since nothing can exceed the bewilderment of ideas experienced by the tyro in this department of mathematics, who trusts himself *with both feet off the ground* to the whirl of symbols and notations in which those who are accustomed to ride these storms know how to guide their course, and even seem to feel a wild and fierce delight in the turmoil.

There is, however, a very large portion of those who desire to know something of the results at which thinking men have arrived in this as in all other departments of knowledge, to whom a book full of mere algebraic formulæ and calculations must remain for ever sealed. These are not necessarily or generally persons of despicable acquirements or intellect; nor is this their curiosity to be slighted as devoid of a reasonable object or motive. They desire to understand with a view to apply. Mathematicians, in common with men of high science in all departments, have long since begun to perceive that they have to address a mixed audience of a highly important and respectable character — an audience by no means disposed to treat them with derision or distrust, but on the contrary, to regard them as their fitting instructors in matters within the scope of their legitimate pretensions, if only they will condescend to make themselves intelligible. Learned jargon such an audience will not endure. Charlatanerie of every description it can detect and chastise. Common-sense statement driven home by pointed illustration, and an earnest endeavour to inform, are what it eagerly desires, and in such a spirit is assuredly entitled to receive at the hands of those able to afford it.

The work now before us is conceived on these principles, and on this view of the duty devolving on those who have advanced beyond the ordinary limits of knowledge, to pause occasionally in their onward career, and inform the world, in plain terms and without exaggeration, whither they have got, and what they see beyond, which may make it worth while either for themselves to continue in the track, or for others to follow in it; as well as to render easy and intelligible to all whom it may concern the practical application of the information acquired. Its author is a teacher well worth listening to, and may claim attention on the excellent ground that he has himself approached his subject in a practical manner, through a long and severe apprenticeship to the actual collection of data in a great variety of departments, and to the deduction

from them of definite results of unmistakeable value and import, by the rules and principles he professes to teach.

M. Quetelet has been long and advantageously known as an ardent and successful cultivator of science. No one has exerted himself to better effect in the collection and scientific combination of physical data in those departments which depend for their progress on the accumulation of such data in vast and voluminous masses, spreading over many succeeding years, and gathered from extensive geographical districts,—such as Terrestrial Magnetism, Meteorology, the influence of climates on the periodical phenomena of animal and vegetable life, and statistics in all the branches of that multifarious science, political, moral, and social. Peculiar facilities (or rather opportunities which he has improved into facilities) have been afforded him for such researches by his position in his own country, where he has filled the leading and responsible office (there at least, as in France, so considered) of perpetual Secretary to the Belgian Academy of Sciences, as well as that of Director of the Royal Observatory of Brussels, an institution which owes its establishment mainly to his solicitations, and its remarkable efficiency as a 'physical observatory' entirely to his activity and perseverance. Placed as a member of the Central Statistical Commission in direct communication with his government, whose confidence he deservedly possesses, he has been enabled to suggest and carry out a variety of useful and important improvements, both in the forms and objects of statistical registry. The center of an immense correspondence, he has moreover succeeded in inspiring numerous and able coadjutors, not only in Belgium but in other countries, with a similar zeal, and impress them with his views and secure their aid in carrying out a system of definite and simultaneous observation. No one threw himself with more entire devotion into the system of combined magnetic and meteorological observation set on foot by the British and other governments, and which has been productive of, and continues to produce, such useful and valuable results to science. And it will not cease to be remembered that while in one special branch of combined inquiry (that directed to tracing the progress of atmospheric waves across Europe and the Atlantic), France stood aloof and furnished not one solitary instance of co-operative observation (thus interposing herself as a desert might have done between England and the rest of the Continent), Belgium, influenced by M. Quetelet's example and appeals, supplied corresponding and very valuable observations from five

stations.* By many who may be little able to estimate such claims on our attention, our author will yet be regarded with interest as the preceptor of a prince whose conduct and virtues have endeared him to every Englishman.

In considering the manner in which he has executed his task, we beg to protest *in limine* against the form of letters to an illustrious personage in which it appears, and of which (though as he informs us, so originally written) a very moderate amount of subsequent alteration would have divested it. Although nothing which can be considered adulatory occurs in any of them, yet every reader must feel that a certain portion of each letter is out of place as regards his own information, and, so far, an interruption to the consecutiveness of his thoughts. It is a certain quantity of non-luminous matter, interposed between the author and his meaning, which serves no good purpose, since it neither pleases nor relieves. The objection is general against all such artifices of communication as letters — dialogues — catechisms, &c., if the subject be a scientific one and the object of the work didactic. They are like pebbles in the bed of a stream, which may make it sparkle and please the eye and ear when the thought is but loosely engaged. But the welling waters of scientific lore should be clear, glassy, and unrippled, offering their inmost depths to a quiet and contemplative gaze, and neither distracting by murmurs nor dazzling by irregular reflections.

A comparatively small portion of the work, the first and least extensive only of four divisions into which it is broken, and an appendix in the form of notes containing tables and formulæ, are devoted to the theory of Probabilities in the abstract, and to the illustration of its fundamental axioms and propositions; all which have been so repeatedly and so well laid down and elucidated in the various treatises we already possess, that it is hardly possible to place them in any very new and more than usually striking light. The distinction between mathematical and moral expectation belongs to this part of the subject, and can hardly be put more pointedly than it was originally done by Buffon, who first called attention to it.

'If two men were to determine to play for their whole property' [supposed equal, and with equal risks], 'what would be the effect of the agreement? The one would only double his fortune, and the

* Subsequently increased to 70 stations over all parts of Europe, held in correspondence with Brussels. (Rapport addressé au Ministre de l'Intérieur sur l'état et les travaux de l'Obs. R. de Bruxelles, 1845.)

other would reduce his to nought. What proportion is there between the loss and the gain? The same that there is between all and nothing: the gain of the one is but a moderate sum; the loss of the other is numerically infinite, and morally so great that the labour of his whole life may not suffice to restore his property.'

It was on such considerations that Daniel Bernouilli was led to propose, as a rule for estimating the value of a very small pecuniary or other material advantage, its *relative* value as compared with the total fortune of the party benefited, and for the moral as distinguished from the mathematical expectation of such advantage, that relative value multiplied by the probability of its accruing. On this or some equivalent mode of estimation is founded the principle of the subdivision of risks, which, rightly understood, so as to preserve their absolute independence while multiplying their number, is the best guarantee of commercial security. It is by such subdivision carried to an extreme point, that insurance and annuity offices thrive, and that benefit societies might do so, were it not for the single great risk which the dishonesty of entrusted agents throws in their way as a fearful stumbling-block.

In the case of savings' banks, this is, in fact, the only risk; and, as experience has too recently and abundantly shown, a most imminent and fatal one. To annihilate this risk by a perpetual and searching superintendence, carried even to the utmost stretch of suspicious vigilance, obnoxious as it may appear, is the paramount duty of all who connect themselves with them as managers or trustees. Of the general benefit of such institutions, which, by guaranteeing the security of the produce of successful exertions, tend to cherish habits of industry, prudence, and frugality, no one can entertain a doubt. It is in this point of view that a certain considerable amount of national indebtedness, so far from meriting denunciation as an evil, ought to be regarded as an indispensable element and engine of civilisation. In its practical working it resolves itself into the establishment of a savings' bank on a vast scale, administered with what may be considered a perfect exemption from the consequences of dishonesty in its officials, and subject only to the inconvenience (no doubt a considerable one) of its deposits being withdrawable only at a market value,—but that market the fairest, readiest, and openest which can anywhere exist. Yet it is too commonly forgotten by those who deprecate taxation, while insisting on the objects for which taxation is instituted, and which alone it can secure, that the interest on savings' bank deposits is derivable only from that source, and

that every depositor is as truly (and in some respects even more emphatically) a tax-holder — as the proprietor of consols.

To render the consequences of our actions certain and calculable as far as the conditions of humanity will allow, and narrow the domain of chance, as well in practice as in knowledge, is so thoroughly involved in the very conception of law and order as to make it a primary object in every attempt at the improvement of social arrangements. Extensive and unexpected fluctuation of every description, as it is opposed to the principle of divided and independent risks, so it also, by consequence, stands opposed to the most immediate objects of social institutions, and forms the element in which the violent and rapacious find their opportunities. Nothing, therefore, can be more contrary to sound legislative principle than to throw direct obstacles in the way of provident proceedings on the part of individuals (as, for instance, by the exorbitant taxation of insurances), or to encourage a spirit of general and reckless speculation, by riding unreservedly over established laws of property, for the avowed purpose of affording a clear area for the developement of such a spirit on a scale of vast and simultaneous action. The sobering influence of an upper legislative assembly, refusing its sanction to the measures demanded, or spreading them over time, can alone repress or moderate these epidemic outbreaks of human cupidity: and its mission is abandoned, and its functions *pro tanto* abdicated, if it retreat from the performance of this duty.

The first and most important application of the calculus of Probabilities (since it applies to all departments of science, and affords a measure of the degree of precision attained in all numerical determinations) is that which relates to means and limits, and which forms the second division of M. Quetelet's work. A general idea of the sort of questions contemplated in this department of the theory, and the kind of relations they involve, may be conveyed by the following simple case. Suppose a man to throw stones at random, and without any aim: from the marks left by any given number of them, however great, on a wall, we could obtain no impression, or a fallacious one, of his intention. All that we could conclude from their evidence would be, that, if he aimed at anything, it was not a point in the surface of the wall, and that only stray missiles had struck it. But, suppose he had been practising with a rifle at a wafer on the wall; which, being subsequently removed, we were required to indicate at once the situation it had occupied, and his skill as a marksman. It is obvious enough that, from the evidence of a great number of shot-marks, both might be deter-

mined, at least with a certain degree of approximation, and with a probability of error less in proportion to their number. The theory of Probabilities affords a ready and precise rule, applicable not only to this, but to far more intricate cases: it is this: that the most probable determination of one or more invariable elements from observation is that in which the sum of the squares of the individual errors or aberrations from exactness which the observations imply, shall be the least possible. In the case before us the 'errors' are the distances of the shot-marks from the point where the centre of the wafer was fixed; to ascertain which we have, therefore, to resolve the geometrical problem (a very elementary one)—'to find a point such that 'the sum of the squares of its distances from a certain number 'of given points shall be a minimum,'—a problem which is, in effect, identical with that of finding their center of gravity. As to the skill of the marksman, it may be estimated in two different ways:—1st, by ascertaining what is the probability that he will place a single shot within a given distance: this may be done by counting the number of marks within that distance of the point ascertained as above, and dividing it by the total number: or, 2ndly, by ascertaining within what distance of the mark he would probably (*i. e.* more probably than the contrary, or with a probability exceeding one half) place it: this may be done by describing circles about the wafer's place (found as above) for a center, and measuring the radius of that which just includes half the total number of marks. For it is obvious that, so far as the evidence before us goes, and judging only from the numbers of instances favourable or unfavourable, there is just as great a presumption that he will shoot within as without that circle; and, if it be ever so little enlarged, the scale will turn in his favour.

Suppose the rifle replaced by a telescope duly mounted; the wafer by a star on the concave surface of the heavens, always observed for a succession of days at the same sidereal time; the marks on the wall by the degrees, minutes, and seconds, read off on divided circles; and the marksman by an observer; and we have the case of all direct astronomical observation where the place of a heavenly body is the thing to be determined. Or we may substitute for the wall the floor of a lofty building or deep mine, and for the marksman an experimenter dropping, with all possible care, smooth and perfectly spherical leaden balls from a fixed point at the summit of the building or the mouth of the mine, with intent to determine, by the means of a great number of trials, the true point of incidence of a falling body,—a physical experiment of great interest. We

might, if we pleased, instance more complicated cases, in which the elements to be determined are numerous and not *directly* given by observation, but with such we shall not trouble our readers: suffice it to say that the rule above stated, or, as it is technically called, the 'Principle of Least Squares,' furnishes, in all cases, a system of geometrical relations characteristic of the *most probable* values of the magnitudes sought, and which, duly handled, suffice for their numerical determination.

This important principle was first promulgated, rather as a convenient and impartial mode of procedure than as a demonstrable theorem, by Legendre. Its demonstration was first attempted by Gauss, — but his proof is in fact no proof at all, since it takes for granted that in the case of a single element, variously determined by *any finite number of observations however small,* the arithmetical mean is the most probable value, — a thing to be demonstrated, not assumed, not to mention other objections. Laplace has given a rigorous demonstration, resting on the comparison of equipossible combinations, infinite in number. His analysis is, however, exceedingly complicated; and, although presented more neatly by Poisson, and in this work, by M. Quetelet stripped of all superfluous difficulties, and reduced to the most simple and elementary form we have yet seen, yet must of necessity be incomprehensible to all whose knowledge of the higher analysis has not perfectly familiarised them with those delicate considerations involved in the transition from finite differences to ordinary differentials. Perhaps, therefore, our non-mathematical readers will pardon us if we devote a single page to what appears to us a simple, general, and perfectly elementary proof of the principle in question, requiring no further acquaintance with the transcendental analysis than suffices for understanding the nature of logarithms.

We set out from three postulates. 1st, that the probability of a compound event, or of the concurrence of two or more independent simple events, is the product of the probabilities of its constituents considered singly; 2dly, that there exists a relation or numerical law of connexion (at present unknown) between the amount of error committed in any numerical determination and the probability of committing it, such that the greater the error the less its probability, according to some regular LAW of progression, *which must necessarily be general and apply alike to all cases, since the causes of error are supposed alike unknown in all;* and it is on this ignorance, and not upon any peculiarity in cases, that the idea of probability in the abstract is founded; 3dly, that errors are equally probable if equal in numerical

amount, whether in excess, or in defect of, or in any way beside the truth. This latter postulate necessitates our assuming the function of probability to be what is called in mathematical language *an even function*, or a function of the square of the error, so as to be alike for positive and negative values; and the postulate itself is nothing more than the expression of our state of *complete* ignorance of the causes of error, and their mode of action. To determine the form of this function, we will consider a case in which the relations of space are concerned. Suppose a ball dropped from a given height, with the intention that it shall fall on a given mark. Fall as it may, its deviation from the mark is *error*, and the probability of that error is the unknown function of its square, *i. e.* of the sum of the squares of its deviations in any two rectangular directions. Now, the probability of any deviation depending solely on its magnitude, and not on its direction, it follows that the probability of each of these rectangular deviations must be the same function of *its* square. And since the observed oblique deviation is equivalent to the two rectangular ones, supposed concurrent, and is, therefore, a compound event of which they are the simple constituents, therefore its probability will be the product of their separate probabilities. Thus the form of our unknown function comes to be determined from this condition, viz. that the product of such functions of two independent elements is equal to the same function of their sum. But it is shown in every work on algebra that this property is the peculiar characteristic of, and belongs only to, the exponential or antilogarithmic function. This, then, is the function of the square of the error, which expresses the probability of committing that error. That probability decreases, therefore, in geometrical progression, as the square of the error increases in arithmetical. And hence it further follows, that the probability of successively committing any given system of errors on repetition of the trial, being, by postulate 1, the product of their separate probabilities, must be expressed by the same exponential function of the sum of their squares however numerous, and is, therefore, a maximum when that sum is a minimum.

Probabilities become certainties when the number of trials is infinite, and approach to practical certainty when very numerous. Hence this remarkable conclusion, viz. that if an exceedingly large number of measures, weights, or other numerical determinations of any constant magnitude, be taken, — supposing no bias, or any cause of error acting preferably in one direction, to exist — not only will the number of small errors vastly exceed that of large ones, but the results will be

found to group themselves about the mean of the whole, always according to one invariable law of numbers (that just announced), and *that* the more precisely the greater the total number of determinations.

Such being the case, and the law of distribution of errors over the whole range of possible error being known, it becomes practicable to assign the relative numbers of cases in which the errors will fall respectively within and beyond any proposed limit on the average of an infinite number of trials, and thence to assign, *à priori*, the probability of committing in any single future trial, — not a given specific amount of error, but an error *not exceeding that limit*, provided only the probable error of a single trial be known; which, as we have seen, can always be ascertained on the evidence of foregone experience, if very extensive. To illustrate this, we may recur to the case of a marksman aiming at a target. Suppose, that on counting the marks left by his practice, it has been found, on the result of a great number of (say 1000) trials, that half his shots had struck within 10 inches of the centre. About this point let circles be described, the first at 2 inches distance, and others at distances progressively greater by 2 inches at a time. Then it will be found, on counting the marks within the areas of these several circles, that their numbers, up to the tenth circle or to 20 inches distance, will run as follows: — viz. 107, 213, 314, 411, 500, 582, 655, 719, 775, 823. Within the 15th circle, or 30 inches, already 957 shots will be found to have struck; and within 40 inches, 993. Only one out of the whole thousand will be found beyond the 25th circle, or have erred so far as 50 inches from the point aimed at; and not one in 20,000 (were the practice prolonged so far) would stray beyond the 30th or err 60 inches. Computations of this sort are rendered exceedingly easy by a table, originally calculated by Kramp, with a widely different object, which is given in the notes to M. Quetelet's book, and more *in extenso*, with differences, at the end of Mr. Galloway's work above noticed.

What is yet more remarkable is that the skill with which the trials are performed, is absolutely of no importance so far as the *law* of distribution of the errors over their total range is concerned. Were our marksman, for instance, only half as skilful, or to have 20 instead of 10 inches as the expression of his probable error, we have only to double the diameters of all the circles, and his shots will be found distributed among them according to the same succession of numbers. An important consequence follows from this: viz. that rude and unskilful

measurements of any kind, if accumulated in very great numbers, are competent to afford precise mean results. The only conditions are the continual *animus mensurandi*, the absence of bias, the correctness of the scale with which the measures are compared, and the assurance that we have the *entire range of error* at least in one direction within the record.

In a matter so abstract, and on which, at first sight, human reason would appear to have so little hold, it is assuredly satisfactory to find the same conclusion, and that one so positive and definite, reached by different roads and from different starting points. It is not easy to imagine two principles of demonstration having less in common than that given above with that of Laplace, Poisson, and Quetelet. Yet the conclusions are identical, and the verifications afforded by experience in all cases where the trials have been sufficiently numerous, and care taken to guard against bias, have been of the most unequivocal character.

Some of these verifications, adduced by M. Quetelet as instances of the practical application of his rules of calculation in the theory of means and limits, have an interest independent of their value as such. They form part of a series of researches in which he has engaged extensively on the normal condition, physical and moral, of the human species, and, *inter alia*, as regards its physical developement, in respect of stature, weight, strength, &c. By the assemblage of data collected from the experience of others, as well as his own, he has arrived at a variety of interesting conclusions as to the law of progressive increase and decay in all these respects, of the *typical* individual, of either sex, during the period of life, which are given at large in his work 'Essai de Physique Sociale.'* We shall offer no apology for placing one or two of these before our readers.

From the 13th volume of the Edinburgh Medical Journal, M. Quetelet extracts a record of the measurement of the circumference of the chests of 5738 Scotch soldiers of different regiments. The measures are given in inches, and are grouped in order of magnitude, proceeding by differences of 1 inch, each group containing of course (we presume) all that differ by less than half an inch in excess or defect from its nominal value. The extreme groups are those of 33 and 48 inches, and the respective numbers in the several groups stand arranged as in

* Sur l'Homme et sur la Développement de ses Facultés; ou Essai de Physique Sociale. Paris, Bachelier, 1835.

the table below.* Supposing each measure exactly performed, these, therefore, may be taken as the results of nature's own measurements of her own model; and the question whether she recognises such a model? is at once decided by inspection of the groups, in which the *animus mensurandi* is broadly apparent. It is equally so that such model would fall within the group of 40 inches. An exact calculation of the mean allowing to each group a weight in proportion to the number it contains, assigns 39·830 inches as the circumference of the chest of this model.

Now this result, be it observed, is a *mean* as distinguished from an *average*. The distinction is one of much importance, and is very properly insisted on by M. Quetelet, who proposes to use the word mean only for the former, and to speak of the latter as the 'arithmetical' mean. We prefer the term average, not only because both are truly arithmetical means, but because the latter term carries already with it that vitiated and vulgar association which renders it less fit for exact and philosophical use. An average may exist of the most different objects, as of the heights of houses in a town, or the sizes of books in a library. It may be convenient, to convey a general notion of the things averaged; but involves no conception of a natural and recognisable central magnitude, all differences from which ought to be regarded as deviations from a standard. The notion of a mean, on the other hand, does imply such a conception, standing distinguished from an average by this very feature, viz. the regular march of the groups, increasing to a maximum, and thence again diminishing. An average gives us no assurance that the future will be like the past. A mean may be reckoned on with the most implicit confidence. All the philosophical value of statistical results depends on a due appreciation of this distinction and acceptance of its consequences.

The recognition of a *mean*, so distinguished from a mere average, among a series of results thus grouped in order, depends on the observance of a conformity between the observed law of progression in the magnitude of the groups, and the abstract law of probability above stated, from which every consideration

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Inches - -	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	
Groups as per Observation -	3	18	81	185	420	749	1073	1079	934	658	370	92	50	21	4	1	Totals. 5738
M. Quetelet -	4	17	63	185	419	765	1054	1140	961	629	321	125	40	9	2	1	5738
Our calculation	6	21	72	200	433	746	1024	1103	943	639	341	145	50	12	2	1	5738

has been excluded but the reality of *some* central truth, and an intention of arriving at it liable to be baffled by none but purely casual causes of error. And the test to be applied in this and all similar cases, is this. Is it possible to assign such a mean value, and such a probable error as shall alone, by the simple application of the table of probabilities, reproduce the numbers under the several groups in order, with no greater deviations than shall be fairly attributable to a want of observations numerous enough to bring out the truth? In the instance before us, the answer to this inquiry is contained in the results of calculation as compared with fact in the table above referred to. The mean we have used is 39·830 inches, and our probable error 1·381 inches. Those of M. Quetelet differ somewhat from these values, which accounts for the trifling discrepancy of the results.

The coincidence admits of being placed in even a more striking light. In the complete expression, by theory, of all the groups in a statement of this kind, three elements are involved — the mean value — the maximum group *having that mean for its center* — and the probable error. And to determine these, it ought to suffice to have before us three terms of the series. Suppose then we take for our data the numbers corresponding to 35, 39, and 43 inches, viz. 81, 1073, and 370, given by observation. Then, by a computation of no great difficulty, there will result, for the mean value, 39·834 inches, and for the probable error 1·413 inches, both agreeing almost precisely with those already stated. For the greatest possible group of an inch in amplitude the same calculation gives 1161, which is in obvious accord with observation. No doubt, then, can remain as to the reality of a typical form, from which all deviations are to be regarded as irregularities. On this M. Quetelet observes —

'I now ask if it would be exaggerating to make an even wager that a person little practised in measuring the human body, would make a mistake of an inch in measuring a chest of more than 40 inches in circumference. Well! admitting this probable error, 5738 measurements made on the same individual, would certainly not group themselves with more regularity as to the order of magnitude than these 5738 measurements made on the Scotch soldiers; and if the two series were given us without their being particularly designated, we should be much embarrassed to state which series was taken from 5738 different soldiers, and which was obtained from one individual with less skill and ruder means of appreciation.' (P. 92. *Transl.*)

This is assuredly an over-statement. So far from less skill being supposed in the measurements of the individual, the probable error of nature is nearly half as much more than that as-

sumed here for the term of comparison (1 inch); and it is clearly beyond the bounds of any supposable negligence or rudeness of practice, to commit such errors as the extreme registered deviations (7 inches one way and 9 the other), in a series of such measurements however multiplied; or even half those amounts.

We are thus led to the important and somewhat delicate question,—What we are to consider as reasonable limits, in such determinations — beyond which, if deviations from the central type be recorded, they are either to be referred to exaggeration, or regarded as monstrosities?

The answer to this question must evidently depend, first, on the 'probable' deviation from the mean or typical value; secondly, on the number of cases experience has offered, or within which we agree to limit our range of speculation. We have already seen that 20,000 might be betted against 1 that an observed deviation, one way or other from the type, will not exceed sixfold its 'probable' value; and therefore we shall have double that amount of chances against such a deviation in either direction separately. Among 40,000 individuals, therefore, we are entitled to expect to find one so far deviating from the mean type in excess, and one in defect. Beyond this the probabilities decrease with extreme rapidity. Thus, for a 7-fold deviation, we must seek our specimen among 263,000; and, for an 8, 9, 10-fold, among 4,760,000, 250,000,000, and 25,000,000,000 respectively.

We might apply these numbers to the case of giants and dwarfs, if we had any dependable data from which the mean human stature and its probable deviation could be ascertained. From an interesting discussion of the measurements of 100,000 French conscripts, taken at the age of 20 years, and arranged in groups, inch by inch, M. Quetelet concludes a mean height of 63·947 inches (English measure), with a probable deviation of 1·928 inches. The numbers in the respective groups (with certain exceptions at the lower limit, run in satisfactory accordance with the law of abstract probability, and afford complete evidence of the existence of a central type, uniform or nearly so, for the French nation. Allowing (according to the tables given by M. Quetelet in his 'Essai de Physique Sociale') 0·43 inches for the growth from the 20th year to adult stature, we may take 5 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. (English) for the adult height of a typical Frenchman, with a probable deviation of almost exactly 2 in. Calculating on these data, we should expect to find in the existing population of France (taken at 12,000,000 adult males), one individual of 6 ft. 9 in. in height; in that of the whole world only one of 6 ft. 11 in.; and, in the whole records of the human race, not more than one of 7 ft. 1 in. The cor-

responding dwarfs would be respectively 4 ft. 1 in., 3 ft. 11 in., and 3 ft. 9 in.

The actual limits, both in excess and defect, we need hardly observe, are very much wider. M. Quetelet, on the authority of Birch, assigns 17 in. as the minimum of human stature authentically recorded. 'The celebrated dwarf Bebé, king of 'Poland, was taller.' The most celebrated dwarf of recent times, C. Stratton (*alias* Tom Thumb), exceeds this limit by 10 in.* Taking 17 for the minimum, and allowing an equal deviation in excess from the *conscript* type, our author fixes his gigantic limit hypothetically at 9 ft. 3 in. Even this we are disposed to extend. Disregarding such pigmies as the Swedish body guard of Frederick the Great (8 ft. 3 in.); Byrne, the celebrated 'Irish 'giant' (8 ft. 4 in.), whose skeleton adorns the Hunterian collection; the Dutch giant of Schoonhaven (8 ft. 6 in.), attested by Diemerbroeck and Ray; and the Emperor Maximin — we have the testimony of Pliny to an Arab, named Gabbara (9 ft. 9 in.) 'the tallest man that hath been seen in our age' (Nat. Hist. book vii. Wern. Cl. Transl. ii. 200.), and to the preservation, as curiosities, in a vault in the Sallustian Gardens, of the bodies of 'two others, named Pusio and Secundilla,' higher than Gabbara by half a foot (10 ft. 3 in.). The mummies might be counterfeited: the living Arab, exhibited by Claudius, would hardly escape some scrutiny. But, even in modern times, we have testimony, to which we cannot refuse at least the epithet of respectable, for the existence of giants who might well claim companionship with him of Basan, whose bedstead measured nine cubits 'after the cubit of a man,' or the Philistine, whose stature is expressly stated at six cubits and a span (11 ft. 5 in.). Thus, Dr. Thomas Molyneux, 'an excellent scholar and phy-'sician,' and a Fellow of the Royal Society, describes a well-formed human *os frontis* preserved in the School of Medicine at Leyden, from whose dimensions, carefully measured by himself, he concludes it to have belonged to an individual between 11 and 12 ft. in height: 'a goodly stature,' he remarks, 'and such 'as may well deserve to be called gigantick.'† Molyneux ac-

* Cardan saw a man in Italy of full age not above a cubit (21·9 in.) high. He was carried about in a parrot cage.—Wern. Club. Transl. Pliny's Hist. of Nature, ii. 200. note. Suetonius mentions a Roman knight exhibited by Augustus in the theatre 'tantum ut ostenderet 'adolescentulum, honeste natum, quod erat *bipedali* minor, librarum 'septemdecim et vocis immensæ.'

† Dr. Molyneux was brother to the celebrated astronomer of that name. (See Phil. Trans. vol. xv. p. 880. and vol. xxii. 487.) He gives engravings of this extraordinary bone, accompanied by one of a similar bone of ordinary size for comparison. Its dimensions are stated

companies this description with notices of several other cases, which it may perhaps be worth while to recall attention to: as, for example, that of a skeleton seen and measured by Andreas Thevet, cosmographer to Henry III., king of France and Portugal, which belonged to a man 11 ft. 5 in. in height, who died in 1559.* And again, the cases of a man nearly, and a woman quite, 10 ft. in height, are attested by Beccanus, in his Origines Antwerpianæ, 1569, as an eye-witness, the man living within ten miles of his own residence. We find mention by Dr. Degg (Phil. Trans. xxxv. p. 363.) of the exhumation, in 1686, at Repton, of a human skeleton 9. ft long.

As regards men of seven feet in stature, so many cases are recorded that they can hardly be termed gigantic; and, whatever we may think of such extreme cases as 11 or 12 feet, it seems impossible to hesitate at admitting 9 ft. 6 in. as a stature which may be exceeded, and perhaps even 10 ft. attained, without *monstrosity* in the proper sense of the word. We must, therefore, conclude that the 'probable' deviation of nature's workmanship from her universal human type cannot possibly be less than the double of that resulting from the French measurements: a conclusion which ought to excite no surprise; since it is impossible to reason from a single nation (and that decidedly undersized, and of remarkable uniformity as to habits of life) to the whole species.†

Practically speaking, nothing can be simpler or more easily stated than the rules for handling any given series of determinations of a single *quæsitum*, supposed to be arranged to our hands

as follows. Coronal suture, measured along its course from orbit to orbit, 21 in. Breadth from back to front to junction of the bones of the nose, 9·1 in.; from side to side following the convexity of the skull, 12·2 in.

[N. B. Just as our last revise is going to press we are informed, on the highest authority, that this *might* have been a case of hydrocephalus, though it *could* not have been known as such to Molyneux.]

* The *head* was 37 in. in circumference. The leg bones measured fully 3 ft. 4 in.

† M. Quetelet, as above stated, makes the mean French conscript of 20 years 63·947 in.; but he elsewhere (Essai de Phys. Soc. ii. 14.) states it at 1·615 met. or 63·583 in., which, with a growth of 0·433 in. to the adult age, gives only 5 ft. 4·02 in. for the typical French stature in 1817. The Belgian type (Essai de Ph. Soc. ii. 42.) is 5 ft. 7·8 in. That of the English non-manufacturing labourers in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Stockport, he states at 1·775 met. or 5 ft. 9·88 in. at the age of 18, which gives 5 ft. 10·75 in. for the adult type in Lancashire. The mean between extremes of 17 and 120 in. is 5 ft. 8·5 in., which is by no means improbable as a *general* standard.

in regular progressive groups, with a view to derive from it numerically the only things which it is really important to know, viz. the *most probable value*, the *probable error* of a single determination, and the *weight* of the result as compared with that similarly derived from a different and independent series. But when the data are otherwise grouped, which is a case by no means of unfrequent occurrence, or when a portion only is regularly arranged in groups, and all above or below certain limits massed together in the gross without regard to grouping, much delicacy subsists in deciding, according to just principles, on the exact amount of all these elements; and it would have added much to the practical utility and value of M. Quetelet's work had he given some examples of this nature, with plain and brief rules or formulæ for their working. This is the more to be regretted, because we are actually left at a loss to decide by what numerical process his mean results, where stated, have been arrived at in some of the examples set down. For instance, in that of the Scotch soldiers, where all the groups are regular and all stated, we find it merely mentioned incidentally that the mean is 'a little more than 40 inches,' whereas the really most probable mean is 39·830, while that which the course of the figures in the tabulated working of the example would appear to indicate as resulting from an equipartition of the numbers of cases in excess and defect is 39·525. Again, in the example of the conscripts, where the extreme groups are massed undistinguishably, the rule of equipartition, according to its simplest and most obvious application to the tabulated figures, would place the mean at 63·939 inches, whereas we find it indicated, rather than stated, as follows: '*If it be observed* that the mean 'height is about 63·947 inches.' The difference, it is true, is trifling in itself, but becomes of consequence when the object is from the figures set down to discover by what process they have been obtained.

We come now, however, to that highly interesting part of the work before us which treats of the study of causes: in general, and in the peculiarly complex form it assumes, in those moral and social inquiries, the data for which are gathered by statistical enumeration. A few remarks on the part which the theory of Probabilities plays in these inquiries will not be out of place here.

This theory is connected with the general philosophy of causation and with inductive inquiry in two distinct ways — the one theoretical and the other practical. When we see an event happen several times in succession in some particular manner, there arises, in the first place, a *primâ facie* probability that it will happen once more in that manner; which, if the

number of repetitions be large, forms of itself a very cogent ground of expectation. But the probability that such repetition has not been merely fortuitous, but has resulted from a determining, or at least a biassing cause, increases with each repetition in a far higher ratio, than the simple probability of the once more happening of the event itself. The distinction is that between a geometrical and an arithmetical progression. Thus, for example, the expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow, grounded on the sole observation of the fact of its having risen a million times in unbroken succession, has a million to one in its favour. But to estimate the probability, drawn from that observation, of the existence of an influential cause for the phenomenon of a daily sunrise, we have to raise the number 2 to the millionth power—thus producing a number inexpressible in words and inconceivable in thought, and the ratio of this enormous number to unity, is that of the probability of the phenomenon having happened *by cause*, to that of its having happened *by chance*. The theorem on which depends this curious application of the doctrine of *probabilities* to the expulsion from philosophy of the idea of *chance*, is known to Geometers by the name of its first promulgator, Bayes. It must be observed, that as to the nature of the cause thus insisted on, the calculus says nothing. There may be opposing causes, and a daily struggle between them for the mastery. In this case we are simply forced to admit that the arrangements of Nature are highly favourable to the successful exertion of the one, and highly unfavourable to the other.

It is however as a practical auxiliary of the inductive philosophy that we have chiefly to contemplate this theory. Its use as such depends on that mutual destruction of accidental deviations from the regular results of permanent causes which always takes place when very numerous instances are brought into comparison. Examples of this sort have been already adduced and might be multiplied indefinitely in every department of practical inquiry. Indeed every phenomenon which Nature offers on the great scale may be regarded as such. Nothing can be more irregular and uncertain than the action of the wind on the waters,—yet, in the most violent storms, the *general* surface of the ocean preserves its level. What more fortuitous than the fall of a drop of rain in a shower or the growth of a blade of grass? Yet the soil is uniformly irrigated, and the unbroken sheet of verdure testifies to the resultant equilibrium of that and a thousand other causes of inequality. These things, it will perhaps be said, are the results of Providential arrangement. No doubt they are so; but it is an arrange-

ment working through a complication of secondary causes and contingencies,—on which man, if he will philosophise at all, is obliged to do it by reference to the laws of probability. Still there is no one who is not astonished, in cases where what we are obliged to call contingency enters largely, to find not only that the mean results of several series of trials agree in a wonderfully exact manner with each other, but that the very errors of individual trials—precisely those portions of the special results which are purely attributable to that which is contingent in the process—group themselves around the mean with a regularity which would appear to be the effect of deliberate intention.

'This singular result' (says M. Quetelet) 'always astonishes persons unfamiliar with this kind of research. How, in fact, can it be believed that errors and inaccuracies are committed with the same regularity as a series of events whose order is calculated in advance? There is something mysterious, which however ceases to surprise when we examine things more closely.'

The rationale of this mystery is this. Where the number of accidental causes of deviation is great, and the maximum effect of each separately minute in comparison of the result we seek to determine,—great total deviations can only arise from the conspiring of many of these small causes in one direction—the more that so conspire, the greater the deviation. Now all combinations being equally possible *individually*, and those combinations which can alone give rise to the extremes of error being necessarily very much fewer in number than those which result in moderate amounts of deviation, we easily perceive that the opportunities for the occurrence of great errors are much rarer than for small ones. And this is in fact the reasoning, which, carried out by exact analysis (assimilating the causes of *plus* and *minus* error to black and white balls in an urn), takes the form of that demonstration of the law of probability, which we have above spoken of as devised by Laplace and simplified to the utmost by M. Quetelet.

There still remains behind, however, this inquiry,—which we have known to occur as a difficulty to intellects of the first order,—*Why* do events, on the long run, conform to the laws of probability? What is the *cause* of this phenomenon as a matter of fact? We reply (and the reply is no mere verbal subtlety), that events do not so conform themselves,—the fact to the imagination,—the real to the ideal,—but that the laws of probability, as acknowledged by us, are framed in hypothetical accordance with events. To take the simplest case, that of a single contingency,—the drawing of one of two balls, a black and a white. We suppose the chances equal, in theory;

but, in practice, what is to assure us that they are so? The perfect similarity of the balls? But they need not be similar in any one quality but such as may influence their coming to hand. And, on the other side, the most perfect similarity in all visible, tangible, or other physical qualities cognisable to our tests is not such a similarity as we contemplate in theory, if there remain inherent in them, but undiscernible by us, any such difference as shall tend to bring one more readily to hand than the other. The ultimate test, then, of their similarity in that sense is not their general resemblance, but their verification of the rule of coming equally often to hand in an immense number of trials: and the observed fact, that events *do* happen according to their calculated chances, only shows that *apparent* similarities are very often *real* ones.

The application of this calculus to the detection of causes turns essentially upon this view of the conformity in question, and of the nature and delicacy of this *test by indefinite multiplication of trials* which we are enabled, in many cases, to apply to mixed phenomena. All experience tells us, that where efficient *causes* are known, but from the complication of circumstances cannot be followed out into their specific results, we may yet often discern plainly enough their *tendencies*, and that these tendencies *do* result, in the long run, in producing a preponderance of events in their favour. Were it asked, Why do the strong men, in a general scramble, carry off the spoil, and the weak get nothing? the reply would be, that such is not the fact in every instance; that, although we cannot go fully into the dynamics of the matter, we can clearly see the mode of action in some individual struggles, and that in the whole affair there is a visible enough *tendency* to the defeat of the weaker party. Again, when we reverse this process of reasoning, and declare our conviction that success in the long run is a proof of ability, we give this name to some personal quality or assemblage of qualities which, acting as an efficient cause through a complication of events we do not pretend to penetrate, has a tendency in that direction which issues in success. Here the tendency becomes known by observation, and the nature of the cause is concluded from the nature of the tendency, by appeal to experience, which, in some instances, has shown us the cause in action, and informed us of its direct effect. But it may happen that observation may plainly enough indicate the direction of a tendency which yet experience has not enabled us to connect with any known cause. And it may further happen that this tendency, which we are driven to substitute in our language for its efficient cause, may be so feeble—whether

owing to the feebleness of the unknown cause, its counteraction by others, or the few and disadvantageous opportunities afforded for its efficacious action (general words, framed to convey the indistinctness of our view of the matter)—as not to become known to us but by long and careful observation, and by noting a preponderance of results in one direction rather than another.

And thus we are led to perceive the true, and, we may add, the only office of this theory in the research of causes. Properly speaking, it discloses, not causes, but tendencies, working through opportunities,—which it is the business of an ulterior philosophy to connect with efficient or formal causes; and having disclosed them, it enables us to pronounce with decision, on the evidence of the numbers adduced, respecting the reliance to be placed on such indications,—the degree of assurance they afford us that we have come upon the traces of some deeply-seated cause,—and the precision with which the intensity of the tendency itself may be appreciated.

Such tendencies are often apparent enough, without any refined considerations, or reference to any calculus. Thus, on the consideration of thirteen instances of coincidence between the direction of circular polarisation in rock crystal, with that of certain oblique faces in its crystalline form,—it was asserted that the phenomena were connected in that invariable manner which is one of the characters of efficient causation. The chances against such a coincidence happening thirteen times in succession by mere accident are more than 8000 to 1; and this, therefore, was the probability that some law of nature, some cause, was concerned. Subsequent observation has brought forward no exception; but, on the contrary, other cases of a similar character have arisen, which go to place the observed tendency in *uncounteracted* connexion with the efficient cause—which, however, still remains concealed. So again, an examination of the elements of all known cometary orbits has disclosed a tendency to direct or easterly motion, increasing in the degree of its prominence with the approach to coincidence of the orbit with the plane of the ecliptic,—and especially marked in the cases where calculation has assigned elliptic elements to the orbit. Here we have a tendency pointing to a cause, still unknown, but with whose effects we are so far familiar that we can trace its action throughout the planetary system, with only two known exceptions among its most remote and insignificant constituents.

It is, however, the extreme delicacy of the test above spoken of—that property it possesses of bringing out into salience and placing in indisputable evidence, by sufficient multiplication of

observations, any preponderance, however small, among the efficient causes in action — that it becomes applicable to those complicated cases in which we find it resorted to. As an instance of this nature, we shall take a phenomenon which has engaged the attention of all who have written on probabilities, from Laplace downwards; one which has been much insisted on by M. Quetelet, and on whose acknowledged obscurity his inquiries have at length thrown a ray of light; viz., the excess of the number of births of male over that of female infants. As a matter of observation, the phenomenon is indisputable; but it requires the assemblage of a great number of instances to bring it out into evidence. In individual experience, or in the birth registers of a parish or small town, the tendency to excess on the male side is quite overlaid and concealed by accidental irregularities. It is otherwise when those of great cities or whole nations are consulted. The irregularities then disappear by mutual destruction, and the result exhibits the tendency in question in its full prominence. If we extract from the population returns of England and Wales the total numbers of registered births in the seven years, from 1839 to 1845 inclusive, we find 1,863,892 males and 1,772,491 females, the excess being 91,401 on the male side, or 105·157 males to 100 females. Suppose it were urged that this may, after all, be a purely accidental excess. It might be said, not without apparent plausibility, that as it would be the height of improbability to expect in so vast a number an exact equality, so, on the other hand, an excess of 91,401, which, though a large number in itself, is yet but $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the total number of cases, *does not seem so very improbable.* To this theory replies that, where such high numbers are concerned, it *is* so: — that the case assumed in the objection is identical with that of drawing 3,636,383 balls out of an urn containing black and white balls in equal proportion and infinite in number, and that the expectation of drawing such an excess of one colour in such a number, so far from a mere moderate unlikelihood, is, in fact, equivalent, supposing the chances equal, to the expectation of throwing an ace 643 times successively, with a single fair die.* Even on a total of 20,000 births we might bet many thousand millions to one that the same relative preponderance would not be found, were the chances even.

It is abundantly evident, therefore, that we have here arrived at proof of a tendency which must be taken as a law of human

* The chances against throwing an ace only nine times in succession, are ten millions to one.

nature under the circumstances in which it exists, at least in this country; and the constancy with which the proportion is maintained in successive years, and even in different nations, is not less striking than the fact itself, and shows it to be a result of deep-seated causes, acting with almost absolute uniformity on great masses of mankind. Thus in the seven years from which the above ratio has been concluded, taking them *seriatim*, we find 104·8, 104·7, 105·3, 105·2, 105·4, 105·4, 105·2, on totals averaging about half a million each; while in France a similar comparison gives 105·9, 105·7, 106·1, 106·2, 105·8, 105·9, 105·9, on nearly double the total numbers. As to the causes of this most striking phenomenon, much speculation has, of course, prevailed; but the inquiries of M. Quetelet into the statistics of marriage have rendered it extremely probable* that the relative ages of the parents very materially influence the sex of the offspring, and that the effect is therefore a resultant one, due to this physiological cause, acting through the medium of all those prudential and moral considerations which in civilised states determine the relative ages of parties contracting marriage. This view of the subject is strongly corroborated by a separate examination of the registers of illegitimate birth, which indicate an excess of only 3 instead of 5 per cent.

The causes, or tendencies indicative of causes, which may be disclosed by the assemblage and comparison of numerous recorded instances, are classed by M. Quetelet under three heads: constant, variable, and accidental. The latter class may be considered as entirely eliminated by their mutual destruction when vast numbers are concerned, and the whole series of collected cases is so investigated as to afford a single result. The same process also will in great measure destroy the effect of variable causes, if their variation be periodical in its law, and the observations be made indifferently in all the phases of their period. It is the peculiar property, however, of causes of this latter description, through whatever train of circumstances their action is propagated, ultimately to emerge to view in manifestations equally periodical with the causes themselves. In cases of dynamical action this peculiarity is susceptible of demonstration, and has been so demonstrated under the name of the 'principle of forced vibrations;' and experience abundantly proves its general applicability to every case of indirect action, whether physical or moral. To those, therefore, who personally watch the developement of phenomena, and register effects as

* Essai de Phys. Sociale, i. 57. Citing Hofacker and Sadler in corroboration.

they arise with sufficient exactness, such causes will be detected, and their periods at the same time disclosed by the periodical fluctuations they occasion; or they may be searched for, if suspected to exist overlaid by accidental errors, by dividing the series of observed results into groups, differing in *phase* (*i. e.*, dividing the extent of the period suspected into several equal portions, and grouping the results observed in each together). The influence of the periodical cause suspected will then become apparent under the form of differences in the mean results of the several groups. Of this process every part of science teems with examples. In astronomy we owe to it the grand discoveries of aberration of light, the nutation of the earth's axis, the separation of the effects of the sun and moon on the tides, and an infinity of others; in meteorology, that of the diurnal and annual fluctuations of the barometer; in magnetism, the daily and annual changes in the direction and intensity of the magnetic forces; and in statistics, the annual oscillations observable in all the great elements of population, which the researches of M. Quetelet have placed in a distinct light.

But among accumulated masses of results, without any attempt at subdivision into *periodic* groups, the influence of periodical causes may start into evidence on a general inspection of the differences from a mean result, after a totally different manner. We have seen that these differences present *inter se* a definite and perfectly cognisable law of arrangement, so long as their causes are purely casual. Any deviation *from this law* among the differences of the observed values from the mean, then, becomes at once an indication of a determining tendency, and will very often, by the character of the deviation, lead to a well-grounded surmise of the nature of its cause. For instance, if a sudden falling off in the number of observed differences, beyond certain limits either way from the mean, *accompanied with some degree of improbable accumulation at or about those limits*, should be noticed, it may be taken as a certain indication of a periodical disturbing influence, having those limits for the maximum and minimum of its effect.

Again, if at any particular point in the scale of results arranged in order of magnitude we should notice a sudden and marked irregularity confined to a small extent, we may be sure that it arises from the action of some single, powerful, and exceptional influence. Thus, from the undue accumulation of conscript measurements below the standard height of 5 feet 2 inches, accompanied with a deficiency to the extent of 2275 cases in the two inches just above that standard, M. Quetelet is led to conclude that an influence foreign to the subject—in fact, a

fraudulent practice, favouring the escape of the shorter men, has prevailed to that extent in the formation of the official returns he has employed as the basis of his calculations. (P. 98. *Transl.*)

Astronomy affords us a very remarkable example of this nature, which we adduce, by reason of a singular misconception of the true incidence of the argument from probability which has prevailed in a quarter where we should least have expected to meet it. The scattering of the stars over the heavens, does it offer any indication of law? In particular, in the apparent proximity of the stars called 'double,' do we recognise the influence of any *tendency to proximity*, pointing to a cause exceptional to the abstract law of probability resulting from equality of chances *as respects the area occupied by each star?* To place this question in a clear light, let us suppose that, neglecting stars below the seventh magnitude, we have measured the distance of each from its nearest neighbour, and calculated the squares of the sines of half these distances, which therefore stand to each other in the relative proportion of the areas occupied exclusively by each star. Suppose we fix upon a circular space of 4″ in radius as the unit of superficial area, and that we arrange all the results so obtained in groups, progressively increasing from 0 by the constant difference of one such unit. Now the fact, to which M. Struve originally called attention*, and on which we believe all astronomers are agreed, is, that the first of these groups *is out of all proportion richer than any of the others;* and that the numbers degrade in the groups adjacent with excessive rapidity; so that, for example, calculating on the numbers given by Struve †, we find the first group to contain 180 cases; the next three 68, or on an average 22 each; the next twelve 70, or 6 each on an average; and the next forty-eight only 94 in all, averaging 2 to each; while a general average ‡ would assign only one star to 540,000 such units of area. The case, then, is parallel to that of a target of vast size, marked out into 6700 millions of equidistant rings, riddled with shot marks in the bull's eye, and with a tolerable sprinkling in the first 50 or 60 rings, beyond which the whole area offers nothing for remark indi-

* Catalogus Novus Stellarum duplicium, &c. Dorpati, 1827.

† *Ibid.*, p. xxxii., Introduction. Each of M. Struve's classes is doubled, since each constituent of a double star counts as a separate case.

‡ Taking 12,400 as the number of stars of the magnitudes and within the region of the heavens contemplated, viz. from the North Pole to 15° south declination, which number, for the above reason, has to be doubled.

cative of any particular local tendency, though *dotted all over with marks,* in the sparing manner above described. Any one who should view such a target, bearing in mind what is said above, must feel convinced that a totally different system of aiming had been followed in planting the interior and exterior balls.

Such we conceive to be the nature of the argument for a physical connexion between the individuals of a double star prior to the direct observation of their orbital motion round each other. To us it appears conclusive; and if objected to on the ground that every attempt to assign a numerical value to the antecedent probability of any given arrangement or grouping of fortuitously scattered bodies must be doubtful*, we reply, that if this be admitted as an argument, there remains no possibility of applying the theory of probabilities to any registered facts whatever. We set out with a certain hypothesis as to the chances: granting which, we calculate the probability, not of one certain definite arrangement, which is of no importance whatever, but of certain *ratios* being found to subsist between the cases in certain predicaments, on an average of great numbers. Interrogating Nature, we find these ratios contradicted by appeal to her facts; and we pronounce accordingly on the hypothesis. It may, perhaps, be urged that the scattering of the stars is *un fait accompli,* and that their actual distribution being just as possible as any other, can have no *à priori* improbability. In reply to this, we point to our target, and ask whether the same reasoning does not apply equally to that case? When we reason on the result of a trial which, in the nature of things, cannot be repeated, we must agree to place ourselves, in idea, at an epoch antecedent to it. On the inspection of a given state of numbers, we are called on to hold up our hands on the affirmative or negative side of the question, Bias or No bias? In this case who can hesitate?

Accidentally variable causes overlay altogether the evidence of regular action, so that the elimination of their influence is in all cases synonymous with the extension of knowledge. It is not, however, to this or to any other calculus that we can look for special rules of conduct in this part of inductive inquiry beyond the simple precept of collecting facts in great numbers, and employing mean results in lieu and to the exclusion of single observations wherever numerical magnitude is concerned. This precept is, however, of infinite use in all cases where we test the efficacy of a presumed cause by the numerical corre-

* London, Ed. and Dub. Philosoph. Magazine, &c. Aug. 184

spondence between its known energy and the amount of the observed effect. All Nature is full of such cases. That selected by M. Quetelet as an example is one of much agricultural and botanical interest, viz. the inquiry into those peculiarities of season on which its character as a forward or a backward one depends. The rudest observation suggests the prevalent *temperature* of the season as the element on which the difference in question mainly turns, though it may justly be inquired whether other meteorological elements, especially moisture, may not come in for their share in producing it; and should these prove to be but little influential, according to what laws, as regards the *distribution* of temperature over the period of vegetable activity, the arrival of a plant at any phase of its annual life is accelerated or retarded. This inquiry is not new. Reaumur, and after him Boussingault and the Abbé Cotte, taking the simplest possible view of the subject, maintained that the arrival of a plant at a definite stage of its growth is solely dependent on the *total amount* of temperature to which it has been subjected from the first movement of the sap in spring*, without regard to its distribution over the intervening time, or the extent of its variations. Such a law is unlikely in itself, and the experience of every one would lead him to doubt its universal applicability. It has, however, been adopted by M. Gasparin in a work ('Cours d'Agriculture') which has commanded considerable attention, an account of which, and of the arguments which may be adduced to show the inadequacy of this hypothesis, will be found in a paper by the Earl of Lovelace in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, vol. ix. part 2. M. Quetelet, who has independently arrived at a similar conclusion, proposes to substitute for the *total temperature* (estimated by the *sum of the daily mean temperatures*) the *sum of the squares of* such daily means, reckoned from the freezing point; assigning as a reason, that 'the force exercised by the tempera-'ture is of the same nature as actual force. It is by the sum 'of the squares of the degrees, not by the simple sum of the 'degrees, that we must appreciate its action.' Such an analogy is not calculated to produce much conviction; but there is good reason to presume that vegetation *is* accelerated in a higher ratio than that of the simple temperature, from the consideration, not only of the continual increase of dilatability by equal increments of heat which aqueous liquids undergo, but also from their much greater fluidity at high than at low temperatures, the one cause rendering circulation more free, the

* Cotte assumed arbitrarily the 1st of April.

other producing a more rapid dilatation of the cellular tissue by the direct action of warmth. Pending the discovery of the true law of connexion between the phenomena (which cannot be that of the squares, if only for the simple reason that it would give equal efficacy to temperatures *below* and *above* the freezing point), M. Quetelet's as a provisional one has this advantage, that it affords scope for the influence of differences in the *distribution* of temperature, which that of Reaumur does not, and gives a better account of the rapid burst of vegetation which a few genial days produce in spring.

M. Quetelet has selected for observation the epoch of flowering, as more definitely observable than any other phase of vegetation; and as there are few things more agreeable to a country resident than watching and noting the commencement of flowering in the early spring flowers which adorn our gardens, fields, and hedgerows, this branch of botanical inquiry promises to become quite as popular as it is interesting in itself.

We can only afford room for his result as regards the common lilac. That beautiful ornament of our walks and shrubberies blossoms so soon as the sum of the squares of the *mean daily temperatures* (as indicated by the centigrade thermometer) amounts to 4264°, so that the mean time of its flowering at any given station may be at once determined from the meteorological records of its climate. At Brussels this mean date is the 27th or 28th of April. In other localities it occurs earlier or later by about three or four days for every degree of latitude south or north of Brussels, and about five or even six days later for every hundred yards of elevation above the level of that city, which is itself sixty-five yards above the sea:—

'To each plant' (thus he states his general conclusion) 'is attached a constant, the square of a certain number of degrees of warmth necessary for the occurrence of "inflorescence." Whether a plant is found in such and such a latitude, at such and such a height, in the open air or in a greenhouse, it is the temperature' (so measured) 'that must be considered. Thus are explained all the anomalies that present themselves in this kind of research. Geographical causes have no influence but by the variations they cause in temperature.' (*Transl.* p. 172.)

Among those branches of knowledge which are most effectually advanced by the consideration of mean or average results concluded from great masses of registered facts, to the exclusion of individual instances, statistics hold beyond all question the most important rank as regards the social well-being of man. To this subject M. Quetelet devotes the fourth and last division of his work; not, indeed, to the delivery of statistical tables or

results, nor to the actual discussion of any particular class of documents, but to the points which it so much imports to have generally well understood of the methods and principles which ought to prevail in the collection and subsequent employment of such documents.

Whether statistics be an art or a science (a question to which he devotes a preliminary letter) or a scientific art, we concern ourselves little. Define it as we may, it is the basis of social and political dynamics, and affords the only secure ground on which the truth or falsehood of the theories and hypothesis of that complicated science can be brought to the test. It is not unadvisedly that we use the term Dynamics as applied to the mechanism and movements of the social body; nor is it by any loose metaphor or strained analogy that much of the language of mechanical philosophy finds a parallel meaning in the discussion of such subjects. Both involve the consideration of momentary changes proportional to acting powers,—of corresponding momentary displacements of the incidence of power,— of impulse given and propagated onward, — of resistance overcome, — and of mutual reaction. Both involve the consideration of time as an essential element or independent variable; not simply delaying the final attainment of a state of equilibrium and repose,—the final adjustment of interests and relations, — but, from instant to instant, pending the process of mutual accommodation, altering those relations, and, in effect, rendering any such final state unattainable. One great source of error and mistake in political economy consists in persisting to regard its problems as statical rather than dynamical in their character; confounding the propagation of impulse with a step towards equilibrium, — a state unattainable where the interests of masses of mankind are concerned. So long, indeed, as society is little developed, its movements fettered, its commercial activity sluggish, and all things go on leisurely, the distinction is one of small importance; a state of *acquiescence*, nearly approaching to that of equilibrium and final adjustment, being taken up from instant to instant, and following at a little distance, yet *pari passu*, the slow changes of the acting causes. It is otherwise under the increased facilities, excessive mobility, and excited energy which prevail under the high temperature and pressure of modern civilisation. Friction (which has an equally real existence in both mechanisms) is diminished, the intensity of the active forces increased, the scale on which movements are carried on enlarged,— a state of things which finds its expression in the 'over-speculations,' 'gluts,' 'panics,' 'reactions,' *et hoc genus omne* of modern commerce and social change. The

same must be the case whenever efficient causes, of whatever nature, act through a train of varying circumstances, and result in effects of which it can only be securely asserted that their momentary and infinitesimal changes stand under given circumstances in given relations. It may be true, for example, that capital tends to a common level of profit in the choice among its possible employments; but endless fallacies would be involved in any reasoning which should proceed on the assumption that it finds that level. Demand may tend to increase supply by stimulating exertion, but a supply proportionate to the demand, and steadily following its variations, is what no sound political economist will ever expect to see. The Rule of Three has ceased to be the sheet anchor of the political arithmetician, nor is a problem resolved by making arbitrary and purely gratuitous assumptions to facilitate its reduction under the domain of that time-honoured canon.

Number, weight, and measure are the foundations of all exact science; neither can any branch of human knowledge be held advanced beyond its infancy which does not, in some way or other, frame its theories or correct its practice by reference to these elements. What astronomical records or meteorological registers are to a rational explanation of the movements of the planets or of the atmosphere, statistical returns are to social and political philosophy. They assign, at determinate intervals, the numerical values of the variables which form the subject matter of its reasonings, or at least of such 'functions' of them as are accessible to direct observation; which it is the business of sound theory so to analyse or to combine as to educe from them those deeper-seated elements which enter into the expression of general laws. We are far enough at present from the actual attainment of any such knowledge, but there are several encouraging circumstances which forbid us to despair of attaining it.

The first of these is the exceeding regularity which is found to prevail in the annual march of statistical returns and the constancy of the ratios they indicate where great masses of population are concerned, where leading features of human nature are the obviously influential elements on which the observed results depend, and where temporary or periodical causes of disturbance (evidently such) do not visibly interfere. As instances might be cited the relative proportion in the births of the sexes already spoken of; the ratio of illegitimate to legitimate births in the same country and the same section of the population; nay, even the number of the still-born (with a distinct per-centage for town and country), which M. Quetelet has ascertained to be so uniform in Belgium that, on a total number of nearly 6000 annual cases,

the yearly deviation from the mean falls short of 140; the ratio of marriages to the whole population, of second marriages to the whole number of annual marriages, and, still more minutely, of widowers with widows, widows with bachelors, and widowers with spinsters; the relative ages of parties intermarrying; and innumerable other particulars; all which, free as air in individual cases, seem to be regulated with a precision, where masses are concerned, clearly proving the existence of relations among the acting causes so determinate, that there is evidently nothing but the intricacy of their mode of action to prevent their being subjected to exact calculation, and tested by appeal to fact. Taken in the mass, and in reference both to the physical and moral laws of his existence, the boasted freedom of man disappears; and hardly an action of his life can be named which usages, conventions, and the stern necessities of his being, do not appear to enjoin on him as inevitable, rather than to leave to the free determination of his choice.

Another encouraging feature in the aspect of statistical documents, which shows them, when properly collected, to be trustworthy for the purposes to which we desire to apply them, and holds out a rational hope of their available application,—is their evident *sensitiveness* to the influence of real and unmistakable causes, which we are sure, *à priori*, ought to influence them. Thus we see the uniform march in the number of annual marriages, corresponding to an increasing population, visibly accelerated in years of prosperity and abundance, and visibly retarded in those of scarcity and public distress. Thus, too, we see in Bavaria, laws restraining marriage result in an increased number of illegitimate births. Wherever monthly returns, of whatever kind, are compared, the influence of season is marked by a more or less conspicuous annual maximum and minimum. Instances of this, of the most striking character, are adduced by our author in his 'Essai de Physique Sociale.' In these and similar cases, where we clearly perceive the existence of definite tendencies, or of a generally modifying cause pervading the whole field of their action, it is satisfactory and reassuring to find the result in correspondence with our views. For it must never be forgotten that tendencies only, not causes, emerge as the first product of statistical inquiry,—and this consideration, moreover, ought to make us extremely reserved in applying to any of the crude results of such inquiries the axioms or the language of direct unimpeded causation. The proportionality of cause to effect, for instance, is a principle rather emphatically repudiated in the history of the correspondence of increase of imposts with increase of revenue, and of profits as compared with prices.

'Population,' says M. Quetelet, 'is the statistical element, *par excellence:* it necessarily rules all others, since it relates, above all, to the people and the appreciation of their welfare and their wants. It would be vain to attempt to form statistics of value without taking as a basis the results of a census executed with all the care and precision which so delicate an operation requires. The other data have no real value, except in so far as they relate to the number of the population. A census carefully made sums, in a measure, the most important problems which can be proposed to a statist. The classification according to age allows of the establishment of tables of population, of forming correct ideas on mortality, on the forces at the disposal of the state in case of necessity, and of fixing the ratio between the useful fraction which contributes to the general well-being, and the fraction which yet requires assistance and support to become in its turn useful. The classification by professions, indicates the means by which the population provides for its subsistence and tends to augment its prosperity. . . . Those by civil condition, by origin, by education, furnish the administration with no less precious information to assure internal good order, and to facilitate the execution of the laws.' (*Transl.* p. 183.)

A well-organised system of civil registration, ('*état civil,*') is therefore one of the first wants of an enlightened people. No man in such a people is above or beneath the obligation of authenticating his existence, his claims on the protection of his country, and his fulfilment of the duties of a citizen,—or of contributing his individual quota of information, in what personally concerns himself or his family, in reply to any system of queries which the Government in its wisdom may see fit to institute respecting them. Such information may be regarded as a poll-tax, which, in this form, a Government is fairly entitled to impose, and which indeed is at once the justest and least onerous of taxes; or rather, it may be looked on as a mode of self-representation, by which each individual takes a part in directing the views of the legislature in objects of universal concern. Nothing, therefore, can be more unreasonable than to exclaim against it, or to endeavour to thwart the views of Government in establishing such a system,—nor anything more just than to guarantee its fidelity by penalties imposed on false returns or wilful omissions.

The analysis of the population returns of a great nation, or rather the drawing from that analysis, duly executed according to rational classifications, just and philosophical conclusions, is a task calling for the exercise of much acuteness and discrimination in appreciating the influence which the relative proportions between the classes, as to age, condition, calling, must necessarily have on national character and habits, and in weigh-

ing—with reference to future prospects—the probable influence on that character and those habits which is involved in even a very moderate observed change from time to time, in those proportions.

'The numerical tables of a population, when made with care and with all the developement which science requires . . . form, in the annals of a people, the most eloquent page that a statesman can read, if he understand them well. In fact it only belongs to the practical observer completely to understand the language of figures, and not to go beyond what they can teach him. Censuses, well made, and which succeed one another on a uniform plan and at intervals sufficiently near, should present most precise notions of the physical and moral condition of a people,—of the degree of its power,—of its prosperity,—and of the tendencies which may compromise its future: they would teach much better than voluminous inquiries, which are often fettered by prejudices and private interests, what we ought to think of the retrograde state or the immoderate developement of certain branches of industry.'

Among the first results of such an analysis, are those general ones which our Continental neighbours technically understand by the 'movement' of the population—its increase, that is to say, by the excess of births over deaths and emigrations, and the internal change in the proportions of those living at different ages corresponding to changes, if any, in the law of mortality as indicated by the ages of death. On this point M. Quetelet, in an earlier part of this work, makes the following pertinent remark.

'The movement of a stationary population is often compared with that of a population increasing by an excess of births over deaths. However, this is a comparison of heterogeneous elements: all other things being equal, the latter population should have a greater mortality; for there are more children in it.'

So far as this remark goes it is just, but it does not include the whole case, or exhibit fully the influence of the consideration in question. To judge of the extent of this influence it is only necessary to consider that, in a given population now existing, the individuals living at any assigned age are not the survivors of that age among a number equal to that born in the current year, but among a number born antecedently, when the population was less than at present, in a proportion easily calculated, the age being given, and the annual rate of increase known. Thus, supposing the population of a country to double in fifty years; a man fifty years old is the survivor of only half the number of cotemporary births, and of one hundred of only one-fourth those which would appear, on a comparison of the number actually born in a given year with those actually living at the

age specified, in that year. Not only, therefore, are there more children in comparison with adults in an advancing population, but at the same time fewer old men. Now the ratios of the helpless, the active, and the meditative elements of a population to the entire mass and to each other,—of giddy youth and adult enterprise to mature experience, timid caution, and declining powers, must necessarily give rise to corresponding features of national character. A disproportion in this respect, influencing all the great lines of developement of national activity and impressing the whole career of a people, cannot but make itself felt in every feature of their existence. It is only necessary to contrast the energy displayed by a nation whose population doubles in twenty-five years, as in the United States, with the sobriety of movement, not to say torpor, of another, where, as in Holland, it is nearly stationary, to perceive the connexion in question to be that of effect with cause.

'An exposition of the political condition belongs essentially to the statistics of a country. We do not, however, know how to express it in figures. The same may be said of information relative to the moral and intellectual condition. The simple recital of what has passed in a locality at a particular time sometimes better teaches the moral condition of a people than all the numerical tables possible.'

Statistics, however, deals essentially with numbers. It may be difficult, or impossible, to express numerically the degree of political freedom, the extent to which the institutions of a country fulfil the ends of their establishment and maintenance,—or the degree in which its fiscal regulations press upon its inhabitants,—yet these are nevertheless results capable of being estimated, and which it is of the last importance to estimate; and the estimation must ultimately rely, to a considerable extent, on the numerical exhibition of particulars. Thus, to say nothing of the statistics of elections in which numbers are easily and precisely attainable, or of those of crime; accurate returns may and ought to be obtained and published of a great variety of particulars relative to the administration of justice in our *civil* courts, by which our judgment as to their well or ill working may be influenced. As examples, we may specify the statistics of juries, common and special,—those of legal decisions in civil cases, more especially as regards the cases of new trials moved for and obtained, and their grounds;—of decisions appealed from to higher tribunals, and of the proportion of cases in which such new trials or such appeals have affirmed or reversed the former decision,—points of great interest as concerns the confidence with which the decision of a civil court may be relied on by its suitors, but of which, if any official

returns exist in this country, we have been unable, after some considerable amount of inquiry, to procure them. This is to be regretted, because the application of the theory of probabilities to judicial decisions with this very view (that of determining, from the amount of self-contradiction existing among them, their value as tests of truth,) has been expanded by Laplace and Poisson into a very elaborate theory, which the latter especially has applied to the statistical returns of the French tribunals, civil as well as criminal. It may be worth while here to mention the conclusions deduced by the last-mentioned geometer from the consideration of 17157 cases adjudicated on in French courts of civil appeal, during the years 1831, 1832, 1833. Of these the judgment of the inferior tribunal was confirmed in 11747 cases, or in 685 cases out of a 1000, — a percentage certainly not calculated to inspire a high degree of *primâ facie* confidence in the efficacy of a resort to a court of justice for the redress of a civil injury, though it must be admitted that appeals would chiefly take place in cases where the original decision was obviously contrary to common sense at least, if not to law. Setting out with these data, and taking into consideration the peculiar circumstances of the French institutions, in which three judges are required to pronounce, by a majority of voices, a '*jugement de première instance*,' and seven in a court of appeal, M. Poisson concludes the probability that a confirmatory decision will be a just one, to be 0·948, or about 19 to 1 in its favour, and 0·641, or about 16 to 9 that a reversal of the former decision will be so. With respect to the probability that a second appeal will confirm the decision of a previous one, be that in favour or not of the original decision, he assigns it at 0·7466, or about 3 to 1 in favour of its doing so.*

Taxation, too, is an element of political condition easily enough represented in figures, but in which it is hardly possible to get two persons to agree in their interpretation. M. Quetelet sums up his few and cursory remarks on this subject with a dictum which, notwithstanding Mr. Norman, most Englishmen will feel to be intended for their peculiar consolation: — 'It has 'been justly remarked,' he says, 'that those are the most civilised 'countries who [which] pay proportionally the most to the 'government.'

The chief difficulty to be encountered in aiming at correct results in the collection of agricultural, industrial, and commercial statistics is, that it —

'Requires the intervention of persons who are almost always

* Recherches sur la Probabilité des Jugemens. Paris: 1837. — Della Autorità giudiciaria, di F. Sclopis, p. 84.

interested, or think they have an interest, in disguising the truth. When the government collects them, it is generally opposed by the manufacturer, who supposes it done with fiscal views. The desire to obtain freedom for his industry, and to obtain what are called protecting laws . . . almost always tends to exaggeration in one direction or another. Governments also publish documents on importations and exportations. These tables, which are useful to consult, nevertheless often contain very vague returns: they are generally confined either to the fixing of prices from faulty valuations or of quantities without considering either price or quality. In the official valuations, moreover, we only know a part of the truth: it is especially here that information not susceptible of reduction to numbers becomes necessary, in order to determine the probable quantity which escapes the legally stated values.'

Owing to these causes of jealousy and incomplete presentation, many important statistical elements, relating to matters of pecuniary concern, can hardly be collected by official intervention. It is here that a Statistical Society may render most valuable service by setting on foot systematically, yet amicably and unobtrusively, local and private inquiries, with the guarantee of personal veracity for their answers, and the purely scientific and truth-loving spirit of such a body of enlightened inquirers for their fair presentment.

'The statistics of the moral and intellectual condition of a people,' he goes on to observe, 'present still greater difficulties; for the appreciation can only be founded on facts much more contestable than those given by industry and commerce. When we say that a province produces so many quarters of corn or so many gallons of oil, we know that the figures may be more or less in error; but we understand the nature of the unit. It is not the same when we say that a province produces annually so much crime. . . . . Infinite precaution and sagacity are necessary to read with success the statistics of tribunals, for the documents they contain are very complex in their nature, and almost always incomplete.' . . . .

'What a mass of errors have we not accumulated in treating of pauperism! To probe this leprosy of society we have had recourse to lists of the poor, and very often without inquiring if these lists were complete and comparable in different countries or even within the limits of the same country. Real poverty is nearly always very different from the poverty officially returned. . . . . *In Belgium a man will enter his name on the list of paupers to escape serving in the civic guard, or to obtain other advantages, without receiving a farthing of public benevolence*' [*!!*]

With such difficulties in the way of exhibiting fairly, and interpreting truly, statistical facts, arises a necessity for laying down precautionary rules for the guidance of those to whom is confided the important task of their collection and registry — for checking their correctness when collected — and for their legiti-

mate employment in aid of legislative or administrative purposes. On each of these heads M. Quetelet gives us a letter — short, indeed, and somewhat desultory; but abounding in useful and sensible remarks. Each of them would, in fact, require a treatise for its complete illustration.

A fool can ask questions, but only a wise man pertinent ones; and it often takes a wiser man to ask than to answer. After recommending to the statist a due and ample course of preparatory study of the subject in hand, our author goes on to observe, on the collection of statistical information: —

'The principal considerations which should guide an administration as to the questions to be asked are the following: —

'1. Only ask such information as is absolutely necessary, and as you are sure to obtain.

'2. Avoid demands which may excite distrust, and wound local interests or personal susceptibility, as well as those whose utility will not be sufficiently appreciated.

'3. Be precise and clear, in order that the inquiries may be every where understood in the same manner, and that the answers may be comparable. Adopt for this uniform schedules, which may be filled up uniformly.

'4. Collect the documents in such a way that verification may be possible.

. . . . . .

'Simplicity and clearness of demand, together with uniformity in the forms to be filled up, are essential conditions to obtain comparable results. Without them, no statistics are possible. When the question relates to ages, professions, or diseases, it is of the greatest importance to employ classifications perfectly identical, in order that the general information may be compared even to the slightest detail. The most perfect unity should reign throughout the whole. It is to establish a unity like this that in certain States, such as Belgium and Piedmont, central commissions have been formed to collect and arrange the different elements which should be included in the national statistics. The necessity of such institutions is particularly shown when we see in very enlightened countries the principal departments sometimes publish very different numbers to express the same things, or make classifications which render comparison impossible.' (*Transl.* pp. 196, 197.)

Not to secure facility for the verification of the documents we collect, is to miss one of the principal aims of the science. Statistics are only of value according to their exactness, without which they can serve but to establish error. Every statistical document requires a twofold examination — a moral and a material one; the former being, in all cases, by far the most important, as it involves the inquiry into the influence under which it has

been collected — a point on which the whole colouring of the document essentially depends: —

'During the war of independence, the United States carefully misrepresented the true number of their population: they exaggerated considerably the numbers of inhabitants in maritime cities, in order to put the enemy on the wrong scent. Assuredly no good appreciation of the American population could be founded on the documents of this period.' (*Transl.* p. 202.)

Every statistical document ought to carry on the face of it the exceptions, exemptions, and limitations, under which its entries are made. In respect of the use which may be made of it, negligence in this respect may amount in effect, if not in culpability, to a falsification.

'Thus, by means of official numbers, M. Sarauw pretended to prove that in the island of St. Croix, in the Danish Antilles, the mortality of the black slaves was less than that of white men even in Europe; and this assertion might appear so much the more imposing, as M. Sarauw resided in the island in question.'

This result (which was arrived at in good faith) rested solely on the omission of negro children dying before attaining their first year from the register of births, such children being exempt from poll-tax, and therefore their omission being deemed of no importance.

The material examination of statistical documents rests chiefly on the internal evidence they may offer of self-consistency. It is singularly aided by diagrams. A simple line, properly laid down from a consecutive series of numbers, by what is called graphical projection, enables us to appreciate at a glance the continuity and regular progression of their succession; and, what is of still more importance, to apprehend correspondencies between two series so projected, which often afford immediate conviction of a relation between them, such as the most subtle mind would find it difficult to perceive without such aid. They give to the study of phenomena the same advantage which algebra has introduced into calculation — they generalise and allow of abstraction; and they enable us at once to detect and often to rectify errors which, if undetected, would effect mean results, and throw every thing into confusion. We are glad to find M. Quetelet strong in his advocacy of this mode of dealing with a series of observations; though the generality of French *savans* affect, very unwisely, to despise it as inconsistent with their notions of mathematical rigour.

There is nothing more indicative of a man's fitness or unfitness for the duties of a legislator and a statesman than his manner of

dealing with statistical documents. When appealed to, as they too commonly are, for the purpose of establishing extreme positions, or of lending support to party views, or to particular interests, we are continually reminded of the doctrine of one long accustomed to listen to such arguments. 'Nothing can be more 'fallacious than theories — except facts!' Those who use them in this manner will be found invariably to sin against truth and common sense in one or other of the following ways, viz: —

'1. By "having preconceived ideas of the final result."
'2. By "neglecting the numbers which contradict the result they "wish to obtain."
'3. By "incompletely enumerating causes, and only attributing to "one cause what belongs to a concourse of many."
'4. By "comparing elements which are not comparable."'

To which we may add a 5th, the most common of all and the most inexcusable, viz.: singling out the extreme partial results which tell on the side to be defended, and ignoring all the rest.

With such eclecticism we may find in statistics the means of defending almost every position. In politics, especially, they

'Become a formidable arsenal, from which the belligerent parties may alike take their arms. . . . Some figures, thrown with assurance into an argument, have sometimes served as a rampart against the most solid reasoning; but when closely examined, their weakness and nullity have been discovered. Those who allow themselves to be frightened by such phantoms, instead of looking to them themselves, prefer rather to accuse the science than to confess their blind credulity, or their inability to combat the perfidious arms opposed to them.

'We see persons profoundly convinced of a truth, seek to establish it directly by the authority of figures, and give, as they think, a mathematical demonstration. However, by means of the statistical documents which they unskilfully employ, they most frequently produce an opposite effect to that which they desired. Thus we cannot reasonably doubt that enlightenment contributes to man's happiness, by illuminating his intellect and fortifying his morals. In the attempt to demonstrate this, what has been done? It has been thought necessary to establish that the number of crimes is inversely as the number of children sent to school — as if the number of crimes, even were it known, had as its only cause the greater or less developement of the intellect; and as if the developement of intellect were measured by the number of children sent to school. What has been the result of this? It has been found, after well examining statistical documents, that the number of crimes is more generally in a *direct* proportion to the number of children sent to school, than in the *inverse* proportion. The conclusion is exactly the opposite of what was at first desired — a new error, which some have, with the same levity, admitted.' (*Transl.* p. 214.)

The necessary incompleteness of all statistical documents is

sometimes urged as a general argument against trusting implicitly to conclusions drawn from them. The argument is valid, in so far as we have reason to believe that the unenumerated cases differ systematically, *i. e.*, in some essential point of classification, from the enumerated; so as to render the proportions in which the several classes are represented in the returns different from what they would be were the enumeration complete. But granting their incompleteness — and granting even that the incompleteness is such as to affect injuriously the proportionate numbers in classified results—this does not preclude the drawing of many sound and valuable conclusions from such documents, if only we are assured that in comparing similar ones for several successive years, or under circumstances otherwise different, the same causes of incompleteness prevailed and continued to affect the several classes in an invariable ratio.

This position M. Quetelet illustrates by a reference to the Criminal Statistics of Belgium. — Prior to 1830 the official returns gave only the number of crimes *known* and *prosecuted*, but for the seven years from 1833 to 1839 they included also the number of crimes known, but which were not prosecuted because the authors were unknown. Now it was found that this latter number proceeded from year to year with even more regularity than that of crimes prosecuted. No doubt, therefore, the number of crimes altogether unknown to justice, could it have been made a matter of registry, would have presented a similar constancy. Of known crimes against person, two-thirds were regularly prosecuted, and one-third escaped, the authors being undiscovered. In the case of crimes against property the proportions were reversed, and were nearly those of one-fourth and three-fourths; the graver crimes being those most sure of detection. On the whole it would appear from these records that out of 1154 crimes annually known to justice in Belgium, only 416, or little more than one-third, formed subjects of prosecution. Assuming, then, that the number of unknown crimes is equal to that of known (this would hardly be admissible for crimes against person), the amount of prosecuted crimes in Belgium would not exceed one-sixth of those actually committed.

'I am absolutely ignorant and shall never know whether the crimes on which the tribunals have to pass judgment form the sixth or seventh or any other part you will of the total number of crimes. What is important for me to know is that this ratio does not vary from year to year. On this hypothesis I can judge *relatively* whether one year has produced more or less crimes than another.'

Admitting that this ratio remains invariable from year to year,

and that justice pursues criminals with the same activity, two countries or two provinces of the same country might be compared in respect of morality. But as the latter condition almost certainly does not hold good under different administrations, it becomes impossible, from the official returns of prosecutions, fairly to institute such a comparison between nations, even should the same legislation, the same repression, and the same activity to bring criminals to justice, subsist. If the result be made to depend on a comparison of the number of *condemnations*, instead of those of *prosecutions*, a difference in the mode of trial would alone suffice to destroy the comparability of the cases.

'We know, in fact, that the establishment of the jury in Belgium has doubled the number of acquittals.' (*Transl.* p. 227.)

On the subject of Medical Statistics, M. Quetelet has a brief, digressive, and somewhat pungent letter, and presents what must be confessed to be rather a deplorable picture of the actual state of this branch of the general subject.

'All reasonable men,' he says, 'will, I think, agree on this point, that we must inform ourselves by observation, collect well recorded facts, render them rigorously comparable before seeking to discuss them with a view of declaring their relations, and methodically proceeding to the appreciation of causes. Instead of this what do we see? Observations incomplete, incomparable, suspected, heaped up pell-mell, presented without discernment, or arranged so as to lead to the belief of the fact which it is wished to establish; and nearly always it is neglected to inquire whether the number of observations is sufficient to inspire confidence.'

This is, no doubt, the impression which the perusal of the generality of medical books and dissertations leaves on the mind. The fact is, that in a science like medicine the statistical method of inquiry is not the most natural and obvious. Under circumstances of excessive complication in any line of research, and more especially in one in which success leads so directly to celebrity and fortune, men usually look for what Bacon terms 'instantiæ luciferæ,' those 'luminous instances' where the result of a single experiment, the striking issue of a novel process, makes its way at once to the inductive instinct without being subjected to the scrutiny of reason. The comparison of multitude with multitude, the destruction of errors by mutual collision, and the slow emergence of truth from the conflict by its outstanding vitality, belong to a maturer age of science than that in which medicine had its origin or attained its present importance. Yet there have not been wanting in its walks men

of philosophic views, who have both seen themselves and recommended to others this course of procedure.*

Neither is the deficiency so absolute as M. Quetelet's expressions would lead us to suppose. So far at least as the statistics of *disease* are concerned, some material progress may be reported. Medical science, imperfect as it is, has at least succeeded to a certain extent in classifying diseases under more or less general heads and identifying them with sufficient distinctness to attribute to each something like its due share in contributing to the total annual mortality. This is a great step. It enables us at once to compare the prevalence of particular disorders (in that degree of intensity at least which leads to a fatal termination) with that of other statistical elements or with meteorological registers, and so to work our way by sure though perhaps slow degrees from the detection of tendencies in some certain atmospheric conditions, food, habits, &c. to their production, up to a knowledge of their proximate or remote causes, and thus to devise measures of an administrative kind, not indeed for their cure in particular cases, but for their general mitigation and possible final extinction (as in the case of the sea scurvy): And doubtless much greater progress might be made in this direction, would medical practitioners agree (or were it made incumbent on them as a condition of their *status*) to forward classified returns of the cases under their treatment to some common sanitary centre,—the form of classification and nature of the entries to be prescribed on uniform and well considered principles, and the results authori-

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* The following striking passage occurs in Dr. Holland's 'Medical 'Notes and Reflections':—'A very especial advantage has been the 'application of numerical methods and averages to the history of 'disease; thereby giving it the same progress and certainty which 'belong to statistical inquiry on other subjects. Averages may in 'some sort be termed the mathematics of medical science. The 'principle is one singularly effectual in obviating the difficulties of 'evidence already noticed; and the success with which it has been 'employed of late by many eminent observers affords assurance of the 'results that may hereafter be expected from this source. Through 'medical statistics lies the most secure path into the philosophy of 'medicine. The inquiries which so greatly distinguish M. Louis 'as a pathologist may be noted as eminent examples of this method, 'which is now pursued with great success by many physicians in our 'country.'—*On Medical Evidence*, vol. i. p. 5.

The Dissertations of the late Sir Gilbert Blane abound with statistical statements well collected and ably reasoned on, to the attainment of most important results.

tatively published at stated intervals. Publicity indeed is the *sine quâ non* of statistical science, and the grand condition of its useful application, not merely by reason of the openings thereby afforded for the detection of error and the exposure of unfairness of registry, but what is of infinitely more consequence, letting in the broad good sense of the thinking part of mankind on the subjects themselves abstractedly presented to them, — than which nothing so effectually tends to clear away *professional* prejudices and errors, and to bring professions themselves (as every profession ought to be brought, for its own sake as well as that of the public) under the watchful inspection of its laity.

The statistics of cure are necessarily more imperfect than those of disease. Excessive difficulties must lie in the way of tabulating the medical treatment of cases upon anything like uniform and intelligible principles of classification and registry, owing to the multitude of particulars to be embraced, the difficulty of recognising diseases in their earlier stages, the necessity of continually swerving from a uniform preconceived system of treatment in accommodation to age, sex, habits of life, and constitutional peculiarities — the absurd system of administering *mixtures* of *mixtures* of medicaments so as to render it next to impossible to say what quantities of the *prima medicamenta* have been really swallowed — and all the thousand and one causes which conspire to render medical practice tentative and uncertain, and the statements of its degree of success untrustworthy. Supposing these difficulties overcome, if not in all, yet in selected classes of disease; supposing every essential particular intelligibly registered, and the result candidly stated, it has still to be borne in mind that such registers must necessarily exclude all cases in which nature has been left to her own unaided resources, and nearly all in which the natural remedies of rest, regulated diet, ventilation, cleanliness, &c. may have been alone resorted to. It would require a physician of no common forbearance to abstain in fifty out of each hundred cases from the use of *all active medicines* — and of no common candour and defiance of professional censure to declare that he had done so, and to put on record the *failures* of this line of treatment.

'To judge,' says M. Quetelet, 'of the advantages which therapeutics may present, we must commence by inquiring what would become of a man afflicted with such a malady if abandoned to the force of nature only. Perhaps we might be led to conclude that in doubtful and difficult cases it is better to give up the patient to the efforts of nature than to the remedies of art, confining ourselves to the use of a careful diet. Different kinds of treatment have less influence on mortality than is generally supposed. A respected and learned man, Dr. Haw-

kins, thus expresses himself:—"A friend took private notes on the "comparative mortality under three doctors in a hospital. The one "was *eclectic*, the second pursued the *expectant* system, and the third "the *tonic* regimen. The mortality was the same; but the duration "of indisposition, the character of the convalescence, and the chances "of relapse very different." Thus the mortality was the same. We might draw the same conclusions from the documents collected in the principal hospitals of Europe: the mortality varies between very narrow limits, and depends more on the general maintenance and supervision of the hospitals,' [de la *tenue* des hôpitaux,—most incorrectly translated 'on the *principals* of the hospitals'] 'than on the therapeutic means employed. . . . . Did I not fear being taxed with exaggeration, I should say that a good administration saves more patients in hospitals than the science of the most skilful doctors.' (*Transl.* p. 235.)

We have just had occasion to notice a serious mistranslation, throwing upon an individual the responsibility of the general success or failure of an establishment, contrary to the plain meaning of the passage in the original French, and we wish it had been possible for us to conclude this article without further remark on the manner in which the translator of the work before us has executed his task. It is full of such misrenderings, which betray a palpable ignorance of the language of the original, issuing in expressions which are neither French, English, nor sense. Thus we have '*revoquer en doute*' (to call in question) continually rendered by '*to revoke in doubt* (p. 2. &c.); '*exceptionnel*' (p. 18.) is rendered by *exceptionable*; '*temps affreux*,' shocking weather (p. 23.), by '*frightful times*;' '*modeste*,' moderate (p. 28.), by '*modest*;' '*parties*,' (p. 34.), games, by '*parts*;' '*lunettes*' (telescopes), by '*lunettes*;' '*hasardes*' (precarious), 'by '*hazarded*;' '*siècles*' (ages), by '*centuries*,'—the definite for the indefinite sense,—giving an almost puerile air to the passage in which it occurs: 'Our planet is but a 'very secondary body, a grain of dust lost in immensity, and 'yet *centuries* have been required to bring it to the state in 'which we now see it.' (P. 133.) In p. 147. we have the idiomatic phrase, 'On aurait lieu de plaindre un pays' (a country would be to be pitied), perverted into, 'He would have 'to complain of a country.' Again (p. 228.) we have 'all *in*-'*distinctly* (*indistinctement*, indiscriminately) collect statistics, but 'some confide their results to their memories, others to paper; 'some even collect them unwittingly, *like* M. Jourdain *does* 'prose,' ('*comme* M. Jourdain *faisait* de la prose,')—as Moliere's M. Jourdain (with whom we should have thought every one at all conversant with the language must be familiar) *used to make* prose.

'Who can affirm,' says the translator, 'that this principle' (the law of gravity) 'is not a particular case of a much more 'general law, or that the results deduced from it are not values 'sufficiently approximative, *since* the neglected quantities *are* 'not appreciable in the present state of science.' M. Quetelet's expression is, 'ne sont pas des valeurs *suffisamment* approxima-'tives *pour que* les quantités négligées ne soient pas apprétiables,' &c., (are not mere approximations, *sufficiently such*, however, that the quantities neglected shall be inappreciable, &c.) Obvious errors, and misprints too, in the original, are transferred uncorrected into the translation. Thus, in p. 81., we have the important and mischievous misprint ·01 instead of 0·1 twice repeated. M. Quetelet, with the usual laxity of a foreigner, is privileged to misspell our English names, but it does not become an English writer on Probabilities to acquiesce in the transformation of the honoured name of Stirling into Stierling. We must add, too, that the manner in which the French metrical system used in the original is converted into British equivalents in the translation is such as to interfere materially with a clear understanding of the purport. Thus, in the table of the limiting heights of giants, tall and short men, and dwarfs, in p. 103., the limits are given in the original to millimetres, while in the translation they are stated only to the nearest inch, and that in one instance erroneously. We notice these blemishes, not in the spirit of cavil, but in order that they may be removed in a subsequent edition.

The letters on the use of statistics to the administration and on the ulterior prospects of this branch of science, though they can hardly be said to contain anything very new or striking, yet come opportunely at a period like the present, when vast changes, both legislative and economical, are in progress, and when opportunities are lapsing of seizing *in transitu* results which will one day be most valuable for future comparison. Steam, railroads, and free-trade principles are making such inroads into all that used to be considered fixed or slowly alterable, that it will be of the utmost interest to have secured points of departure in the new career which opens on society.

'Statists should be eager to register, from this time forward, all the facts which may assist in the study of this vast transformation in the social body, which is in process of accomplishment.

'A government in modifying its laws, especially its financial laws, should collect with care documents necessary to prove, at a future state, whether the results obtained have answered their expectation. *Laws are made and repealed with such precipitation that it is most frequently impossible to study their influence.*'

These words deserve to be written in letters of gold. They point to an evil whose tendency is to degrade social policy from the list of sciences of observation and experiment to the rank of an empirical art. *Avant nous le Cahos! Après nous le Déluge!* should be the motto of that statecraft which, under a momentary sense of pressure from those whom even the uneasiness of change makes restless and impatient, urges on the social movement faster than a sound philosophy can count the revolutions of its mechanism or register the work accomplished; or of that which, by the simultaneous alteration of every condition, makes the separate estimation of any single effect hopelessly impracticable.

ERRATUM.

The Reader is requested to correct the following Erratum in our Article on the Kosmos of Baron von Humboldt, Ed. Rev. No. clxxv. p. 194. line 19. — For *minute* read *hour*. A very exaggerated impression is conveyed by the passage as it stands.

ART. II. — *History of the Romans under the Empire.* By the Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE. 2 vols. London: 1850.

WE have read these volumes with great pleasure, and we close them with even greater expectation. They comprise the period that intervened between the establishment of the first Triumvirate and the death of Cæsar, and are the first instalment of a work which, from the specimen now afforded of it, promises to fill up a void in our historical literature. For, notwithstanding the prominence of the language and history of Rome as organs of education, although libraries have been written upon them, and proficiency in them is rewarded by college-prizes and fellowships, even although the University of Oxford enforces the reading of Cicero and discourages the reading of Burke, we have at present in our language no complete or satisfactory account of Rome and her institutions, — especially in their transition state. Mr. Merivale is indeed debarred, by several causes, from the advantage of novelty in his theme; but he compensates for the want of it by his original and comprehensive manner of dealing with this vast and varied subject.

We admit that much has been done to his hands. For centuries the scholar, the lawyer, and the statesman have laboured in this field. No armoury is better furnished, no trophies have been more sedulously cherished, than those of the Roman worthies. From them the man of action and the man of speculation have alike derived their models of valour, policy, and philosophy. Three great schools of philology, — the Italian,

the French, and the German,—have successively explored the mines of Roman learning. The name of Justinian is still authoritative in courts of law; and the name of Cæsar is almost synonymous with that of sovereign. Still there was room for a history of Rome, both absolutely as regards the subject itself, and relatively as regards the demands of the present age. Mr. Merivale appears to have discerned both the need for such a work and the conditions under which it may be competently executed.

No one can have looked into that agreeable miscellany of scholarship, the 'Arundines Cami,' without becoming aware that Mr. Merivale possesses one qualification at least for an historian of the Romans—an intimate acquaintance with their language and literature. We do not rate very highly mere elegance in Latin versification. It is frequently an accomplishment dearly bought. But in Latin composition, as in every other art, there is a degree of excellence which few persons attain, yet which, when attained, amounts to a power, and should be estimated accordingly. Cowper thought 'Vinney 'Bourne' as good a poet as Tibullus; Buchanan and Gray wrote Latin verses which would not have disgraced Virgil or Ovid; and it was from Addison's hexameters that Boileau first learned the English were no longer ignorant barbarians. Mr. Merivale's translations need not shrink from comparison with any productions of the kind; and the mastery over Latin idiom which they display has been of no small service to the Roman historian. His 'History of the Augustan Age,' published some years ago, attracted less notice than it deserved. It formed one of a series of educational treatises, of which the public had become weary. But it contains the most satisfactory account of Rome under its first emperor, and was a fitting prelude to the more extensive work he has now entered upon with maturer insights and researches.

Rome, which absorbed into itself the annals and civilisation of the ethnic world, and which was not more remarkable for the extent than for the duration of its empire, has transmitted no complete history of its own revolutions. Fortune, indeed, in this respect, has been singularly capricious. Its great native annalists have either perished utterly or been preserved only in fragments; and the most learned and accomplished of its modern historians have either left their works imperfect, or treated only of particular eras of the commonwealth or the empire. What remains to us of Livy is little more than a portico to the courts and *adytum* of his entire work. And this remnant, with the exception of the war with Hannibal, is precisely the portion we

could best have spared, if by such a sacrifice we might recover his later decades. For Livy was an indifferent archæologist, and imperfectly understood the character of the regal period and the patrician aristocracy. He confounded the tribunes of the fourth century with the demagogues of the eighth, and viewed the struggle between the permanence of caste and the progress of the commons through the medium of his Pompeian prejudices. But he possessed, in higher measure than any other Roman chronicler, the faculty of relating what he had himself heard and seen; and his opportunities for both oral and personal information were unusually favourable. He had access to the libraries, the archives, and the society of all the leading families in Rome. He was intimate with Asinius Pollio, and he was caressed by Augustus. A native of Cisalpine Gaul, his grandfather may have beheld the Cimbric columns defiling upon the Raudian plains; his father may have conversed with one of Sulla's centurions, fresh from the Pontic wars; and the historian himself have listened to some 'ancient citizen of Verona' or Padua, recounting Cæsar's canvass of the Cisalpine towns in B. C. 52, or the breathless suspense which attended his passage of the Rubicon three years afterwards. For the social and civil wars, for Catilina's conspiracy, for the tribunate of Clodius, and for every scene of the great revolutionary drama between Pharsalia and Actium, Livy unmutilated would be for Roman history what Clarendon is for English,—an unsafe guide but an incomparable companion. Nor is Livy alone imperfect. Tacitus forsakes us just as we most need his assistance,—at the close of one dynasty and before the establishment of another. The era of Trajan and the Antonines, which, from its 'containing a succession of five 'good princes,' Horace Walpole calls 'the most remarkable 'period of the world,' is buried under the rubbish of the 'Augustan historians,' or dimly reflected in scattered inscriptions, obscure laws, and declining literature. The epitomists are too brief; the panegyrists too faithless; the Greek writers, like Dion, never apprehended the Roman character; Plutarch's Lives are the Waverley Novels of antiquity, and Suetonius, where he is not corroborated by Tacitus, is about as good authority for facts and motives as the Standard at the present day is for the intentions of the Cabinet. Modern scholars, again, have either been mere antiquaries like Lipsius, or, in our country, at least with the brilliant exceptions of Gibbon and Arnold, unequal to the task. But the master-work of Gibbon records the decline, and not the establishment of the empire: Arnold did not live to complete the structure he was raising upon Niebuhr's foundations; Middleton's 'Life of

'Cicero' is an extravagant eulogy, in which whatever is good is borrowed from Bellendenus; and the complete histories of Hooke* and Ferguson are generally found in all libraries, and as generally avoided by all readers.

Mr. Merivale, therefore, has entered a field in which he has no rival, and scarcely a competent predecessor. There is, however, a latent disadvantage in his subject on which he may not have reckoned, and of which—as partially affecting ourselves, also, as his critics—we will endeavour to dispose at once. Most liberally educated persons are more or less acquainted with the general outlines of Roman history. Many persons will, therefore, not unnaturally presume that the whole case (so to speak) has been thoroughly sifted, and that the last investigator of it can, at best, present them rather with a new form than with new matter. We believe this to be a delusion; and we will illustrate the grounds of our belief by a familiar example. Not many months back, a reader, of average information, would have felt himself insulted if his knowledge of the English revolution of 1688 had been called in question. 'Am I "ignorant as '"dirt,"' he might have replied, 'to be deemed unversed in this 'period? Have I not read Hume, and Lingard, and Sir James 'Mackintosh, that I should be unacquainted with Monmouth's 'execution and the acquittal of the Bishops, with the "Bloody '"Assize," and the rumours of the "Warming-pan"?' Yet, in spite of Hume and other adjuncts, how many—or, rather, how few—of our readers will scruple to confess that they have derived fresh insights into this momentous period from Mr. Macaulay? Supposing that such can possibly be the case with regard to any chapter of English history,—how much more probable is it that we may have something yet to learn of the history of Rome! Indeed, if ever the great problems of any period have been overlooked, they are, in our opinion, the problems of the Roman commonwealth at the era of its decline and transition to monarchy. Every schoolboy can tell that Sulla cut the throats of the Samnites, and Cicero changed his politics; that Pompeius was an artful but unsuccessful intriguer, and Cato an honest but impracticable statesman; that one Cæsar was killed in the Capitol, and that another Cæsar established the empire. So much he may learn from Pinnock's Catechism. But why Sulla butchered the Italians, or Cicero turned conservative,—what motives whetted the daggers of both his partisans and his opponents against Julius,—and by what

* We beg pardon of the Editor of Lynam's 'History of the Roman 'Emperors,' just published: we see by his preface that he classes together Gibbon and Hooke as two great historians.

series of measures Augustus founded the Imperial system, — these are questions to which neither Middleton nor Hooke furnish an answer. And these, moreover, are questions lying on the very surface of the great Roman revolution, — the steps of its transition, — the contortions of its long agony through a century of convulsion. Much more momentous problems are involved in the decline and fall of the republic, — problems whose solution determined not only the later destinies of Pagandom, but eventually affected also, by remote impulse or immediate contact, the institutions of Christendom itself. We shall presently follow Mr. Merivale in his discussion of some of these questions. But we may remark, in this place, that the history of Rome exhibits, on a broad scale, many theories of modern date and experiment; — such, for example, as poor-laws, colonisation, the extension of the suffrage, the government of dependencies, and the combination of local with central administration. There were, indeed, organic differences — besides those which a purer religion has introduced — between the principles and feelings of the Roman and the Christian world. We must not, therefore, expect strict analogies, or even available precedents; but we may obtain from the comparison some pertinent suggestions, and, at least for a while, indulge in the contemplation of a state of society which embraced and pervaded, for many centuries, the most civilised portion of mankind.

The following extract exhibits the proposed design and extent of Mr. Merivale's work: —

'As the people became gradually aware that the great revolution of the social war had brought with it more good and less evil than had been anticipated, the extension of the rights of the metropolis to the distant provinces lost the character of an inconsistency and anomaly in the constitution. Local prejudices died away in the familiar contemplation of the vastness of the empire, and the mutual relationship of its several members. The mind of the nation expanded to the conception of infusing unity of sentiment into a body which was wielded by a single effort and from a common centre. One after another there arose political crises, which demanded the central combination of all the powers of the State in a single hand. The success of each experiment became an argument for its repetition, till the idea of submission to the permanent rule of one man first ceased to shock, and was finally hailed with acclamation. The monarchy was at first veiled under the old republican forms. Gradually the veil was dropped. Lastly, the theory of a republic was dismissed from men's minds, and fell into the same oblivion into which its real forces had already sunk. Under the supremacy of a single ruler all varieties of class became merged together; and when the citizens ceased to be discriminated among one another, there seemed no reason for maintaining distinctions between the constituent races of which the empire was composed.

'The task to which the following pages are devoted is that of tracing the expansion of the Roman nation, together with the developement of the ideas of unity and monarchy, from the last days of the republic to the era of Constantine. We commence with a period when the senate still fondly imagined that the government of the world was the destined privilege of one conquering race,—that its life-source was enshrined in the curia of Romulus and Camillus. The point at which our review may appropriately terminate is the day when the civilised world received its laws and religion from the mouth of an autocrat, whose sole will transferred the seat of empire without a shock from the sacred circle of the seven hills to a village on the Bosporus.'

The great catastrophe of modern history is the French revolution of 1789: the great crisis of the ethnic world was the revolution which converted the Roman commonwealth into an empire. Among many points in common, these memorable consummations of their respective eras have one prominent feature of resemblance—the long duration of the struggle. The convulsions which shook down the Capet dynasty still reverberate, and even still at times explode in Europe after the lapse of sixty years. The undulations of the Roman earthquake continued to be felt for a century after the tribunate of the Gracchi, and were not completely lulled until the reign of Tiberius.

It is not easy, therefore, to assign a period more eventful, or a revolution more important, than the era comprised in Mr. Merivale's present volumes. The age was fruitful in great men; his work, therefore, properly abounds in portraiture. The revolution was dramatic in its career, and epic in its continuity; these volumes present us accordingly with diversified and vivid scenes in combination with an organic unity of result and purpose; and, lastly, the 'great mutations' affected not Rome alone, but mankind at large, so that our interest in the story is political and universal, not merely personal and national. To Rome, indeed, alone among the governments of antiquity was vouchsafed the boon of a political metempsychosis. It was powerful as a kingdom, progressive as a commonwealth and for centuries steadfast as an empire. With no blameable enthusiasm even in its declining age, one of its latest and not its worst poet adverted to this characteristic of its fortune—

> 'Illud te reparat quod cetera regna resolvit:
> Ordo renascendi est crescere posse malis;'

So sang Claudius Rutilius in the fourth century of our era, and the perpetuity of the empire was not unfrequently identified, by both Pagan and Christian writers, with the duration of the world. We will now, partly under Mr. Merivale's guidance, partly from a somewhat different point of view, briefly trace the

steps and phenomena of the revolution, which, ostentatiously abjuring the name of king, brought about a return to monarchy.

Two principles, in active antagonism to each other, had prevailed from the very dawn of the commonwealth. The one, common to Rome and to the Greek republics, tended to isolate the State from its neighbours, and the ruling from the subject class of citizens: the other, peculiar to the Roman people, impelled them, from time to time, to extend the privileges of the city to strangers, and finally to include in a strong, but equal embrace, the various races they had subdued. The principle of isolation, in the course of seven centuries, assumed various forms: that of expansion was forced upon the State by its constant wars and successive conquests. On the expulsion of the Etruscan dynasty of the Tarquins—for nothing but the urgency of a theory could have made Niebuhr regard this dynasty as Latin—the patrician oligarchy pushed the system of exclusion to its extreme consequences. They denied to the men who won their battles a seat in their councils. They treated the plebeian leaders, Priscan or Alban nobles by birth or heritage, with the same jealous arrogance which the Venetian oligarchy displayed towards all citizens not enrolled in the Golden Book; and they regarded the plebeian body as an assemblage of serfs, whose murmurs were mutiny, and whose petitions were to be answered by the scourge and the gaol. These were the palmy days of isolation. The secession of the Commons, and its immediate consequence the appointment of the Tribunes, were the first act of expansion. From this source gradually flowed all those great and comprehensive measures which, under the several titles of the Publilian, Terentian, Licinian, and Horatian laws, broke down the barriers of caste and combined the Oscan and Sabellian aristocracy, and the Latin commonalty into the Roman nation. Nor were the rights of citizenship alone extended; the longevity of the State was also secured. In the course of seven centuries the Italians became one nation. In a few generations more the Roman standards were planted at York, Buda, and Alexandria. The extremes of barbarism and civilisation were led to converge. The hunter of Northern Europe, and the dusky borderers of the Nile, and the Euphrates, met on common ground in the Roman forum; and the laws and language of the capital were uniformly obeyed or partially adopted by the most opposite varieties of mankind. But this second stage in the progress of expansion demands a few words for itself.

'What was the cause,' says Tacitus, 'of the fall of the Lace-'dæmonians and Athenians, but that, powerful as they were in

'arms, they spurned their subjects as aliens?' The policy of Rome towards its subjects, if not always seasonable and spontaneous, was more prudent. At the close of the great Latin war in the fifth century of the city it incorporated the communities of Latium: it invented degrees of the franchise by which its dependents were gradually trained to the knowledge and enjoyment of civil rights. Successful generals, at a later period, were allowed the privilege of rewarding their adherents with this precious boon. Fidelity to the State constituted a claim to its immunities which were the more graciously conceded, as the benefits of incorporation were more sensibly perceived. What was refused to armed claimants was granted to vanquished suppliants, and at the close of the social war the whole of Italy had received the full freedom of Rome. Even Sulla forwarded the work of amalgamation. His opponents, the Marians, had thrown open the thirty-five tribes: and to counterpoise the new voters from Samnium and Etruria, the champion of the oligarchy enrolled a multitude of soldiers and even slaves on the civic registers. The course of expansion had converted the chief town of a district into the capital of the Italian peninsula; and the lists of the census were swelled with thousands of citizens whose interests became every year more nearly identified with the welfare of the republic.

The change, however, though beneficial to the empire, was immediately detrimental to Rome itself. 'The introduction of 'the Italian element into the constitution,' says Mr. Merivale, 'had not, as was apprehended, the effect of Italianising Rome. 'Nevertheless, from this time the denationalisation of Rome be-'gan, though we must look to another quarter for its origin.' In spite of the successive enlargements which the constitution had received, it always remained essentially municipal: and the basis of a municipium was too narrow for a colossal and growing empire. The very forms of public business which had sufficed while the domain of Rome was bounded by the Anio and the Liris, were at once cumbersome and feeble in a State which extended from the Atlantic to Mount Taurus. The solemn sanctions of a religion which inspired a few thousand citizens with awe and pride, were subjects of ridicule rather than of reverence to millions of provincials of dissimilar creeds. A broader and more vital principle of unity was demanded than could be found in either the pontifical books or the rules of the ten tables. Nor were the nobler portions of the old constitution alone at variance with the exigencies of the age. The population of Rome, from various causes, was irretrievably debased; and its debasement had been accelerated by the sudden infusion of fresh blood into the tribes,

without the concurrent application of such legal or moral checks as might have purified, while they multiplied, the mass of free citizens. Isolation had been broken down: amalgamation had been extensively applied: but a further principle of adjustment between the old and the new was still wanting. We borrow from Mr. Merivale a description of the hybrid populace, which, after the Social War, flocked to the city and impeded by their venality and turbulence the business of the forum.

'The city became from henceforth the common resort of all that was neediest and vilest in the suburban population. There grew up a multitude of reckless adventurers, eager to sell themselves to the demagogues of any party, controlling the elections by corruption or violence, obstructing the peaceful march of public affairs, rendering law impotent and justice impracticable. Conscious of their strength and services, these hordes of hungry barbarians claimed and obtained subsistence from the State. They quartered themselves on the government, which was compelled to feed them by a tax on the industry of the provinces. The misfortune or error of the statesmen of the day' — Mr. Merivale might have said of the statesmen of antiquity universally — 'lay in their not discovering some system by which the votes of the distant municipals might be brought to bear against the mob of the forum. The idea of representative government was altogether foreign to the mind and habits of the age; but under Augustus the elections were conducted by taking the votes severally in the different towns. We may imagine that the introduction of this plan by a strong government like that of Sulla might have infused a new element of stability into the tottering machine of the republican constitution.'

We have seen that neither the restrictive nor the expansive principles singly possessed vigour enough to sustain or regenerate the commonwealth. They had shifted, indeed, their ground of opposition, until the original contest between prerogative and progress assumed the baser form of a struggle between rich and poor. In every quarter of the empire, and especially in the capital itself, there was a blind or a conscious instinct for unity at work, which betrayed itself by an increasing disposition in the contending factions to set up some favourite leader, either as the champion of the senate or the populace. Mr. Merivale's sketches of the chiefs of the oligarchy or the mob are highly graphic; but before we introduce them to the reader, we must glance at the upper classes of Rome, who, at this juncture, were the claimants of extensive and anomalous, if not absolute, powers.

The effects of habitual warfare upon the Roman character appear to us to be hardly brought sufficiently forward. In the midst of recurring triumphs and permanent monuments of

victory, war had demoralised the citizens and unfitted the Italian population generally for their new civil rights. Temperate or fortunate indeed is the nation, upon which protracted wars entail no worse evils than waste of life and destruction of property. The lust of appropriation, like other stimulants, blunts or enervates the reason as well as the conscience. The citizen imbibes the feelings of the soldier; he grows familiar with rapid vicissitudes of fortune, and is restless under the control of law and in the sobriety of peace. While Italy alone was the battle-field, the campaigns of Rome were really defensive. Environed by the chivalrous Sabellian tribes and the opulent communities of Etruria, Rome, unaggressive and peaceful, must have yielded to the arms or gold of its more powerful neighbours. But the contests with Carthage, Macedonia, and Syria, opening almost boundless prospects of territorial aggrandisement, and pouring into a poor agricultural community the ancestral wealth and the annual revenues of three continents, altered the character of its wars, its soldiers, and its citizens. The remoteness of the scene of action led to protracted and almost independent military commands. This was the danger apprehended by Fabius and the elder Cato when they opposed the appointment of Africanus: this was the danger realised in the enormous powers granted to Sulla and Pompeius for their Eastern wars. The general who had governed for years, with almost irresponsible sway, provinces larger than Italy itself, and had accumulated or disbursed sums of money unknown to his Sabine or Latin ancestors, returned to a private station, disqualified for its duties and discontented with its obscurity. His officers and soldiers had been at least equally incapacitated by the licence and excitements of the camp for the grave observances of the forum; and since the legionaries were electors, and in many cases candidates also, the passions of the comitia by degrees assumed a more military tone. Large masses of the Roman people were consequently led to identify their personal interests with those of a fortunate commander; and the civil revolutions of a century were mostly rehearsals of Cæsar's final and successful enterprise. Nor did those who remained at home, and in whom the tranquil occupations of husbandry might have preserved the virtues of former ages, escape from the evils of these wasting and demoralising wars. Not all Napoleon's energy, nor his wonderful fertility in resources, could raise the agriculture of France from depression, as long as France continued in a normal state of warfare. Mr. Merivale has not adverted, in his sketch of the predisposing causes of the Roman revolution, to the effects of Hannibal's invasion. They were long anterior indeed to the era at which he begins,

but they were not inoperative upon it. The second Punic war, which desolated the peninsula generally, pressed most heavily on the smaller landowners and colonists of Rome, and first materially enfeebled and diminished the productive classes. The wealthy retaining, in their lowest ebb of fortune, a portion of their means, in a few years might recover their former opulence. But the possessor of a few acres, whose harvests were annually swept off by the Numidian foragers, whose homestead had been reduced to ashes, and whose boundaries had been trampled down in a thousand skirmishes, could not retrieve, when the storm had passed away, even his former humble independence. War had burdened him with debt, debt compelled him to sell his fields, and with his fields, as trade was interdicted to a free commoner, to forego his station in society. From a peasant he was degraded to a pauper, dependent for his daily bread on the State, and for his luxuries on the ostentation or ambition of the rich. Poverty and self-respect may co-exist; but not where poverty is debarred from honest labour. The wants of the day, when unrelieved by toil, stifle the sense of shame and dignity. Habitual privation enhances occasional excess; and he, who is the slave at once of necessity and indulgence, becomes the apt and willing tool of rival factions and of the leader who builds upon faction his own selfish and solitary grandeur. The large properties, which followed, ruined not only the agriculture of Italy, but its population and its spirit.

Such were some of the social characteristics of the Roman people at the epoch with which Mr. Merivale's work opens. From this dark background of poverty and idleness, of turbulence and crime, come out clearly the great actors on the scene, the authors, the spectators, or the victims of the most memorable revolution in the annals of mankind. We have traced the brief period of isolation and the process of expansion in the commonwealth. We have now to contemplate these principles, as they were embodied in the personal character or policy of the chiefs of the senate and the people, from Sulla to Cæsar.

We must first, however, remark upon the unusual insecurity of all extant records of these times. The reader who compares Lord Clarendon's history with the memoirs of Ludlow, Whitelocke, and May, will often be compelled to ask himself whether the Charles, Strafford, and Laud, the Pym, Hampden, and Hugh Peters of the noble historian are really the personages portrayed by his republican contemporaries. In the pageants of the Middle Ages certain grotesque figures were arrayed in vizors and garments of which the one half was purposely

unlike the other in fashion and colour. Viewed from the right the same masker was a blooming youth, viewed from the left he was a chapfallen crone. One profile was that of Stephen the proto-martyr, the other was that of Sir Gawain's 'lothly bride.' In the pages of Clarendon, Charles is a saint and a martyr; in the pages of May he is an Ezzelin or a Sforza. But however widely the English historians may diverge in their accounts of the same person, there is a decorum in their censure, and a limit to their praise, which enable us to detect, even in opposite portraitures, some common features of resemblance. At all events we possess both Clarendon and May, and we can strike the balance of contradictions according to our several predilections. Whereas in Roman history, in the first place, we have lost the counter-statement, and must profit, as well as we can, by the extant caricature. We have not a line of Sulla's memoirs, not a word of Hortensius's orations, nor a fragment from the history of Asinius Pollio, the surly Ludlow of the Roman rebellion. But this is not the only or the worst privation against which we have to contend. Livy assures us that Roman history was, from the earliest times, a tissue of misrepresentations. 'Nec facile est aut rem rei aut auctorem auctori præferre,' is the historian's complaint of his authorities for the Samnite war, and he more than once recurs to it. 'Vitiatam memoriam,' he proceeds, charging his informants with 'enormous lying,' 'funebribus laudibus reor, falsisque imaginum titulis, dum familia ad se quæque famam rerum gestarum honorumque fallente *mendacio* trahunt.' And the disease had even deeper roots than heraldic vanity. Mr. Merivale has justly termed the 'Catilinarian and Jugurthine wars' of Sallust 'a series of pungent satires, under the garb of history.' Cicero, in the teeth of his own definition of the duty of an historian, earnestly implores his friend Lucceius to write a partial narrative of his memorable consulate. The licence of Roman lampoon may be inferred from the epigrams of Catullus and Martial; while the licence of the Roman bar and hustings transcends the experience, and almost the imagination, of modern times. Sir Edward Coke, in his prosecution of Raleigh,—Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, under the combined influence of rage and brandy,—a repealer at Conciliation Hall,—a farmer at a protectionist meeting,—may afford the unlearned reader a faint and distant image of the virulence of Cicero's speeches against Catilina, Piso, and Antonius. The abuse doubtless brought with it its own remedy. The orator was hooted and applauded, but he was not believed. The cudgel and the dagger were in all eras of the commonwealth freely employed against obnoxious statesmen, but never, as far

as we know, against the calumnious orator. Virulent abuse was in fact his stock in trade. It would have been deemed as unfair to deprive him of the right of peroration, as of the right of maligning an antagonist. But the licence permitted to the Roman pleader by his audience has been, from the inattention of scholars to these attendant circumstances, singularly injurious to the credibility of Roman history. The most atrocious libels, which excited only a smile at the time, have been gravely adopted as authentic testimonials to an evil reputation. Dirt of this kind sticks somewhere. The sceptical Middleton's faith in Cicero's calumnies is really ludicrous. To take one instance from among many; he believes that Marcus Antonius,—whose vigilance as Cæsar's lieutenant in Italy detected even a strange fishing boat in the harbour of Brundisium,—was drunk for three months together. And his grounds of belief for this notable fact rest on the credit of Cicero's second philippic. But the commentaries of Cæsar, the orations and letters of Cicero, and Sallust's 'pungent satires,' are our only contemporary documents for the Roman revolution. The few fragments preserved in Plutarch, Macrobius, Gellius, and the anecdotists, are not of sufficient importance to qualify the assertion. Of all these authorities, the rigid simplicity of the great Julian leader wears the most specious garb. We do not insist, however, on his veracity. Cicero's letters to Atticus certainly differ in many respects from his orations. But his mind had been so warped by his rhetorical education and practice, that we doubt, as Major O'Flaherty doubted of lawyers in general, 'whether he even spoke truth to 'himself.' The documents of the Roman revolution require therefore 'wary walking,' and Mr. Merivale has displayed a laudable scepticism in his employment of them.

The two central figures in the opposite groups of Roman statesmen, during the revolutionary era, are Sulla and Cæsar;—each respectively the representatives of conflicting theories of government, but each equally possessed of organic ideas, and each equally unscrupulous in reducing them to practice. Yet there was an essential difference in their political genius. Combined, they were the Janus of the revolution. Sulla looked back with reverted gaze to the republic of Camillus and the decemvirs: Cæsar contemplated, with keener prescience and more comprehensive faith, the empire of Trajan and the Antonines. The elder dictator beheld what had been practicable in the past: the younger what was possible for the future. Sulla seems, like Robespierre, to have believed that by extirpating his opponents he could perpetuate the formularies of a theoretical constitution: Cæsar, like Napoleon, regarded himself

'the man of destiny' appointed to remodel and renovate the world. The one discarded all that was not merely Roman from his plan: the other adopted and engrafted into his system all the vitality that lingered in ancient civilisation, and all the promise that manifested itself in Transalpine barbarism. The work of the one crumbled away in a single generation: the structure of the other still modifies the feelings and institutions of the most civilised portions of mankind. The policy of amalgamation, both as regarded its results and its representative, was stronger than the policy of isolation. There was a strange sympathy between these 'mighty opposites.' Sulla, who in his fanatical zeal for reaction, had never before spared any man, however obscure or incapable, spared 'the young trifler,' whose genius he detected, although he could not discern the full scope and dimensions of his career. And Cæsar, who became afterwards 'all things to all men,' discarded all dissimulation in the Dictator's presence, and stood erect and inflexible, when even Pompeius quailed. Sulla's 'genius was rebuked before 'Cæsar's.'

The apparent strongholds of reaction were in the senate and the legions. Its real weakness was manifested in every quarter of the empire, as soon as death had loosened the iron grasp of its author. The senate, indeed,—with the army for its body-guard and the veterans and freedmen of Sulla for its outposts,—easily resisted the crude and feeble attempts of the consul Lepidus to rescind the Cornelian constitution. But on every side of Italy, and within the heart of the peninsula itself, was heaped up the fuel of revolution. Sertorius and the Marian refugees had wrested nearly the whole of Spain from the armies of the republic. Mithridates once more swept the plains of Lesser Asia with his Pontic and Armenian cavalry: and the innumerable bays and creeks of the Cilician coast poured forth their terrible banditti, who, like the northern Vikings of a later age, neither sowed nor reaped themselves, but filled their garners from the harvests of Sicily and Africa. Even the Appian road itself, the great artery of metropolitan Rome, echoed to the tramp of these marauders. Even the Mediterranean, which the arrogant eloquence of the forum had denominated the 'Lake of 'Rome,'—as far north as the Ligurian Gulf, and as far west as Gades,—swarmed with their cruisers. It was a point of honour with these freebooters to parade their defiance of Rome by murdering the officers of the State as often as they captured them. But the magistrates of the republic were not alone their victims. The dungeons of Cilicia were thronged with Roman citizens; whole fleets of merchant vessels, with their passengers and

cargoes, fell into their hands; the towns and villas of the mainland and of the islands were ransacked by their foragers; and to their secular pillage they added the sacred hoards of the principal temples, where the piety or prudence of the Grecian world had, from the era of the Heracleids, deposited its votive or personal wealth.

And contemporaneous with this anarchy without, a deeper woe and nemesis were preying upon Italy itself. Gladiatorial exhibitions had already begun to form the great national diversions of the Romans and Italians. They were on a less extensive scale,—they were perhaps, on the whole, less sanguinary,—than they afterwards became, when senators and even emperors fought in the arena; but they already contributed, with foreign and with civil war, to harden and contaminate the spectators. The embers of a general servile war were still smouldering in Sicily, when the flames of a similar but more formidable insurrection broke out at Capua. For the career of Spartacus we must refer to Mr. Merivale's pages. The military genius of the Thracian shepherd is attested by the fact, that he was not reduced until he had ravaged the peninsula, from the Sicilian Straits to the frontiers of Cisalpine Gaul, nor until three regular armies were concentrated at once upon his predatory bands. Pompeius and Crassus both contended for the honour of suppressing a servile revolt; and at one time it was proposed to recall Lucullus from the East, and to precipitate the whole force of the empire upon a band of Thracian and Gaulish fencers.

An empire which endured and survived so many shocks, and which attained, in the course of another generation, powers more ample and secure than even the conquerors of Carthage and Macedon had won and bequeathed, must have contained in its heart of hearts no ordinary vital force: And the weakness exhibited by Rome in the latter half of its seventh century, arose not so much after all from the decay of the subject-population, as from the decrepitude of the central government. The statesman or warrior who should relieve the provinces and resources of the commonwealth from the pressure of the oligarchy, and by throwing open the barriers of the constitution infuse new vigour into the body politic,—would solve the problem which the Gracchi had been murdered for proposing, and which Sulla fondly thought he had superseded altogether.

The following sketch of the ordinary texture of the senatorian party serves to show that the restorer of the State could not be expected to come from their ranks:—

'The conviction of the miserable inefficiency of many of the prin-

cipal nobles was forced upon Cicero; nor could he be insensible of the danger their cause incurred, when they professed to put themselves under the guidance of a leader such as Cato, whose ways and views were so alien from their own, and whose disposition was so untractable. As to Cato himself, we may imagine the perplexity with which he must have regarded the several sections of the party among whom he occupied so conspicuous a place. He had to choose his counsellors and instruments either among the elder men, who were indolent and immovable in action, insensible to public morality, even to the contempt of outward decency; or among the younger, who were violent, on the other hand, and reckless, their hot patrician blood inflamed no less by luxury than pride. The early years of the former class had been mostly passed in camps. The urgent dangers of the republic had allowed them little leisure, even at home, to cultivate the refinements of social life. At a later period, crowned with success, and with all the enjoyments of wealth suddenly placed at their feet, they plunged, from mere ignorance, into a tasteless imitation of the sensual civilisation of the East. The pictures of vice which the writers of the age have left us are principally taken from the highest aristocracy; and the habits of a Piso and a Gabinius leave no doubt of the barbarian coarseness of the class to which they belonged.'

Even the better and more refined members of the aristocracy were incompetent to the task of government, and blind, either from prejudice or indolence, to the pressing demands of the time. At an earlier and happier period, indeed, Greek cultivation had produced a genuine and salutary effect upon the Roman character; and Scipio and Flamininus, with their illustrious coevals of the Fabian and Æmilian houses, were worthy recipients of the political maxims of Polybius and the philosophical doctrines of Panetius. But the destiny of the race of conquerors prevailed. Each succeeding generation became more deeply immersed in war than its predecessors; and the habits of the camp silenced or perverted the lessons of the schools.

'Even those individuals,' Mr. Merivale proceeds, 'who were most celebrated for their love of polite literature had but little of that genuine devotion to it which courts enjoyment and rejoices in simplicity. The purity even of Cicero's taste may be called in question, though he was far removed from the voluptuous refinements which enervate the mind and vitiate morality. But Lucullus and the accomplished orator, Hortensius, second only to Cicero among his contemporaries, a scholar and a wit, no less than a pleader and debater, did more to degrade than to exalt the tastes which they affected to patronise. The display which Lucullus made of his libraries and galleries of art, throwing them open to public admiration, however much in advance of the real wants of the age, and calculated to create envy rather than gratitude, might yet be represented as a more magnanimous use of his wealth than the vulgar profusion by which others

of his order courted the favour of the multitude. But those who knew him more intimately discovered how little real interest he took in these honourable resources of dignified leisure. In his later years he withdrew himself almost entirely from public life, and seemed to devote all his languid energies to the invention of new refinements upon the luxury of the table. His example countenanced and corrupted those about him. One after another the nobles sank into a lethargy almost incomprehensible. The writers of a later period have associated the proudest names of Rome with the preposterous novelties by which they amused their idleness. A Gabinius, a Cælius, a Crassus, were immortalised by the elegance of their dancing. A Lucullus, a Hortensius, a Philippus, estimated one another, not by their eloquence, their courage, or their virtue, but by the perfection of their fishponds and the singularity of the breeds they nourished. They seemed to touch the sky with their finger, says their mortified advocate, if they had stocked their preserves with bearded mullets, and had taught them to recognise their masters' voices, and come to be fed from their hands.'

Sulla founded no school of statesmen, and trained up no successor to himself. But in Cn. Pompeius he possessed a willing disciple. It is difficult to speak of this eminent man with too much censure, or with too much compassion. An ignominious death was not the bitterest portion of his severe destiny. In the age of the Scipios, while the laws still breathed a grave and lofty spirit, and the greatest commanders were content to remain the servants of the State, Pompeius would probably have transmitted an illustrious and unblemished name to posterity, and have led to the capitol a triumphal procession as the conqueror of Perseus or Antiochus. In the era of the emperors he might have claimed the epithets of respect and affection bestowed upon Nerva and Antoninus. But in his own generation, whether we regard him as the premature imperator or as the veteran proconsul, his influence was generally for evil, and for himself at least his triumphs were mostly calamitous. The popular son of an obnoxious father, his first and his latest model in life was a fortunate usurper, whom he resembled in ambition, but to whom he was immeasurably inferior in genius and strength of will. He was a great soldier and an able diplomatist: his domestic affections were deeper and more tenacious than was usual with his countrymen and contemporaries. But here his commendation ends. He was a false friend, a bad citizen, and a treacherous colleague. The two most specious acts in his career were the restoration of the tribunate of the Commons to its proper functions, and the dismissal of his legions on his return from the Mithridatic war. But he restored their magistrates to the people, in order that he might the more effectually

control the government and the elections; and he divested himself of his command of the armies of the republic from a desire to rival the abdication of Sulla.

The career of Pompeius displayed, indeed, on the larger theatre of the world the contrast between present prosperity and impending calamity which the Greek tragic poets delighted to represent on the stage. He was called in derision by his contemporaries 'Agamemnon'; nor were his fortunes less high or their catastrophe less appalling than that of the King of Mycenæ, 'lord 'of Argos and the islands.' If we except the Mithridatic campaigns — and even these were against orientals — all the triumphs of Pompeius were easily achieved. He came to the aid of Sulla when the Italians were wearied out with the war; he crushed the servile insurrection after the death of its great leader; and he hunted down the Cilician pirates with all the forces of the commonwealth. The great offices confided to him, absolute in trust but limited in time, fed the grand delusion of his life, — that he too, like his prototype, deserved the appellation of *Felix* as well as *Magnus*. His civil career bore no proportion to his military one: he was eclipsed by Cicero and was less respected than Cato. He was generally the first to violate his own laws: his public appearances as Triumvir were undignified; and his belief that Cæsar was his tool and creature, whom he could employ and dismiss at will, was one of those extravagancies which, although history authenticates it, fiction would reject as improbable.

The following anecdote of Pompeius, which we introduce in this place by anticipation, is singularly illustrative of his fortunes:—

'Towards the close of the year 703 Pompeius was prostrated by severe sickness at Naples, and his life was, for a time, despaired of. He had now reached the culminating point of his political career, and having enjoyed, and, still more, having surrendered, the sole consulship, there remained nothing within the sphere of the laws which could increase his reputation either for power or moderation. The only legitimate boon which fortune might still bestow upon her favourite was an honoured and tranquil old age; but the storms which were gathering in the horizon forbade the hope of so happy a consummation. At such a moment, said the Roman moralists, the Gods, in their foresight, offered to remove the great Pompeius beyond the sphere of human change; but the cities and the nations interposed with prayer, and preserved their beloved hero for defeat and decapitation. The people of Neapolis and Puteoli were the first to make a public demonstration of grief and despair. Vows and sacrifices were offered for the sick man's recovery. He was saved, and the same people expressed their delight with festivals and dances,

and crowned their heads with chaplets. These, indeed, Cicero might have said were only Greeks; but the reserved and sober Italians were no less ardent in their adulation. The roads were thronged; the villages were crowded like cities; the harbours could not contain the vessels which brought strangers from beyond the sea, to salute the popular idol as he was transported slowly from place to place on his way to Rome. Pompeius, from his litter, contemplated this movement of the people with lively satisfaction: he regarded it as a crowning proof of the depth to which his influence had penetrated—as a gauge of the inexhaustible sources of his popularity. Rooted on a foundation so broad and immovable, what should he fear from Cæsar or Cæsar's veterans? There was no one at his ear to whisper how hollow these demonstrations were,—to foretell that Italy would surrender to his enemy without a blow, and that the voices now loudest in the accents of devotion to him would welcome the conqueror of Gaul with no less fervent acclamations.'

The warning voice (which Mr. Merivale imagines) might have whispered to the fevered and failing veteran vaticinations of a doom more appalling than the fickleness of the multitude, or the loss of popularity and power. It might have told him of the treacherous embers beneath his feet, of the 'tainted air' which he breathed, of the petulance of counsellors, and the lip-service of dependents. 'After a certain day in next year,' it might have said, 'bid farewell to ease, to fame, and to victory. 'The laurels of Italian, of Spanish, and Pontic triumphs are 'withered. Farewell to the repose of your Alban villa, to the 'throngs of the theatre and the forum, to the acclamations on 'the field of Mars. Farewell to the homage of the senate and 'the alalagmos of the camp, to the fortune which flattered early 'and mature manhood, and to the "honour, love, and obedience," 'which should accompany old age.'

> 'Hæc finis Priami fatorum; hic exitus illum
> Sorte tulit . . . . . .
> . . tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
> Regnatorem Asiæ. Jacet ingens littore truncus,
> Avolsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.'

Of all the leading actors of the Roman revolution, Cicero is perhaps the most difficult to delineate satisfactorily. On the one hand, so deep a debt of literary gratitude is due to the philosophic orator: he has enlisted in his favour so numerous a train of partisans in all ages, that to question his political efficiency may appear like paradox, even if it be not deemed presumption. But, on the other hand, it is impossible, on the evidence which he himself affords us, not to regret, with Mr. Merivale, that he did not retire from public life at the zenith of his honours, the close of his consular year. It was competent for Demosthenes and the

Athenian orators to conduct for a time successfully the interests of a petty league; yet even Demosthenes found eloquence unavailing when opposed to the Macedonian phalanx. Cicero was a statesman not in a small republic, but in the metropolis and arbitress of the world. The power of his eloquence could banish Verres and drive Catilina headlong from Rome, and secure for himself the triumphs of the bar in all causes which were merely personal or local. But in the great questions of the age,—the amalgamation of the provincials, the extension of the franchise, the readjustment of the balance of the State, perhaps even the transference of the executive from the senate to a single chief,—eloquence was at best an accessory only, liable to be borne down at every turn by the tumult of the forum, by the combination of parties and their leaders, and finally by the inevitable appeal to arms. And in the case of Cicero there were other disqualifications proper to himself. A *novus homo*, he had no reserve of family support to fall back upon. His temper was irritable and vain. His eloquence was rather the exercise of an art, than the impulse of a fiery nature, like that of C. Gracchus or Mirabeau. Moreover, in an age of impetuous partisanship, Cicero was a trimmer or waverer in his politics. He had originally been the champion of the middle and monied order —the equites; after Catilina's destruction he became the advocate of the senate; and on his return from banishment he attached himself to the leading triumvir, as to the only patron in Rome able to shield him from tribunitian violence and from the recurrence of a calamity, which to him was as 'the bitterness of death.' While, however, he courted Pompeius, he was not indifferent to the favour of the great proconsul of the Gauls. In his heart, we believe, he preferred the humane and accomplished Cæsar to the patron who had abandoned him once, who would probably at a similar crisis abandon him again, and who throughout their intercourse disgusted him by reserve and perplexed him by caprice. The fame of Cicero as the adherent of Cæsar might have stood less fair with posterity, at least with the posterity which until recently has persisted in seeing patriotism in the senate alone, and only rebellion in Cæsar; but it would probably have been happier, and eventually more honourable, for himself, had he preferred the younger to the elder triumvir. Cæsar's prompt decision would have imparted consistency to his career, if not to his character; and Cicero would have interpreted to the senate and people the views of the proconsul more effectively, as well from his eloquence as from his personal repute, than any of the able but reckless adventurers engaged in Cæsar's interest. The union between the orator and the general, which had

proved efficient at Athens, would have been repeated at Rome; and the Julian reforms set forth by the master of persuasion might have conciliated, while there was yet time, many of the most upright and intelligent senators, and prevented their flight to the Pompeian camp from a merciful and magnanimous opponent.

It is with a feeling akin to remorse that any scholar can venture to doubt the political wisdom of Cicero — a feeling like that which a dutiful son experiences at discovering the imperfections of a parent. Eloquence, philosophy, official integrity, and moral refinement surround his name, and so entrench it, as it were, behind its claims upon our affection and reverence, that it is scarcely possible to analyse his career with the impartiality which history exacts. If he is accused of moral cowardice in the case of Clodius, who is entitled to refuse applause to his gallant defiance of Antonius? If we deplore his unmanly grief in exile, is there no palliation in the thought that beyond the walls of Rome his occupation was gone and his glorious existence at an end? When his self-laudation wearies us, let us remember that he rose by eloquence, and was sustained by it; and that eloquence alone had raised him to the level of men whose halls were populous with images of warriors, statesmen, and patriots, and who counted years by the curule honours of their ancestors. Eloquence procured him, living, the title of 'Father of his Country;' and it was the consciousness of that eloquence which filled his spirit with the assurance of everlasting fame, and enabled him, in the end, to meet danger and death with a decision and serenity unwarranted by his temperament, and unsurpassed by Stoic or Christian fortitude.

It will be seen from the following extract that Mr. Merivale's estimate of Cicero differs in some respects from our own. We regret that our limits do not allow of more than a portion of his equally judicious and animated portrait:—

'Having thus chosen his political views, Cicero carried them out through life with a steadiness hardly to be expected even in a firmer man, and conceived an interest in the classes whose cause he advocated, and even an affection for them, which is one of the most pleasing features in his character. His great object was to elevate that middle class of which we have already spoken, as a guarantee for the integrity of the constitution. He laboured diligently to soften away the conflicting tendencies of the nobles and commons, of the Romans and Italians, of the victors and the vanquished of the late civil wars. Nor was his political course warped, like that of his leader, Pompeius, by any illegitimate hopes of rising above the laws which he administered or defended. His ambition was great and noble, but was honestly limited to the enjoyment of the highest honours of the con-

stitution. He succeeded in attaining the consulship, the most eminent office in the State, and, in its discharge, performed a service for his country as brilliant as any recorded in the Roman annals. But his career of public usefulness was cut short by the jealousy of his associates and the selfishness of his early patron. Intoxicated by success, he had allowed himself to forget how unnatural and precarious his elevation really was; and there can be no doubt that his own vanity contributed in a great measure to his fall. But the nobles were willing to prove to the world the inherent weakness of any man, however splendid his abilities, who had not the genuine aristocratic basis of wealth and birth to rely upon; and Pompeius selected Cicero to be the victim of his wrath, when he wished to show his power, and hurl defiance at the senate, yet did not venture to inflict upon it a wound which should really smart.'

Before quitting the subject of Cicero, we will annex the following description of his Tusculan villa,—the scene of some of his dialogues, the topic of fond eulogy in many of his letters, his retreat from toil, and his refuge in affliction. It is a specimen both of Mr. Merivale's graceful employment of his classical stores and of the lighter portions of his work:—

'If the summit of the Palatine had been selected to keep the memory of its occupant ever fresh in the minds of his countrymen, his villa at Tusculum was his chosen spot for retirement and study. Here, also, though too far removed from Rome to be himself an object of observation, his porticoes opened upon the full view of his beloved city, from which he could never long bear to take off his eyes. From the hill on which this villa stood, the spectator surveyed a wide and varied prospect, rich at once in natural beauty and historic associations. The plain at his feet was the battle-field of the Roman kings and of the infant commonwealth; it was strewn with the marble sepulchres of patricians and consulars; across it stretched the long straight lines of the military ways which transported the ensigns of conquest to Parthia and Arabia. On the right, over meadow and woodland, lucid with rivulets, he beheld the white turrets of Tibur, Æsulæ, Præneste, strung, like a row of pearls, on the bosom of the Sabine mountains; on the left, the glistening waves of Alba sunk in their green crater, the towering cone of the Latian Jupiter, the oaks of Aricia and the pines of Laurentum, and the sea, bearing sails of every nation to the strand of Ostia. Before him lay far outspread the mighty City, mistress of the world, gleaming in the sun with its panoply of roofs, and flashing brightness into the blue vault above it. The ancient city presented few towers, spires, or domes, such as now arrest the eye from a distant eminence; but the hills within its walls were more distinctly marked, and the statues of its gods,—exalted on pillars, or soaring above the peaks of its innumerable temples,—seemed an army of immortals arrayed in defence of their eternal abodes. From the bank of lake Regillus to the gates of Tusculum the acclivity was studded with the pleasure-houses of the noblest

families of Rome. The pages of Cicero commemorate the villas of Balbus, of Brutus, of Julius Cæsar; of Catulus, Metellus, Crassus, and Pompeius; of Gabinius, Lucullus, Lentulus, and Varro. Accordingly, the retreat of the literary statesman gazed upon the centre of his dearest interests, and was surrounded by the haunts of his friends and rivals. It was here that, at a later period, when his fortunes were re-established, he composed some of the most abstract of his philosophical speculations: but even these, too, partook of the air of the city and the tone of practical life: the interlocutors of his dialogues were the same men whom he had just left behind at Rome, or whom he might encounter among the shady walks around him; the subject of their conversations never wandered so far from their daily concerns, as not to admit of constant applications to the times and constant illustration from them.'

The Romans of the sixth century repeated, with complacency, the report of their senate, made by the Epirot envoy to his master. 'It seemed to me,' he said, or was believed to have said, 'an assembly of kings.' Cineas, accustomed to the more vivacious discussions of the Achæan congress, and fresh from the brawls of the Tarentine market-place, may not improbably have been deeply impressed by the austere dignity of the Curii and Fabricii, and the grave and practical tone of their debates. The characters which pass successively under Mr. Merivale's review — Cato, Hortensius, Lucullus, Catulus, and Varro — exhibit the great council shorn indeed of its original majesty, yet still decorous and august. It was no longer the conclave whose *Decem Primi* awaited the Gauls in the forum; it was no longer the assembly which welcomed Terentius Varro from Cannæ: yet neither was it the servile senate of Tiberius. But we must now pass on to the central figure of the group, — the champion of the Marians, the patron of the provincials, and, finally, the regenerator of the State.

If Mr. Merivale's merits as an historian were in other respects less conspicuous, his view of Cæsar's character, both in its relations to the commonwealth and to the world generally, would impart to his work a sterling value. It is not exactly the first time it has been attempted of late, even in our language, to delineate fairly and philosophically the Julian leader. In his vigorous prose, the 'English Opium Eater,' some years ago, drew a bold outline of Cæsar; and Mr. George Long, in his translation of 'Plutarch's Roman Lives,' has more recently given a just and animated summary of the policy and genius of 'the fore-'most man of all the world.' The scholars of Germany and France — to whom, perhaps, the idea of centralisation was more welcome, or at least more familiar, than it is generally to our home-bred politicians — have also recognised the greatness of

the man and of his system.* But the volumes now before us are the first upon a scale at once sufficiently ample and sufficiently special to comprise all the antecedents and all the consequents of the Julian career. They exhibit the steps by which he mounted 'ambition's ladder,' the circumstances which aided or justified his ascent, and the policy which he introduced during his brief supremacy. Their successors, which, we trust are speedily to appear, will display the results of that career, such as, after long previous convulsions, they were at length realised under the firm and intelligent sway of Trajan and the Antonines. For the strength and civilisation of imperial Rome, — the fourth universal empire, both in prophecy and in fact — sprang, in all that distinguished it from republican Rome, by no indirect process from the foundations originating with the first, and consolidated by the second Cæsar. We presume the leading facts of Cæsar's life to be familiarly known. We shall therefore advert, in the brief space which remains to us, rather to the system than to the person of the Dictator. As Mr. Merivale however, sums up the characteristics of the age, before he enters upon the details of the Julian policy, we shall first extract his summary, and then offer a few remarks upon it: —

'The ranks of both parties in the State were filled with men of practical ability, whose lives had been passed in the free and active spheres of the camp and the forum; but, with the exception of Cæsar himself, it would be difficult to point out a single individual of original genius, or one who could discern the signs of the times, and conceive comprehensive measures in harmony with them. The temper of the Roman people, at this crisis of their history, required the guidance of a mind of more vigorous grasp than was possessed by a Cicero or a Pompeius, whose talents as public men were limited to a capacity for administration, — in which respect we shall have occasion more than once to signalise their ability, — but who could neither understand nor grapple with the great evil of the Sullan revolution, which had checked the natural progress of reform demanded by the extension of the Roman franchise, and restored the landmarks of a constitution which was no longer the legitimate exponent of the national character. The people had already undergone a marked change in their ideas and motives of action, while they were still clinging, with the pertinacity for which they were remarkable, to forms from which the living spirit had departed. The extent and rapid succession of their conquests, bringing with them an overwhelming accession of public and private wealth, had filled men's minds with the wildest anticipations. The extravagance of each succeeding year eclipsed the profuseness of its

* We shall find Mr. Merivale's views of Cæsar's genius and policy either suggested or confirmed in the works of Hoeck and Drumann, of Duruy, Amédée Thierry, and Michelet.

predecessor. M. Lepidus, the consul in the year of Sulla's death, erected the most magnificent dwelling that had been seen up to his day in Rome: within thirty-five years it was outshone by not fewer than a hundred mansions. The same was the case with the extension of the territorial possessions of the nobility, their accumulation of plate, jewels, and every other article of luxury, and not less the multiplication of their slaves and dependents. The immoderate interest which ready money commanded shows that the opening of new channels to enterprise outstripped even the rapid multiplication of wealth. Mines of gold lay, as it were, at the feet of any man who could procure means to purchase the soil above them. The price was trifling compared with the gains to be acquired; but whether the speculator succeeded or was ruined, the usurer reared a stately fortune in ease and security. All eyes were turned from the barrenness of the past, and fixed upon a future of boundless promise. Men laughed at the narrow notions of their parents, and even of their own earlier years. It is only once or twice in the course of ages,—as on the discovery of a new continent, or the overthrow of a vast spiritual dominion,—that the human imagination springs, as it were, to the full proportion of its gigantic stature. But even a generation which has witnessed, like our own, an extraordinary developement of industrial resources and mechanical appliances, and has remarked within its own sphere of progress how such circumstances give the rein to the imagination,—what contempt for the past, what complacent admiration of the present, and what daring anticipations they engender regarding the future,—may enter into the feelings of the Romans at this period of social agitation, and realise the ideas of an age of popular delirium.

'When the mind of a nation is thus excited and intoxicated by its fervid aspirations, it seeks relief from its own want of definite aims in hailing the appearance of a leader of clearer views and more decisive action. It wants a hero to applaud and to follow, and is ready to seize upon the first that presents himself as an object for its admiration, and to carry him forward on his career in triumph. Marius, Sulla, and Pompeius, each in their turn, claimed this eager homage of the multitude; but the two former had passed away with their generation, and the last lived to disappoint the hopes of his admirers, for whom he was not capable of extending the circuit of their political horizon. For a moment the multitude was dazzled by the eloquence and activity of Cicero; but neither had he the intellectual gifts which are fitted to lead a people onward. The Romans hailed him as the saviour and father of his country, as another Romulus or Camillus; but this was in a fit of transient enthusiasm for the past, when their minds were recurring for a moment to their early founders and preservers. It was still to the future that their eyes were constantly directed; and it was not till the genius of Cæsar burst upon them, with all the rapidity and decision of its movements, that they could recognise in any of the aspirants to power the true captain, and lawgiver, and prophet of the age.'

The career of Cæsar was divided into three distinct periods, moulded, however, into an organic whole by central ideas of amalgamation and expansion. In the first period he was the restorer and leader of the Marian party, recently proscribed by Sulla and still crushed by the oligarchy. In the second period, in which he conquered and, in part, civilised Gaul *beyond* the Alps, and wholly imparted the franchise of the city to Gaul *within* the Alps, he acted as the patron of the provincials, the purveyor at once of civilisation to the subject, and of fresh life-blood to the dominant race. In the third period, the epoch of consummation, he appeared in his full and proper dimensions, as the founder of a new career for Rome, the Romulus of the empire, the Camillus of its third and final metempsychosis.

The Marian party, which Cæsar resuscitated, was the Gracchine party under a new name. The elder Marius was an able soldier, but as blunt and incapable a statesman as Marshal Blucher himself. He had been wafted into power at the close of the Social War by the full tide of the Italian confederacy. Death, perhaps inflicted by his own hand, removed the conqueror of Jugurtha and the Cimbri from a crisis and a rival he was quite unequal to deal with. The Italian party, indeed, possessed no leader, with the exception of Sertorius, of either mark or likelihood — Cinna, Carbo, and the younger Marius, being, in comparison with Sulla, what Goring, Newcastle, and Rupert were, in comparison with Cromwell. They were accordingly vanquished by the oligarchy; and, for a while, the Cornelian constitution seemed to have stifled effectually the popular movement. The Sullan government, however, was a palace of ice, clear, stately, and imposing; but it rested on the sliding flood, and was built with materials of dissolution. His inflexible defiance of an inflexible despot marked Cæsar out from the first as the genuine successor of C. Gracchus. If even our cold northern temperaments are susceptible of appeals to the eye and ear, such appeals fall upon the more lively and passionate genius of the south with irresistible and immediate effect; and the restoration of the Cimbrian trophies and the triumphal statue of Marius to their pediments in the capitol, inflamed the civic and Italian population with new zeal for their cause, and with devotion to its rising champion. Cæsar was borne into office as triumphantly as Cicero himself; and in his consulship he began that series of measures for renovating the commonwealth which were the labour of his own life and his bequest to his political pupil and successor. No taunt was ever less applicable to its object than Lucan's reproach to Cæsar — that he delighted to advance over the breach and ruins of the constitu-

tion. The exact contrary is the truth. So far from mistaking solitude for peace, or the triumph of a party for the remedy of a sinking State, Cæsar's genius was eminently constructive and symmetrical. He bore with him into the camp the order and luxury of the city; he punished no offence in his soldiers so rigorously as wanton spoliation; in the heat of the civil war the progress of his lieutenants in Italy or the provinces was more decorous than the ordinary journeys of 'prætors and proconsuls 'to their governments;' although profuse when his interest required it, his private estate was managed with a vigilance which the elder Cato would have applauded; and although his whole life was a system of machinations against the existing state of things, he kept steadily aloof from every crude plot or partial conspiracy, whether feeble, like that of Lepidus, or rash and dubious, like that of Catilina. His first provincial government was distinguished for the regularity which he introduced into the finances of Further Spain; and the laws proposed by him in his first consulate breathe a spirit of social order, and in spite of the tumults attending their enactment, and the excesses or indiscretion of some of his supporters, were effective remedies for the diseases of the commonwealth.

Mr. Merivale has drawn a pleasing sketch of the friends and ministers of the dictator. The revolutionary ranks contained, indeed, as was inevitable at such a crisis, men of broken characters and fortunes, whose arrogant demeanour and extravagant expectations justly alarmed all honest citizens and all moderate statesmen. But Cæsar cancelled the prætorian edicts of Dolabella, repressed the excesses of Curio and Cælius, compelled Antonius to pay his debts, and confided the main direction of his affairs to the able and temperate administration of Oppius, Hirtius and Balbus. Under their ministry the populace were tranquil, the markets were well supplied, capital returned into circulation, enterprise revived, and industry resumed its peaceful tenor at Rome. The estates of the Pompeian family were indeed confiscated, for Cæsar affected to regard his quarrel with their chief as personal, and professed to hold them as alone responsible for the disorders and dislocation of the commonwealth. The other leaders of the senate were allowed to remain unmolested in Italy, or encouraged and even solicited to return to it. Their property was sacred; their persons were safe; and it was Cæsar's most anxious desire to secure the neutrality at least of all such statesmen as Varro and Cicero upon the single and easy condition of their desisting from attempts against his provisional government. The capital, the peninsula itself, and subsequently Spain and the Mediterranean islands exhibited,

amid preparations for war and under a revolutionary chief, the extraordinary spectacle of increasing acquiescence and of reviving prosperity.

The focus of revolution had really been transferred to the Pompeian camp and to the shores of Epirus. It was among the professed champions of order, of precedent, and of constitutional conservatism, that the sound and fury of lawless passions prevailed. We derive our knowledge of the projects and demeanour of the Pompeians at this juncture from an unwilling witness, from Cicero himself. The long delusion of the great orator as to the character of Pompeius and his partisans was at length dispelled. The camp and councils at Dyracchium revealed to him at once and for ever the error of his political life. He had not merely grasped at the shadow, but he had, by his hasty flight from Italy, embraced the substance of evil. By his own act and irresolution he had leagued himself with men as rapacious as Verres, as profligate as Gabinius, and as cruel and reckless as Catilina. At no era of his life do his letters breathe deeper despondency or his sarcasms evince such bitterness. He had indeed reason for acrimony and despair. For neither Sicily wasted and depopulated by its prætor, nor Præneste in the grasp of Sulla, nor the long agony of Numantia, nor any woe, impending or consummate, 'in ancient or in modern books 'enrolled,' would have equalled the retribution which the Pompeians were preparing for Rome. It was proposed by them — and the proposal was not whispered in secret conclave, but debated in the prætorium and proclaimed in the lines at Dyracchium — to ransack the ports of the Mediterranean for shipping, and by intercepting supplies from Sicily and Africa, to inflict upon the capital the torments of lingering famine. When famine had done its work, it was intended to sweep the plains of Italy with Armenian and Colchian hordes, to bring the legions and their heavy artillery against the towns, to cut up for ever the roots of popular resistance, to transfer the seat of empire, to reduce the Italians and Cisalpines to permanent serfage, and to apportion the peninsula among the leaders of the oligarchy, the Marcelli, the Lentuli and the Scipios. Rome had been baptized with fratricidal blood, and if the hopes of the Pompeians were realised, its earliest augury would be fulfilled by indiscriminate massacre and proscription. It is impossible to determine whether Pompeius himself participated in the projects of his adherents. His systematic dissimulation and his constitutional vacillation render it probable that, like Charles I., he would, in the event of victory, have yielded to the wishes of his partisans. In reading Cicero's account of the camp at

Dyracchium we are reminded of Clarendon's description of the cavaliers at Oxford. The event of Pharsalia was not less favourable to the cause of order and humanity, than it was to 'Cæsar and his fortunes.'

Mr. Merivale describes 'the urban population' at this period, 'whom the nobles systematically debauched,' to have been 'no 'better than a needy rabble, dissolute in morals, and destitute 'of any sense of national honour. The ready market offered 'for their votes was attractive to the lowest and vilest of the 'Italians, and the mob of the comitia was swelled by the worst 'class of the new citizens. Too proud to work where labour 'was the mark of the slave, a multitude of free men, steeped in 'the lowest poverty, found a bare subsistence in their idleness 'from this annual sale of their highest privilege, and presented 'ready instruments for any political adventurer who promised 'either present pay or prospective rapine.' The Julian laws of the first consulate of their author aimed at converting these idle hands into an active race of agriculturists, and restoring, as far as the circumstances of the age permitted, the predial population, the genuine commons of the early republic. They proposed to replenish the exchequer by enforcing the payment of the rents of the State, to convert the public demesnes into allotments for the poor, and to lighten the burdens of the provincials by re-adjusting the contracts of the publicani. Cæsar, like Napoleon, saw that the State could be reconstructed by the rehabilitation of the middle order alone. He therefore attempted to provide the pauper-masses with property, and to encourage the equites or monied class to invest their capital in Italy. A population like that of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, but still more needy, numerous, and turbulent, was the proper instrument for a revolutionary chief of the kind that Cæsar has so unaccountably been described to have been. If such he were, we can only say his laws were admirably calculated to defeat his object.

The best commentary, however, on the measures of Cæsar's first consulate will be found in his enactments, after he became possessed of absolute power. Ten years later, and in the heat and after all the exacerbations of civil war, he is seen steadily resisting his own partisans in their demands for the repudiation of debts. All he would concede was an adjustment between the lender and the borrower, which guaranteed to the one his principal, and relieved the other from exorbitant interest. Throughout the civil war he uniformly interdicted the confiscation of private property and the pillage of captured cities. His rigour, in both these respects, had at one period nearly alienated the affections of his soldiers, and undermined the foundations of his

authority. Bnt his acts were not merely negative. Unfortunately for the empire, and for the welfare of many succeeding generations, Cæsar's plans for reconstruction could not be executed by himself. The few months of repose allowed him were insufficient for the accomplishment of his schemes. And—such is the inevitable condition of social reforms—these schemes presented, even to his bold and inventive genius, greater obstacles than the conquest of Gaul or the suppression of the oligarchy. Yet his survey of the empire enabled Augustus afterwards to equalise the imposts on the provinces: his reformation of the calendar deprived the aristocracy of one of their favourite implements for impeding public business; while his proposed revision and codification of the laws, executed by a more powerful genius than Justinian, and in a less degenerate age, would have added a *sixth* and a peaceful and permanent triumph to the Julian Fasti.

'The wars of later ages,' says Lord Bacon, 'seem to be 'made in the dark, in respect to the glory and honour which 'reflected upon men from the wars in ancient time.' War, indeed, forms the prominent feature in the annals of Rome, not merely because it made the Romans masters of the world, but also because it ultimately brought commerce and civilisation in its train. For with them war was not the consequence of accidental collision with other races, like the inroads of the migratory hordes of the east and north, nor undertaken, like the campaigns of modern Europe, to maintain the balance of power or to crush or assert freedom of opinion. But it was a consistent system of aggression and appropriation. By wars the Romans reaped the fruits of Hellenic civilisation and Asiatic luxury; by wars they supplied with new blood the veins which previous war had emptied; and by means of war they both educated themselves and became the dispensers of education to others. 'The wolves of Italy,' as Telesinus the Samnite termed the ancient enemy of his name and race, became the civilisers of the world. Among the conquests of Rome not one was more important to the empire at the time, or to Europe afterwards, than that of Gaul. The subjugation of the Celtic tribes from the Pyrenees to the English Channel deferred for four centuries the great migration of the Teutonic races, and gave time and space for the establishment of a higher form of civilisation and the introduction of a purer religion among the conquered people. The Gaulish wars of Cæsar form an episode in Roman history. They were in the first place, like Alexander's invasion of Persia, the completory act of a long impending nemesis. In the next, they were a principal instrument in that process of amalgama-

tion which it was the mission of Rome under the Cæsars to accomplish. The Gauls, who had laid the city on the Seven Hills in ashes, who had repeatedly ravaged Italy from the Alps to Apulia, who had enfeebled the Etruscan Lucumons, and destroyed the ancient race of the Umbrians, were themselves, after the lapse of centuries, spoiled of their hoarded wealth, and driven from their fastnesses in the forest, on the mountain, and the solitary morass; their ancient priest-caste was proscribed, and their young men swept into the legions of the southern stranger. The work of retribution was complete: the name of the Gauls was no longer formidable to the Transalpines; and the 'golden hoard' in the capitol was no longer reserved for the exigencies of a Celtic invasion. But destiny had in store for them a further and a stranger revolution. For the conqueror who brought with him desolation, afforded them revenge. Under the banners of a Roman general, and eventually with the privileges of Roman citizens, the descendants of the clans of Brennus recrossed the Alps, assisted at the obsequies of the republic, sat down in the council chamber of the world among the sons of the Claudii and Domitii, and in the course of a single generation inscribed their names upon the consular Fasti. We regret exceedingly that we cannot accompany Mr. Merivale, step by step, through the details 'of this eventful history.' He has entered into the spirit of Cæsar's Commentaries, illustrated them with all the adjuncts of modern learning, and described, with pregnant and animated brevity, the eight years' proconsulate of their author. In the few lines which now remain to us, we must draw the attention of the reader to Cæsar himself, and more especially to the nature of the difficulties which lay before him, not so much in his character of a party leader, as in that of a reformer of the State.

The conquests of the republic, although made systematically, were not in the eighth century uniformly administered. After the fall of Carthage, indeed, they had been too rapidly achieved to admit of regular organisation, even by rulers capable of the task. The mind of Roman legislators was generally too formal in its character to entertain readily the idea of assimilation; and the abler leaders of the senate and the people were either engrossed by the interests of the Italians alone, or opposed to all innovation. Accordingly, the fate of the provincials was determined by temporary expediency, by the state of parties in the senate, or by the prejudices of their immediate conquerors. Sicily, the granary of the republic, was prudently allowed to retain the laws of its Hieros and Gelos; while

the unwarlike population of the Lesser Asia was subjected to the utmost rigour of fiscal oppression. There was one law for Narbonne, another for Bætica; nor was the difference always proportioned to the temper of the provincials, or to their degree of civilisation. But the uncertainty of the law was much less injurious to the provinces, than the system of appointing proconsuls and prætors. A man of broken fortunes looked to a foreign command as the sole means of retrieving his affairs. And the administration of provincial rulers varied with their personal characters. The gradations were infinite between a Cicero and a Verres. But the oppression of the farmers-general was uniform and permanent. The publicani hired the taxes by auction, and indemnified themselves for ruinous bargains at home by extortion abroad, the most comprehensive and at the same time the most minute. Agriculture was abandoned in despair: whole districts were depopulated: and every year witnessed a mock impeachment of the oppressors, a perjured jury, and a venal acquittal. Cicero prosecuted Verres for his spoliation of Sicily, and defended Fonteïus for his robbery of Gaul: the philosophic Brutus was a usurer, and the erudite Varro was 'much condemned to have an itching palm.'

'The first use of power which the emperors made,' Mr. Merivale justly observes, 'was to control the fiscal tyranny of the proconsuls and publicani. The revolution of Drusus and the Gracchi opened the spoils of the world to the Italians: but those of Julius and Octavius closed them again, and restored them to their rightful owners. The luxuriance of Roman oppression flourished but for a century and a half; but in that time it created, perhaps, the most extensive and searching misery the world has ever seen. The establishment of imperial despotism placed in the main an effective control over these petty tyrants; and notwithstanding all the crimes by which it won its way, and the corruptions which were developed in its progress, it deserves to be regarded, at least in this important particular, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the human race.'

The statesman who discerns and enforces the sacrifice which the future age may demand from the present for the general conservation of the State, is naturally regarded by his less sagacious contemporaries as a rash and unprincipled innovator: and he is regarded so especially, should his earlier career have rendered him conspicuous as a popular leader. The senatorian party saw in the proconsul of Gaul only a reckless adventurer, eager to re-enact the part of his kinsman Marius, if he did not, indeed, aspire to the license of Saturninus. Even the rigid Cato, who denounced Pompeius, and declaimed against the vices and prodigality of the nobles,—even Cicero, who sighed for the union of all parties,

and knew the incompetency and the violence of his own associates, shared in the general delusion. They could not persuade themselves, even at the time Cæsar was dismissing his prisoners unharmed in person and property, but that the proscription lists were drawn up, and that only a favourable moment was waited for to slip the Gauls upon the capital. They continued to credit their own inventions of his complicity with Catilina; they misconstrued his consular laws; and they deemed him infected not only with a spirit of change, but also of impiety, for proposing to extend to the barbarians of Gaul and Iberia the auguries and the title of Romans. They could not believe, they would not listen to the plea, that the acquisitions of the sword must be maintained by the law; that civil wars had decimated, while poverty and luxury together had enfeebled, the native population; and that Italy must be replenished from without or perish in a generation or two from mere exhaustion. As soon would Laud have listened to a sermon against episcopacy, or Louis XIV. to an argument for religious liberty, as the Marcelli and Scipios of the eighth century to the claims of the subjects of Rome to become its citizens. Yet the republic itself had from the earliest times set the example of assimilation. The Latins, Volscians, and Sabellians had been gradually incorporated with the proper Quirites; the tribes had within a century been crowded with Italian voters; the forum already swarmed with adopted citizens, and the genuine Romans hardly amounted to a fifth of the masses which thronged the forum and the field of Mars. The process of amalgamation which Cæsar began, and later emperors completed, fused the provinces into an obedient and uniform whole: and the day on which the centurions of the legion Alauda swore allegiance to the genius of Rome before the altar of Victory, subverted for ever the Cornelian constitution, and ushered in a new era under the auspices of the Julian house.

Our notice of Mr. Merivale's volumes would be imperfect without a few remarks upon the conspiracy which cut off the dictator in the midst of his work of reconstruction. Mr. Merivale justly observes that such a close to his career, if not altogether anticipated by Cæsar, was at least contemplated by him as possible with that calmness which distinguished him in thought and action throughout life. Against the remonstrances of his friends he dismissed his Spanish body-guards, and on the very eve of the fatal day declared that 'the best kind of death 'was that which was least expected.' The circumstances of his murder are, however, less strange than the view which was taken of it by writers of the imperial age and adopted from them, with few exceptions, by posterity. Dante, Gibbon, and

Drumann, may be mentioned as exceptions. Dante, who puts Brutus and Cassius in the same 'abyss of bale' with the arch-traitor Judas, implies that he deemed the assassination of Cæsar guilt of the deepest dye. While, among modern writers Gibbon was one of the first to question the virtue of Brutus; and Drumann, in his 'Life of Cæsar,' analyses and exposes the *matériel* and the motives of the conspiracy. But throughout the Middle Ages, and after the revival of learning, scholars, poets, and divines have, in general, exhausted erudition and fancy in extolling the crime of the Ides of March as an act of grave and plenary justice. The worst chapter in 'Tristram Shandy' is a foolish rant about the 'godlike virtue' of Brutus; the best-remembered passage in 'Akenside' is a vapid declamation upon Cæsar's death, borrowed from Cicero's second 'Philippic;' even Niebuhr has unaccountably pronounced Cæsar guilty according to the enactments of the Valerian law. We do not insist upon the well-known tragedies of Shakspeare and Voltaire, since the fitness of the subject for dramatic representation exempts the poets from the bar of historical equity. The stage, however, has materially contributed to strengthen the general belief that Cæsar's death was just and necessary; and Shakspeare puts a grave truth into the mouth of Cassius when he makes him predict—

> 'How many ages hence,
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
> In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?
> . . So oft as that shall be,
> So often shall the knot of us be called
> The men who gave their country liberty.'

Seneca, the philosopher, while treating of a very different subject, has yet furnished the most significant hint for solving this question properly. 'Divum Julium,' he remarks, 'plures 'amici confecerunt, quam inimici, quorum non expleverat spes 'inexplebiles. Voluit quidem ille; neque enim quisquam libe-'ralius victoriâ usus est, ex quâ nihil sibi vindicavit, nisi dispen-'sandi potestatem. Sed quemadmodum sufficere tam improbis 'desideriis posset, quum tantum omnes concupiscerent, quantum 'poterat unus? Vidit itaque strictis circa sellam suam gladiis 'commilitones suos, Cimbrium Tullium acerrimum paulo ante 'suarum partium defensorem, aliosque post Pompeium demum 'Pompeianos.' Any impulse rather than that of patriotism, indeed, edged the daggers of the conspirators. There was private disappointment at Cæsar's refusal to proscribe and confiscate—there was personal resentment at imputed slights—there was impatience of reviving order—there was intolerance of superior worth—there was despair of obtaining henceforward provinces

to plunder—there was the burden of debt—there were the restlessness and the contagion of a revolutionary era—there was every imaginable motive to destroy Cæsar, except prudence and honesty. The Scenic pomp of the sacrifice inflamed the imagination without apparently convincing the judgment of Cicero, who always lauds the conspirators as the saviours of their country, yet speaks of the conspiracy itself as a crude abortion.

So long as the generation which had witnessed the revolution, or which had suffered from its immediate effects, survived, the consummation of the Ides of March would naturally be regarded with very opposite prejudices. But after the long reign of Augustus had reconciled the Romans to monarchy — after they had surrendered to the Emperor every barrier and nearly every form of the aristocratical constitution, it might have been expected that the murder of the founder of the monarchy would have been censured universally as a fruitless, if not an enormous crime. Under the worser Cæsars, the *lex majestatis*, which rendered capital the devising or imagining the death of the Emperor, was, of all the criminal statutes, the one most actively enforced. Yet, contemporarily with the vigilance of the police, the zeal of the informers, and the jealousy of the emperors, poets, rhetoricians, and philosophers treated, and were apparently suffered to treat with impunity, the assassination of the first Cæsar as a deed meriting praise. We believe the feeling which dictated their applause to have been in a great measure rhetorical. Rhetoric, we know, vitiated all the later developments of Roman intellect; and the act of the conspirators was a common and favourite topic with the reciters of tedious epics, and the wranglers in the oratorical schools. The government probably considered the discussion as a safety-valve. The war of tongues might avert the war of poniards. The Stoic philosophy, which played so important a part in later Roman politics, and which regarded suicide as lawful, would teach its professors to regard assassination as honourable; and the end of tyrants, like Caligula and Domitian, would afford a parallel, if not a pretext, for excusing and applauding the fate of Cæsar.

History took its tone from the current language of versifiers and declaimers. The Romans, who borrowed the art of historical composition, as well as every other art, from the Greeks, imbibed from their teachers the theory of tyrannicide. They compared Brutus with Timoleon; the halls of the Cæsars echoed to the song of Harmodius and Aristogeiton; Lucan dedicated his Pharsalia to Nero; and although Cremutius Cordus was condemned for calling Cassius 'the last of the Romans,' Seneca was allowed to bring regicide upon the stage, and

Petronius applauded with impunity the principles of the Pompeians. A literary fashion of the ancient world became a settled delusion with modern scholars and moralists; and the death of Cæsar was celebrated as an authentic act of retributive justice.

We have marked of late a turn in the current of opinion upon this question, and we rejoice to find that Mr. Merivale lends his sanction to the change. The description, already given, represents generally the motives of the other conspirators. Marcus Brutus alone remains to be considered. We believe him to have worshipped a vague and mystical idea of virtue: so far he 'was 'an honourable man.' We know him to have been 'a hard 'man' in all that related to pecuniary transactions; and we know this on the authority of one who would rather have veiled than exposed his defects. It is Cicero who accuses him of avarice, as, at a later period, he complains of his vanity and irresolution. Cæsar characterised Brutus justly when he said, 'As for this young man, I know not what he wants; but, 'whatever he does want, he wants vehemently.' It was the vehemence of passion, more than the earnestness of conviction. But we must allow our author the privilege of delineating the portrait of the nominal leader of the conspiracy:—

'If the conspirators and their principal instigator (Cassius) evinced any forethought, it was in seeking for their projected tyrannicide the sanction of the name of Brutus. Atticus, who, amidst the public commotions, amused himself with genealogical studies, had flattered M. Junius Brutus by tracing his descent from a supposed third son of the founder of the republic, whose elder brothers perished, as was well known, childless by the axe of the lictor. Servilia, the mother of Brutus, derived her lineage from the renowned Ahala, whose dagger had cut short the ambitious projects of Spurius Mælius. But so far from inheriting the zeal of his imputed progenitor, the Brutus of the expiring republic had acquiesced in Cæsar's usurpation with less apparent reluctance than perhaps any other member of the Pompeian party. Despondent in her hour of distress, he had been the last to join, the earliest to desert, the unfurled banner of the republic. After Pharsalia, he was the first to seek refuge in the camp of the victor; in the city he was the foremost to court the friendship and claim the confidence of the dictator; he was zealous in serving his interests by the discharge of important offices; nor did he blush to govern Cisalpine Gaul, while his uncle still held Utica against him. A feeble panegyric of the sturdy sage whom he had abandoned, while he affected to adopt his principles and emulate his practice, seemed to Brutus a sufficient tribute to his virtues. His consort, Claudia, he had divorced to espouse the philosopher's daughter, Porcia, a woman of more masculine spirit than his own. But thus doubly connected with strength and virtue, Brutus failed, nevertheless, to acquire the firmness which Nature had denied him.

Although in his habits a professed student, he could not resolve to withdraw to the shades of philosophy from the fiery glare of a season of revolution. The thirst of lucre still beset him; the victor caressed and the vanquished courted him; he was a greater man to-day than yesterday, and the path of official distinction seemed safe and flowery. With Brutus, by circumstances a revolutionary partizan, by temper a sophist, the conspiracy would never have originated; the admission of his inherent weakness is the fairest extenuation of his crime. But the deaths of all their more distinguished leaders had elevated him to undue importance among the remnant of his party. His uncle's renown seemed to shed its light upon him, and he was supposed to inherit the political spirit of the hero whose disciple he had avowed himself in the tranquil walks of science. The name of Brutus forced its possessor into prominence as soon as royalty began to be discussed. The Roman people were neither moralists nor genealogists, but they had imbibed from the traditions of four hundred and fifty years an unreflecting horror of the mere title of King, and admiration not less blind for the name of the first of the Consuls.

'The weakness of Brutus's character may be estimated by the means which were employed to work upon him. A bit of paper affixed to the statue of the ancient hero with the words, "Would thou "wert alive!" billets thrust into his hands, inscribed "Brutus, thou "sleepest," "Thou art no Brutus!" shook the soul of the philosopher to its centre. His vanity had already been excited by a compliment attributed to Cæsar, which was no doubt reported to him, "Brutus "only waits for this dry skin;" implying that he, of all the Romans, was the most capable of succeeding to pre-eminence. Cassius, who was brother-in-law to Brutus, and admitted to his familiar intimacy, watched narrowly the effect of these incentives to his ambition, and led him gradually to the point at which he could venture to disclose the deed which was in contemplation. Brutus, adroitly plied, embraced the schemes of the conspirators, and assumed the place of chief adviser, which was, at least in appearance, tendered to him. The renowned name became at once a charm of magic potency.'

We have endeavoured to trace the leading idea of Mr. Merivale's work, as represented in its first two volumes. We have been precluded by our limits from entering into any details except such as directly bear upon the two leading principles which, in our opinion, impart to the 'History of the Romans 'under the Empire' a sterling and original value. We may add that the style is vigorous, and the arrangement lucid; that the descriptions are often striking, and that the occasional episodes are skilfully introduced. Our readers will perceive that Mr. Merivale's undertaking is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon. He comes, therefore, between 'mighty opposites.' It is praise enough that in this, his first instalment, he proves himself no unworthy successor to the two most gifted historians of Rome whom English

literature has yet produced. Mr. Merivale, in his preface, pays a just and graceful tribute to the memory and the labours of his most recent and able predecessor in the field of Roman annals. It is honourable to the Universities, and it is agreeable to remember that Oxford and Cambridge have, in one generation, contributed to historical science two such works as the late Dr. Arnold's and the volumes we have just surveyed. The fact of their production will help to reconcile the public mind to the polemical zeal of one of these learned corporations, and to the narrow round of studies, until lately, upheld by the other. We trust that the example will not be thrown away, and that our literature, in its graver departments at least, will be recruited from the academic camp with less dependence upon foreign enlistment. We have willingly naturalised the labours of Boeckh, Müller, and Niebuhr; yet their adoption has been accompanied with regret for the comparative barrenness of English scholarship. But with such examples before us, as those of Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote in one department of ancient history, and of Dr. Arnold and Mr. Merivale in another, we have, for the future, good hopes that our native growth will at least rival in excellence our Continental supplies.

ART. III. — 1. *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education for* 1848–49–50.

2. *The Church of England and the Committee of Council on Education.* By G. A. DENISON, Vicar of East Brent.

3. *Remarks on the Crusade against the Educational Plans of the Committee of Council.* By R. DAWES, Vicar of King's Somborne.

4. *The Privy Council and the National Society.* By H. P. HAMILTON, Rector of Wath and Rural Dean.

5. *National Education and Church Extension.* By the Venerable J. SINCLAIR, Archdeacon of Middlesex.

6. *The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe.* By JOSEPH KAY, M. A., Barrister-at-Law.

7. *Juvenile Depravity.* A Prize Essay. By H. WORSLEY, M. A., Rector of Easton.

8. *How much longer are we to go on teaching nothing more than was taught two or three Centuries ago?* By M. E.

IT cannot be without a reason that at this stage of the world's history, the Education Question is going the round of the civilised portion of it. If all classes partook alike in the

progress of knowledge, the old relations of society would remain; there would be no widening of the intervals of the classes; and the boundaries between one class and another would not be drawn more sharply than heretofore. But it reaches them one after another in slow succession, and spreads itself unequally. Thus the distances of the different grades are widened, and the ranks separated. We forget when we see danger to ourselves in the efforts making to educate labouring men, what a prodigious start we have made of late years in advance of them, — how much ground there is for them to gain before they can come within the same distance of ourselves as heretofore — that the farmer is by education farther removed from the labourer than he was,—and that for the like reason he is himself no longer the companion of the clergyman or the squire. Nothing can be more erroneous than to look upon the advancement of knowledge as a means towards fusing and levelling the classes, or than to qualify as an innovation whatever is done to elevate the social condition of the labouring man. It is but a restoring of the old relations, a re-adjustment of the former balance of society: a wise precaution to maintain that distribution of its parts which has been found to be consistent with the safe working of the whole machine.

The altered relation of the labourer and employer is well put by Mr. Worsley in his 'Essay on Juvenile Depravity,' and he has illustrated it by the following quotation from the labourer poet Bloomfield. A little more polished, and it might have been from Crabbe.

> 'Such were the days, — of days long past I sing,
> When pride gave place to mirth without a sting;
> Ere tyrant custom strength sufficient bore,
> To violate the feelings of the poor:
> To leave them distanced in the maddening race,
> Where'er refinement shows his haughty face:
> Nor causeless hated;—'tis the peasant's curse,
> That hourly makes his wretched station *worse;*
> *Destroys life's intercourse;* the social plan
> *That rank to rank cements,* as man to man.
> Wealth flows around him; fashion lordly reigns;
> Yet poverty is his and mental pains.
> Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
> The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart;
> "Whence comes this *change,* ungracious, irksome, cold,
> Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
> The *widening distance which I daily see*—
> Has wealth done this? then wealth 's a foe to me."'
>
> BLOOMFIELD'S *Summer.*

The progress of knowledge has not only widened the dis-

tance of the employers from the employed; it has increased the difficulty of rising from the one class into the other. The first step for the agricultural labourer was to the small renting farmer, and the next to the yeoman; but, thanks to our improvements in agriculture, and the accumulation of capital, small farms are rapidly disappearing from the face of the country and large properties are swallowing small freeholds. 'It is 'stated,' says Mr. Worsley (without, however, giving us his authority for this statement), 'that about the year 1770 the 'lands of England were divided between no fewer than 250,000 'families; but that at the close of the revolutionary war in '1815 they were found to be concentrated in the hands of '32,000.'* The absorption of small farms is thus lamented by Bloomfield: —

> 'Can my sons share from this paternal hand
> The profits with the labours of the land?
> No: though indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,
> *Where's the small farm to suit my scanty means?*'

The labourer's hope of rising in the world, says Mr. Worsley, is a forlorn one. 'There is no graduated ascent up which he 'may toil step by step with patient drudgery. *Several rounds 'in the ladder are broken away and gone.*' (P. 53.) To be sure, he is no longer in the eye of the law *adstrictus glebæ* — unless it be the law of settlement — and he is so far above the born *thrall* that misery is not slavery; but being once a labourer he must always remain one, and inasmuch as he has taken the farmer for his master instead of the baron, he has made a change probably for the worse.

And so of the thrifty and industrious town labourer or operative, who, as a first step to independence, was accustomed to invest his savings in a little shop, or start as a small manufacturer. Small manufactories and small shops are disappearing with small farms, annihilated by the cost of machinery and by the new commercial principle of turning large capitals rapidly upon small profits. Many of our present manufacturers or their fathers were workmen. This will not be the case with the next generation. Manual skill and industry no longer avail; machinery and capital are beating them out of the field. The eminent engineers fifty, or even twenty years ago, were workmen who had advanced themselves by their intelligence and

* Worsley, p. 53. There is certainly some such general impression: but we have never heard of any reliable statistics; while a friend has assured us that he found the contrary to be the case on examining the poll-books someway back of Kent and Sussex. The fact, if generally true, may only show that the funds and saving-banks are now more popular investments.

industry. Very few of those to whom they have given place are of this class. The mechanical and manufacturing arts are, moreover, passing rapidly into sciences, to the successful pursuit of which knowledge is required, and a well-disciplined understanding. To enter the learned professions or to advance in the army or navy has in like manner become more difficult than heretofore to men of humble station. The country grammar school no longer affords the facilities that it did to the son of the small tradesman to get on in the Church or at the Bar; the deserving warrant officer has not the same chance that he had of getting his son enrolled as a midshipman, and it is yet more uncommon than it used to be for a soldier to advance from the ranks. The same in the Dockyards and the Public Offices. Everywhere the obstacle of education is interposed. There is surely a danger to society in this heavier loading of all its safety-valves.

Scarcely less grievous to the workman than the increased separation of his class from the rest, and the greater difficulty of rising out of it, is the sense of personal inferiority of which he is now made far more conscious than heretofore. The farm labourer no longer sits at the same board and partakes of the same substantial fare with the farmer; the master-artificer of the olden time, now become a manufacturer, has foresworn the society of his journeymen; and the trader, advanced to be a merchant, is seen no more living under the same roof with his shopmen and apprentices. Whoever has studied the character of the operative classes will know how strong is the sentiment of self-respect among them, and how keenly, when wounded, it irritates their sense of the disparities of their condition. They view, in consequence, those in the social scale immediately above them with less favourable eyes than they once did.

It is another result of the progress of knowledge that it has made the moral difficulties of the poor man's position greater. He seems to stand out from the classes above him in yet more striking contrast as to his moral, than his material condition, and seems separated from them in this respect by a wider interval. The facilities to evil, and the attractions of vice have increased as liberty and civilisation have advanced; so that he is, in a moral point of view, less favourably situated than formerly. Whilst the state of ignorance in which he is left interdicts to him any other gratifications than such as are sensual, he finds commercial enterprise, science, and capital all in league to minister to his appetites. Take the case of intoxicating liquors as an example; to cheapen which to the workman's use, humane and educated men combine, in the way of business, to unite their

wealth and call to their aid the highest resources of experimental science and mechanical ingenuity; and the very State, under the guidance of political economy, diminishes the duty upon them that it may increase the consumption and protect the excise. By thus cutting down the duty one-third in 1826, it at once doubled the quantity of ardent spirits drunk in the country—increasing it from 4,132,263 gallons to 8,888,648 annually. Whilst knowledge is diffusing among the middle classes all the elements of moral and physical well-being in unparalleled abundance, it would be as impossible altogether to hinder their influence from reaching the lower classes, as it would be to hide entirely the sun which shines in Belgrave Square from the inhabitants of St. Giles's or Bethnal Green. But it reaches them through a polluted medium. What school learning they have as yet got may be summed up in a mechanical ability to read, possessed, at the utmost, by half their number. It was given to them that they might read the Scriptures; but it appears to be largely employed in the reading of immoral publications. The total issue of such publications has been stated* at 29 millions—being more than the total issue of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Scottish Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, and some seventy religious magazines.

'The condition of the "lower classes" at the present moment,' says Dr. Channing†, 'is a mournful commentary on English 'institutions and civilisation. The multitude are depressed in 'that country to a degree of ignorance, want, and misery, which 'must touch every heart not made of stone. In the civilised 'world there are few sadder spectacles than the contrast now 'presented in Great Britain, of unbounded wealth and luxury, 'with the starvation of thousands and tens of thousands crowded 'into cellars and dens without ventilation or light, compared 'with which the wigwam of an Indian is a palace. Misery, 'famine, brutal degradation, in the neighbourhood and presence 'of stately mansions, which ring with gaiety and dazzle with 'pomp and unbounded profusion, shock us as no other wretch-'edness does.' This cannot be the true regimen of society. Under the government of an all-wise and merciful Providence extreme degradation, immorality, and ignorance in the lower classes cannot be the *inseparable* accompaniments of morality, intelligence, and wealth in the upper. It is a state of things

* Lecture by Mr. M'Cree on Juvenile Vice in Norwich, quoted by Mr. Worsley, p. 113. The number of publications circulated by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1848, was 4,154,428.

† Works, vol. vi. p. 258, third edition. 'Duty of Free States.'

which *must* be destined to rectify itself somehow by either some gradual or some sudden change.

One great evil of the increased distance at which the lower classes are placed from the higher is, that it greatly obstructs all the efforts made by the higher for their welfare. There is no way in which improvement could reach them which does not seem to be barred by their ignorance. They are not educated up to the standard of the services of the Church, and therefore the churches are deserted by them. The clergyman, unable to span the space which education has interposed between him and them, turns them over to the extempore ministrations of the dissenting teacher. But the great mass of irreligion, ignorance, and vice lies stagnant far below the reach of either. The neglect of public worship among the working classes of the metropolis is described as almost universal. 'Of the men '(writes one of the city missionaries, located in a suburban dis-'trict,) I only know *twelve* who are what may be termed regular 'attendants at the house of God.' Another gives twelve families out of a thousand.* The statistics of public worship confirm this view of the case. The churches and chapels in London are said to afford accommodation for not more than 600,000 persons, of which not more than 400,000 can be considered to be at any given time present; or more at the utmost than 800,000, to be attendants on them. But the population of London is probably two millions and a quarter. If this be the case there are a million and a half of persons in London who never publicly worship God.

If we shift our point of view from the side of the Church to that of the State, and look at the question of education in its connexion with crime, we find that crime advances to a sudden and precocious maturity between the ages of fifteen and twenty; — the average criminality of that period (measured by the probability of any given individual committing a crime) being three times as great as that of the rest of life.†

* Report of London City Mission, 1849.

† In the year 1846 one-tenth of the population was between those ages, while this tenth of the population yielded one-fourth of the criminals. Hence the above proportion of criminality. Assuming the average criminality of the *whole* of life to be represented by unity, the following numbers will, we believe, be found to represent the average criminality of different ages: the data are taken from the criminal tables of Mr. Redgrave, for 1846.

Under 15.	15—20.	20—25.	25—30.	30—40.	40—50.	50—60.	Above 60.
0·1805	2·4747	2·4002	1·8250	1·2248	0·8750	0·5312	0·2500

The roots of criminality shoot, however, deep into childhood. They lie in the preceding period, from ten to fifteen — the school-life of the child. If then the influence which men have been accustomed to ascribe to education be not a dream, it offers the key to the whole position of crime.

The Education Question will not be evaded by turning from the side of penal to that of sanitary reform. Sanitary Commissioners may, indeed, provide that the dwellings of the poor are such as to render the observance of the rules of decency and morality practicable,; but if a *sense* of decency be not cultivated among them, and their *notions* of morality raised, all these precautions will be useless — more roomy cottages will be considered simply as affording facilities for taking more lodgers; ventilators which, while they let out the impure air and admit the pure, have the inconvenience of letting out the warm and admitting the cold, will be closed up; and drains, which require from time to time to be cleansed, will be choked.

As long as a great portion of our population is trained from childhood to a dependence on the rates, and continues to be disciplined to pauperism and vagrancy, the labours of Poor-law Commissioners will be fruitless. Nor will the apostles of temperance have any general success, until the same means operate to promote sobriety among the lower classes which have banished drunkenness from the upper.

The truth is, that the evils under which the labouring classes suffer are essentially moral evils; and that their cure is not to be effected except by the operation of moral causes. If the wages of labour were doubled to-morrow, — other things remaining the same, — these evils would not be diminished, but rather increased. We do not mean that there are not many labourers, whose material well-being is impossible on their present earnings; but we assert that the chief source of the misery of the *class* of labourers is in their demoralisation; and that, so long as this remains, whatever measures may be taken to better their condition, by increasing their wages or cheapening their food, they will defeat them by their vices and their improvidence, — bringing themselves again down to the living point, and re-establishing the level of their former misery. The following example is in point. A colliery district in the Midland counties was remarkable, in 1846, for the comfortlessness of the abodes of the people, the squalor of their wives and children, and their apparent poverty and social disorganisation. A resident magistrate, whose opportunities of information and whose personal character give the highest authority to his testimony, thus speaks of them: —

'The leisure hours of these men are mainly spent in the

'public houses; the women have no notion of domestic duty or 'domestic comfort; the home is a scene of wretched untidiness 'and filth; no furniture, no bedding but the poorest and the 'most comfortless—often *straw* or *hay* stuffed into a filthy ticking '—and every thing in disorder and discomfort. A labourer in 'the agricultural districts is a far more respectable man; he has 'a good bed, good furniture, and an air of comfort and respecta-'bility about his household. Here there is nothing of the kind. 'In the one there is uniformity and rule, in the other all is dis-'order, irregularity, and misery. I go into the houses of each, 'and am constantly struck by the differences between them.'*

Now we have before us an authentic statement of the wages of the different classes of workmen in this district at the time to which these observations refer—as the wages ruled, with constant employment, during five or six successive years. From this statement it appears that the income of a working collier and his wife and family, consisting of two sons and two daughters, one of each being grown up, would at that time have amounted, at constant work, to 273*l.* per annum.†

But colliers are by no means the best paid class of workmen. The income of a rail or sheet-iron roller, or ball-furnace man, or puddler and his family, could not be less than from three to four hundred pounds a year.‡ Assuming, then, that such a family had lived, as they might comfortably have done, on 2*l.* a week, their savings would have amounted, in the five years of the flush of work, to not less than one thousand pounds, which, invested in house property, would have placed them above want for the rest of their lives, and been an inheritance for their children. Yet

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* Minutes of Committee of Council, 1846, p. 201.

† 'All the members, male and female, who are able, go to work. 'At ten years of age, even as young as eight, children can get employ-'ment. In the Japan shops female children can get constant work at '1*s.* 6*d.* a-week, with a progressive rise of 6*d.* a-week each year up 'to 7*s.* At the brick-yards a man will average 22*s.* a-week, girls of 'twelve, 5*s.*, of fourteen, 7*s.*; and a steady, working family, consisting 'of a father, a grown-up son and daughter, and a daughter of four-'teen, and one of sixteen, would average 3*l.* 13*s.* a-week.

'At the pits a father and grown-up son can average 37*s.* 6*d.* each 'in the thick coal, and 31*s.* 6*d.* in the thin coal,—a son of fourteen, '15*s.*,—the wife and a grown-up daughter 10*s.* a-week each, and a 'daughter of fourteen, 7*s.*; making an average of from 5*l.* 17*s.* to '5*l.* 5*s.* a-week.'

‡ The average wages of rail-rollers were from 70*s.* to 80*s.* a-week, of sheet-iron rollers from 60*s.* to 70*s.*, of ball-furnace men, after paying under-hands, from 40*s.* to 60*s.*

so little have these people beforehand in the world, that if the works were to stop (as the inspector was informed by the proprietor of one of the largest*), they would begin, within a fortnight, to pawn the little furniture of their cottages, and their clothes, for subsistence and for drink.†

We give this as one illustration, of many which might be adduced, that the labours of statesmen for the material well-being of the labouring classes will be fruitless, and legislation nugatory, so long as the moral elements of the question continue to be ignored. These are the necessary results of high wages upon the happiness of an *uneducated* labouring community. They are emphatically the fruits of *ignorance*, as well of passive ignorance — ignorance in abeyance — as of ignorance carried out into action.

'The line of demarcation,' says Mr. Worsley, 'which separates those who have morally benefited by the altered condition of society from those who have sunk more deeply into depravity and intemperance, is the educational boundary, which divides the well instructed from the ignorant.' (P. 122.)

Whilst popular education is thus the first of the great social questions in the order of solution, there is certainly no very encouraging prospect of its being the first to be solved. And whilst there is an extensive concurrence in accepting it as a necessity of the times in which we live, — so that, from whatever principles men start, they meet and concur on the general ground of education, — yet no sooner is the question raised, Who are to teach the people, and what are they to be taught? than these advocates of education in the general separate and stand aloof.

It is the religious element in education which renders a union upon it apparently impossible. We live under a low dispensation in even spiritual things, — inferior motives lie hidden from us at the roots of our best actions; and there is nothing more obvious in the course of this world than that whatever of good is done, is educed from much evil. Meanwhile the only consolation we can find is in the thought that our unhappy divisions may be a means overruled to the promotion of Christian earnestness and steadfastness. For certainly there appears to be a heartiness and a reality in the religious convictions (whatever they may be) of the religious portion of our people — torn asunder as we are by discordant opinions — which characterises no

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* Minutes, 1846, vol. i. p. 178.

† It was lately found that of 14,937 deposit accounts in the Savings' Bank of Manchester, only 4181 were those of working people. — *Chambers' Miscel.* vol. i.

other European population. Our religious literature, on the vast extent of which few people reflect,—the influence of the religious public upon our legislature,—and the support given to our great religious Societies, all speak to this fact, and show the vitality and the power of religious principles among us. The independence of the national character may too have its part in the sturdiness with which Englishmen give practical effect to the right of private judgment in matters of religion. If we consider what has been the fruit of the attempts made to stifle differences of opinion in the Romish Church, by conceding infallibility to its head,—and in the so-called Evangelical Church of Prussia, by the fusion of the Lutheran and Calvinistic communions, under the authority of a royal edict*,—we shall be the more disposed to rest satisfied with the existence of dissent among us, and be thankful that the Gospel is preached to the people with some measure of adaptation to their wants, although it may not reach them by the ministry of the Church of England.

It is under the deep sense of the necessity of a positive and personal religion, unluckily coinciding with great sectarian jealousies, that the ground of education has been seized on and appropriated by the different Christian communities of this country;—each taking upon itself the responsibility of educating the youth of its own communion. In this way, the National Society represents exclusively the interests of the Established Church; the British and Foreign School Society, those of the Dissenters also,—and therefore mainly. The whole educational destinies of the country appear to have been left with these Societies until the year 1833, when the State first intervened;—Parliament voting, in that year, on the motion of Lord Althorp, an annual grant of 20,000*l.*, to be applied through the two Societies in aid of the erection of school-houses. In 1839 the Government undertook the administration of this grant through the Committee of Council. It was increased annually in amount — voluntary efforts for the extension of education to meet the public grants being greatly increased by this offer of assistance — but it continued to be limited to the original object of the building of schools, until the year 1846. Under the authority of a minute of Council of that date, it was then applied to various other objects.

* On the 30th June, 1847, an order of the Minister of Home Affairs abolished the names of Lutheran and Reformed (Calvinistic) Churches, and also the historically significant and distinctive name of Protestant Church, and enjoined and commanded the general use of the name Evangelical Church only.—*Laing*, '*Notes of a Traveller*,' p. 183.

What—and how extensive—these measures of Government for the advancement of education really are, is not, we believe, generally known; we have therefore collected the following particulars in respect to them from the volume of Minutes for the years 1848-9-50, which is now before us. They appear to be framed with a due regard to the rights of conscience and the diversities of religious opinion; and, with a wise and statesmanlike precaution on the part of the Government, to avail itself of local sympathies, and to stimulate voluntary contributions.

1st. Aid is offered by these minutes towards the erection of school buildings; and since the year 1839 Government has contributed under this head an aggregate sum of 470,854*l.* towards the erection of 3782 school-houses, drawing out, thereby, voluntary contributions to, probably, four times that amount, and affording space for the instruction of 709,000 more children than could before be taught. These grants have been distributed as follows:

	Amount of Grant.	Number of Schools aided.	Number of Children for whom Accommodation is provided.
England - -	£399,368	3255	622,823
Scotland - -	41,563	302	47,814
Wales - - -	27,418	198	33,198
The Islands - -	2,505	27	5,165

Eighty-two per cent. of the whole amount granted under this head has been paid to Church-of-England schools.

2ndly. Aid is offered towards the erection of normal schools for the training of teachers or for the improvement of the buildings of such schools; and the total amount thus granted in aid of eighteen normal schools is 66,450*l.*; of which 35,950*l.* is to the Church of England; 12,000*l.* to the British and Foreign School Society and the Wesleyan body; and the rest to the Scotch Church.

3rdly. Aid is offered towards the *maintenance* of such students in these normal schools as shall appear, on examination, to possess the qualities and attainments likely to make them good teachers, in sums varying from 20*l.* to 30*l.* annually for each student. The total sums so contributed to thirteen training schools were, in the year 1847, 1705*l.*; in 1848, 2138*l*; in 1849, 2373*l.*

4thly. Annual grants are paid in augmentation of the salaries of such teachers of elementary schools as, upon examination,

have been judged worthy to receive certificates of merit, such certificates being of three different classes, and the augmentations varying from 15*l.* to 30*l.* The number of teachers so certificated is 681, and the total amount payable annually in augmentation of their salaries 6133*l.*

5thly. Stipends are allowed to apprentices to the office of teacher, increasing during the five years of their apprenticeship from 10*l.* to 18*l.* The number of schools in which such apprentices have been appointed being 1361, and the number of apprentices, 3581.*

6thly. Provision is made for the instruction of these apprentices by annual payments to the teachers to whom they are apprenticed, being at the rate of 5*l.* annually for one, and 4*l.* for every additional apprentice, their competency to instruct them being tested by annual examinations. The sums payable under the three last heads are stated in the following table: —

Denomination of School.	Number of Schools.	Number of Certificated Teachers.	Number of Apprentices.			Amount conditionally awarded for Year ending 31 October, 1850.
			Boys.	Girls.	Total.	£ s. d.
National, or Church of England Schools -	973	482	1,638	910	2,593	49,472 10 0
British, Wesleyan, and other Protestant Schools, not connected with the Church of England	181	69	434	159	593	10,356 10 0
Roman Cath. Schools	32	10	46	33	79	1,323 10 0
Schools in Scotland, connected with the Established Church	82	39	161	28	189	3,492 0 0
Schools in Scotland, not connected with the Estab. Church	93	81	100	27	127	3,467 0 0
Total - -	1,361	681	2,424	1,157	3,581	68,111 10 0

7thly. They offer supplies of books, apparatus, and school fittings, at reduced rates, the reduction being effected by the purchase of large quantities at wholesale prices†; and by grants to the extent of one-third of these reduced prices. The total re-

* In England, 3104; Scotland, 328; Wales, 119; the Isle of Man, 30. 2424 are boys, and 1157 girls.

† This reduction averages 43⅜ per cent. See Minutes, 1847–8, p. xviii.

duction thus effected averages sixty-two per cent. on the retail price; and, the total amount of the grants so made by the Government being 6664*l.*, it is probable that the retail price of the books, maps, &c. so distributed, is not less than 17,500*l.**

8thly. They provide for the annual inspection of normal schools, and of all elementary schools in which apprentices are appointed, or which are taught by certificated teachers. Also for the annual examination of apprentices and of candidates for the office of apprentice, and of teachers who are candidates for certificates of merit.

For this purpose they maintain a staff of twenty-one inspectors of schools,—of whom eleven are inspectors of church schools; two of British and Foreign, and Dissenters' schools; and two of Scotch schools; one of Roman Catholic, and five of Workhouse schools. The cost of this inspection, in 1849, for salaries and travelling expenses, was 16,826*l.* The schools at present liable to inspection are 12 normal schools, 4296 elementary schools, and about 700 workhouse schools.

The general result of this action of the Government on the education of the country, *in respect to quantity*, may be gathered from the fact, that in the ten years from 1837 to 1847, the number of children under education in Church schools had increased from 558,180 to 955,865†, being an increase of eight elevenths.

It was not, however, so much in respect to the *quantity* of the education of the country, as in regard to its *quality*, that an alteration was needed; and it is in this respect that most has been done. The two questions of quality and quantity have, however, a relation to one another, for a good school is almost always a full one. This relation of the number of the scholars to the quality of the school is strikingly illustrated in the returns made from schools in which certificated teachers and apprentices have been appointed, and which are, therefore, regularly inspected. These schools may be reasonably supposed to have improved from year to year; and it appears that the numbers of children who attend them have, in like manner, steadily advanced. In the first year after these measures came into operation, 1847-8, the total number had thus increased 7·45 per cent.; in the second year, 16·66 per cent. No third year's apprenticeships are yet completed.

The whole question of the quality of the instruction, after

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* The total sum granted under the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th heads of expenditure, is 600,000*l.*

† Nat. Soc. Monthly Paper. March, 1850.

all that regulations can do, will be found to be involved in the character of the teacher; for such as is the teacher, such invariably is the school. The first step towards the formation of a more efficient body of teachers was taken by Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth and Mr. E. Carleton Tuffnell, when, in the year 1840, they founded a school at Battersea for training Masters for the schools of pauper children, — maintaining it at their private cost, aided by some of their friends. That no personal exertions might be wanting to its success, Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth went to reside in it; adding to his duties as Secretary to the Committee of Council on Education the cares and difficulties of a position, in which surrounded by youths but recently the inmates of workhouses, he sought to lay the foundation of a new and improved state of education throughout the country. This honourable example of private benevolence has been followed by various public bodies. The National Society soon afterwards established St. Mark's College, Chelsea, — an institution for the training of a superior class of Church schoolmasters, — and Whiteland's House School, for the training of mistresses: And within four years of that time there had sprung up no less than seventeen diocesan schools for the training of teachers of Church schools. These are now increased to twenty, of which Chester, York, Durham, Cheltenham, and Caermarthen are the principal.* The Battersea school having been transferred to the National Society in 1844, there are now twenty-three or twenty-four training schools in the country for the education of Church schoolmasters.

The existence of these training schools the people of England and the Church of England owe to the Committee of Council. Their importance is not to be measured by the amount of good they have been able up to this time to do, or, are now doing. They are poorly supported; the number of students who attend them is small, not exceeding in the whole from four to five hundred, and the education pursued in them at present appears to be but imperfectly adapted to the formation of the character of the teacher. But our conception of that character is as yet very imperfect in England; and in all that concerns the formation and developement of it, we have no experience to guide us. Each of the training schools admits of developement; and the State would do well to lend its aid to this end with a more liberal hand (we should say a less sparing hand) than it has hitherto attempted; — respecting, as far as is consistent with guarantees for the proper application of its aid, the independence

* These have been all aided by the Committee of Council.

of each, and allowing them to manifest themselves under that distinctive character towards which they may severally tend. Each, taken with its individuality, might thus become a depositary of local educational sympathies and a centre of local action. And looking to the progress which the whole question of education is making, and to the fact that, whenever the country is properly supplied with parish schools not less than 2000 students will, probably, require to be kept within the walls of these training schools to supply the vacancies for teachers which will annually arise in Church schools alone *, there can be no doubt of the importance of this part of the system.

Far more important, however, than any aid which the Government has yet given to the establishment and maintenance of training schools, is that which it has rendered in providing that candidates shall be properly educated and prepared for admission to them. Nothing has so interfered with the success of such institutions as the impossibility of finding a sufficient number of qualified candidates. The office of the national schoolmaster is but little in repute; and few persons have, hitherto, been accustomed to seek it, except such as, for the want of sufficient ability or energy, or industry, have been unsuccessful in other callings, or who labour under infirm health or bodily deformities. These were considered, indeed, good enough for the purpose; until that inveterate prejudice was got rid of, that education is a privilege of men's social condition, and to be graduated according to it. It is a legitimate deduction from this principle, that a teacher of the lowest standard in attainments and skill is competent to the instruction of children of the lowest class. The converse proposition is to rule the future of education. The education of those children who are the most degraded, intellectually and morally, — being the most difficult task, — is to have the highest qualities of the teacher brought to bear upon it.

The three or four thousand pupil teachers, — having been selected as the most promising children in the schools in which they have been brought up, and having been apprenticed to the work of the school for five years, and educated under the careful superintendence of the clergy and the inspectors of schools, — will, when they have completed their apprenticeship, present themselves for admission to the training schools. So selected and so trained from an early age, they cannot fail, after two or three years' residence in them, to form a body of teachers such as have never before entered the field of elementary education in Eng-

* See Minutes, 1845, vol. i. p. 335.

land. The *worst* training of the normal schools cannot mar this result; and we have reason to hope for the *best.* This, then, is the bright future of education. If the apprenticeship of new pupil teachers is continued at the same rate as heretofore, from 1000 to 1500 will annually complete their apprenticeship; and nearly as many will complete annually their training in the normal schools; so that nearly that number of teachers will every year be prepared to enter on the charge of elementary schools.

The following are the conditions annexed to grants: —

1st. In respect to grants for the *building* of schools, it is stipulated that the site shall be legally conveyed to trustees, to be used for ever for the purposes of a school.

2ndly. That the buildings should be substantial and well adapted to the uses of a school.

3rdly. That the State, by its inspector, shall have access to the school, to examine and report whether the instruction of the children is duly cared for.

4thly. To these conditions there have been added, since the year 1848, certain others, well known as 'the Management 'Clauses;' having for their object to secure to the laity, in all practicable cases, what appears to be a due share in the management of the schools.

5thly. To grants for the augmentation of teachers' salaries, and for the stipends of pupil teachers, it is made a condition that certain examinations shall be passed, the subjects of examination being specified beforehand. These subjects include, with secular instruction, a detailed course of elementary religious instruction, to be conducted in Church schools in strict accordance with the formularies of the Church of England.*

Lastly. To grants for apparatus and books, no other conditions are annexed than that the Committee of Council shall be certified on the report of one of its inspectors, that the assistance is needed; that the books and apparatus sought are proper

* By the Minutes of 1846 (vol. i. p. 4.), the inspectors are instructed to examine candidates for the office of pupil teacher in the outlines of Scripture history, and in the Catechism. The parochial clergyman is to assist the inspector in this examination; and they are to report conjointly upon it; and similarly in every subsequent annual examination after the candidate is appointed. At the end of the first year of apprenticeship the examination is to be more fully in Holy Scripture; and scriptural proofs are to be given to the answers in the Catechism. At the end of the second year an examination in the Liturgy is to be added; and a further developement of the examination in each of these subjects is prescribed for each succeeding year.

to the use of the school; and that the teachers are competent to make the proper use of them.

These measures of the Committee of Council appear excellently calculated to promote the interests of education. But the best measures depend for their success upon their execution: and these have been so administered as to secure the cordial acceptance of the various parties locally interested in schools.*

We have the most authentic evidence of this:—

'I believe,' says Mr. Denison (Letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1849, p. 7.), 'that Government inspection has 'hitherto worked extremely well, and that there has been no 'disposition on the part of the inspectors themselves to encroach 'in any degree upon the precise limits of that agreement. '*Every thing*, indeed, was working well, and every thing might 'have worked much better still, if it had not been for those '*unhappy Management Clauses.*'

'It were difficult,' says Archdeacon Wigram (A Charge, &c., in April, 1849, p. 15.), 'to speak too favourably of this scheme 'of inspection, or of the performances of those who carried out 'the work. It has had almost unqualified approval.' 'But 'another scheme for a more speedy advancement of education 'was devised.' 'I refer to the system of pupil apprentices 'which has received a cordial welcome from the clergy.'

'The *bias of the Church*,' again, says Archdeacon Sinclair, (Charge, &c. &c., May, 1849, p. 22.), 'and even of the clergy, 'was decidedly in favour of the Government measure.'

Of the conditions there is but one to which the slightest objection has been ever raised. That one is the clause by which, in 1848, a participation of the laity in the management of the schools,—in all cases where the constitution of a suitable lay committee is practicable,—was made a condition of granting the money of the laity for the maintenance of the school. Until the addition of that condition, in the year 1848, the 'Minutes' met with the cordial assent of the clergy, as well in regard to their subject matter as the manner in which they were enforced.

This hearty concurrence in the conditions annexed by the Committee of Council to their grants up to the time when the Management Clauses became part of them, is important to be observed, because it limits the grounds of controversy. The imputations thrown on the Committee of Council of an inten-

* The opposition of a section of the Dissenting body, headed by Mr. Baines, is scarcely an exception to this remark—it soon subsided; and the acceptance of the Government measures by the Church was universal.

tion to banish religious instruction from schools — except in so far as these clauses banish it — give a false character to the present discussion, and are open to the suspicion of being raised to conceal the weakness of the real cause of dispute. Its measures were just as open to such imputations when they received the entire approbation of the Church as they are now, except in as far as these clauses are concerned. The whole ground of offence lies in the claim of a share for the laity in the administration of parish schools, as set up by these clauses. In this it is, and this only, that Mr. Denison finds sufficient cause for 'members of the Church of England — whose vocation it is 'not — to come together in large bodies and register a formal 'complaint, and enter a solemn protest against the injustice of 'the Government of England; — injustice not so much to them-'selves personally as to the Church of God;'* which formal complaint the meeting he was addressing registered, under the form of seven resolutions, and, subsequently, of a petition to the House of Lords presented by the Bishop of Chichester. These resolutions, which have been circulated, we believe, through every parish in the kingdom, set forth that the position and circumstances of national education 'are of a critical nature, and such as to cause 'serious alarm on grounds both civil and religious;' — 'that the 'Committee of Council is rapidly assuming the attitude and en-'grossing the functions of a legislative board of public instruction 'in a manner unknown to the laws of the land, and at variance 'with the principles of the constitution;' — that it has 'con-'tinually been making fresh aggressions, particularly by the pro-'mulgation of arbitrary minutes and by the imposition of manage-'ment clauses upon Church schools as indispensable conditions of 'public aid, and has thus impaired the energies and obstructed the 'operations of the Church in the discharge of her proper functions 'in educating the people;'—that it has 'adopted a system of popu-'lar instruction, and that this system is avowedly formed on the 'model of that which, in the opinion of this meeting, has led 'to most disastrous results in Germany and France; that there 'is great reason to fear that, unless measures are promptly 'adopted to counteract the endeavours of the Committee of 'Council to propagate that system, it will in the end reduce 'this country to the condition of anarchy and confusion in 'which those nations have recently been plunged; and that 'the apprehensions of the meeting are considerably increased by 'the establishment of the normal school at Knellar Hall.' Re-

* See the report of Mr. Denison's speech at the meeting at Willis's in the 'Guardian,' Feb. 13. 1848.

solutions, framed in the same spirit, having been proposed by Mr. Denison at the subsequent annual meeting of the National Society (on the 29th May), and carried by a large majority, we are bound to receive them as adopted by the Church, so far as Mr. Denison is its leader in educational matters, and the National Society its accredited organ.

Now as to the position and circumstances of education, we have shown that the influence of the Committee of Council has tended greatly to improve them, both in quantity and quality; and, putting the Management Clauses out of the question, this has been admitted generally by the clergy on the showing of Mr. Denison himself; and well it might, for the hands of every clergyman could not but be strengthened in his parish by the aid given him to support his school.* The state of education could only therefore have been rendered critical in the opinion of the meeting by the introduction of the Management Clauses.

The system of popular instruction said to be adopted by the Committee of Council we have inquired for in vain. We have looked through the different volumes of their Minutes without being able to find any account of it, nor can we hear of any school conducted in accordance with it. The Government has, in point of fact, never adopted, or even recommended, any specific system of instruction in preference to another. As to the attitude assumed by it, we confess our astonishment to find such an allegation charged against it. If there be any one particular, in respect of which the especial confidence and good will of all parties might have been claimed, we should have looked for it in the attitude which the intervention of the State has in the hands of the Committee of Council assumed.

Education being recognised as a necessity of the State, the State might intervene in it *authoritatively*. The form in which it actually does intervene is this. As trustee for the public, and acting in the interests of the public welfare, it offers a subscription to every school willing to accept it,—annexing to its offer no other conditions than such as any other large subscriber to a school might require as a condition of his subscription, and such as the State, acting for the public, is bound to stipulate for.

What can be found in this attitude that is objectionable, we are at a loss to conceive. It certainly exhibits a remarkable contrast to the attitude assumed by the State on all other ques-

* There are many cases in which the Government grant towards the support of the teachers and pupil-teachers in a single school exceeds 100*l.*, or even 200*l.*

tions, and by the governments of other countries on this question, and is a striking tribute to the force of public opinion among us.

To talk of the Committee of Council thus offering money on conditions obviously just and reasonable, to any body who will be good enough to build and maintain a school, — as 'engross-'ing the functions of a legislative board of public instruction 'in a manner unknown to the laws of the land, and at variance 'with the principles of the constitution' — is an absurdity.

The extent to which the State has succeeded in advancing education and providing for its future welfare, is sufficient evidence of its just appreciation of the difficulties of the question under which this attitude has been assumed; and the fact that, whilst assistance has been offered fairly and equally to all religious denominations, the Church of England has benefited to the extent of eight-ninths of the whole sum contributed to the support of the education of the country, shows that it is not an attitude of which the Church has any just cause to complain. Indeed, we have the authority of Mr. Denison himself for saying, that, until the intrusion of the Management Clauses, it was a very popular attitude with the Church. Again, then, we are forced back upon these clauses; and the public cannot be too often reminded of the point thus put in issue. It is in them alone that, in the opinion of the meeting, the intervention of the State in education assumes an objectionable form; and the share which they secure to the laity in the management of schools, is that element in the supposed new system of education, the fatal effects of which are only to be depicted by comparing them to the recent revolutionary movements on the Continent.

Now let it be observed that, as in everything else so in education, foreign countries are not always a rule to us. Our institutions admit of stages of social progress which may not answer with them, and degrees of freedom can be accorded to us with safety which their governments cannot accord to them at any given moment. In the according of these *in time*, and in anticipating the peremptory demand for them, has indeed always lain our safety. Who that looks back on the political concessions of the last quarter of a century, and considers what would have been the present state of things if they had not been made, will not admit this?

No political or social system, to endure, can be rigid. It is in the flexibility of ours, in its peculiar power of ready adaptation to changes in the state of the public mind, and the varying conditions of the public well-being, that consists its strength; and it is for the want of it that the continental systems have broken up. We can no more with safety introduce rigidity

into our system in the case of the education of the people, and stereotype their ignorance, than we can, into any other part of it; and it can no more be reasoned that popular education is fraught with danger to *us* because in Germany or France it may have been abused, than it can be reasoned that liberty is dangerous to us because in those countries it passed on the sudden into anarchy. If no degrees of freedom were allowed here which had been found inconsistent with the public security in countries of less uniform and steady progress, we should have no voice in the legislature, should pay taxes to the imposition of which we had given no consent, and should be without the Habeas Corpus Act or trial by jury; and there would be no liberty of speech or of the press, nor freedom of locomotion except with passports in our hands and under the surveillance of policemen.

Political institutions may err from being adapted to a people in a higher or a lower state of progress than those whom it is attempted to govern by them. In either case the experiment is unwise. To be good they must be suited to the actual state of the governed. Ours are advancing at a rapid pace: the danger lies in their advancing too fast for the educational progress of the people. The middle classes will keep up with them, but they tend to give political privileges to the lower classes, who have no means of doing so, — and who are not at present in a state to receive them. In Germany the attempt has been made to perpetuate institutions formed and adapted for the Middle Ages, and the attempt has failed. It was not to be expected that education would aid it. That which has made their old institutions unsuitable to the Germans is their present enlightenment; enlightening them *more* could not render this unsuitableness *less* apparent. As to the notion that the revolutions of Germany and France were caused by the schoolmasters, there seems to be no other ground for it than that sundry masters and professors, in common with the majority of the rest of the people, took part in it. To say that they caused it is, however, to invert the true relation of cause and effect in the matter. If the great body of our clergy were rationalists in religion, and of our middle classes republicans in politics, it is not to be expected that our parochial schoolmasters (educate them as we might) would stand firm any more than the German schoolmasters have done, but rather that they would yield to and swell the torrent and aggravate the ruin.

With regard to the attack made by these gentlemen on the religious character of the training school at Knellar Hall, there is this simple answer. The Principal of that institution is a clergyman whose character was at the meeting described most

justly in the following terms: —'I have,' said the Rev. G. A. Denison, 'no personal knowledge of Mr. Temple; I know 'nothing about him except that he is much beloved by his friends, 'and much respected for his talents and acquirements.' 'One 'of the previous speakers,' observed Mr. Bastard, 'has declared 'the Principal of Knellar Hall to be greatly beloved by his friends 'and by all who know him. I can bear my testimony to that 'fact. Mr. Temple having been a tutor to that college to which 'I belonged, I feel bound to bear my cordial and sincere testi-'mony to his straightforward honesty and earnest laboriousness, 'and to his zeal in the performance of what he conceives to be 'his duty.' Now, whoever knows any thing of such an institution as this, will know it to be identified in its religious and its moral character with its Principal; the rule that such as is the teacher such is the school — true of every other — being emphatically true of a training school.

Turning to inquire somewhat more particularly into the nature of the Management Clauses, let us in the first place observe, that when a bad principle is embodied in its trust deed, a school is not only a useless but a pestilent thing in a parish. Hundreds of endowed schools afford evidence of this. Their existence is an effectual bar to the formation of other schools, but they do not themselves serve the purposes of a school. They were founded to further the cause of education in the districts in which they are situated — they are simply obstructions to it.

It is unreasonable to require that any portion of the public money should be contributed to the establishment of such schools. The fact that a clergyman is the most active promoter of the establishment of a school, and, perhaps, a large contributor to its building fund, furnishes no guarantee for the educational zeal and discretion of his successors; and would not justify the Government in making a grant in aid of it, without due provision in the trust deed for the management of the school in the event of a future clergyman neglecting it. The *possibility* of such neglect will be sufficiently evident to any body who will cast his eye from parish to parish and from school to school over any extensive district of the country.

The clauses are four in number, applicable to schools in different localities; and are distinguished, as far as regards facilities for constituting lay committees, into four classes: —

Clause A. is for populous districts of towns in which the intelligent and wealthy inhabitants are numerous; and in these it is directed that the lay members of the committee shall be *elected* by the annual subscribers of 10*s.* a year and upwards.

Clause B. is for school districts in towns and villages in which the intelligent and wealthy inhabitants may be less

numerous; the lay members are here to be *nominated* in the first instance by the promoters*, and the vacancies supplied by election of the subscribers.

Clause C. is for very small rural parishes, in which the resident inhabitants are all illiterate and indifferent to the education of the poor. No committee is provided in this case, the management being left with the clergyman; but the Bishop, when he sees fit, has power to order one to be nominated by the clergyman.

Clause D. is for a school whose case is intermediate between those contemplated by clauses B. and C. In this case the lay committee is to be nominated in the first instance by the promoters (*i. e.* the clergyman), but the members need not be parishioners, and the vacancies are to be filled up by the remaining members, until the Bishop shall direct them to be thrown open to the subscribers.

The following provisions are common to all the clauses. We take them from the Rev. P. Hamilton's able pamphlet:—

1. The master and mistress, and the assistant teachers, managers, and electors are all to be *bonâ fide* members of the Church.

2. The clergyman is to be *ex-officio* chairman of the Board, to have the power of placing his curate or curates upon it, and to have a casting vote.

3. The superintendence of the religious and moral instruction is to be vested solely in the clergyman, with an appeal on any disputed point connected therewith to the Bishop, whose decision is to be final.

4. The Bishop is, besides, to have a veto upon the use of any book during school hours which he disapproves of, and upon any teaching of the master or mistress which he deems contrary to the doctrines of the Church.

There is always a difficulty with Appellate Jurisdictions. It is here provided that, *if in any matter not connected with religious instruction* one-third of the members of the committee shall dissent from the rest, they may appeal to the Lord President and the Bishop of the diocese, who are each to nominate an arbitrator, —the nominee of the former being an inspector of church schools (and therefore a clergyman), and that of the latter one of his beneficed clergy; these two arbitrators are in all cases to choose a third, being a lay member of the Church, and the decision of the three is to be final.

Our readers will wonder where the parties who dissent from these clauses on the part of the Church can rest their objections.

* Who are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the clergymen.

The objection of the National Society alights on the co-ordinate authority of the Lord President and the Bishop in the case of appeals. It insists that the Bishop shall be the sole arbitrator.

Meanwhile, however, the National Society by no means represents the whole or indeed the principal party of the dissentients on this occasion. These have for their organ a body calling itself the Committee of Education of the London Union on Church Matters, and they have made known their opinions at the public meetings held from time to time in London. Their leaders are the most prominent opponents to the measures of Government concerning education: and their objection to the Management Clauses lies obviously in the principle we have already spoken of,— that of lay interference in the management of schools.

'It is surely,' says Mr. Denison, the leader of the party, 'full of cause for great humiliation and sadness of heart, . . . 'that, in the nineteenth century of our redemption, here, in 'England, a department of the civil power should forget God, 'and do dishonour to Christ, by proclaiming openly that the 'ministers of Christ are no longer fit to be trusted solely and 'exclusively with the education of His people.'* Again: 'It is 'nothing to me in what manner these clauses are *modified*. 'I believe that their principle is vicious,—the principle of in-'trusting the effective control of a Church school to a Com-'mittee of Management, however such a Committee may be 'composed, instead of to the parish clergyman.'† Again, in the resolution moved by Mr. Denison, and adopted by a large majority of the Meeting of the National Society on the 29th May, 1850, it is laid down as the fundamental objection to the Clauses, that none of them provides for the case 'in which the founders 'of schools desire to place them under the *sole* and *permanent* 'control of the Clergyman of the parish and the Bishop of the 'diocese.'

In accordance with this view of the subject, the party which Mr. Denison heads, has promulgated its own Management Clauses; and the National Society has so far assented to them that she has decided schools, whose trust deeds are framed in accordance with them, to be admissible to receive her grants. These clauses provide that the minister for the time being, or, in his absence the licensed curate or curates, shall have the management and control over the entire order, teaching, and discipline of the school, and shall have the sole power of appointment and dis-

* Speech at Willis's Rooms, 8th February, 1850, as reported in the 'Guardian.'

† 'Church Education,' by Mr. Denison.

missal of the schoolmaster, schoolmistress, &c. &c. A committee including laymen is, indeed, provided for, in certain cases; but the functions of these are to be limited entirely to the control of the building funds, endowments, &c. &c.

Thus, then, whether we look at the impatience which the National Society manifests of a concurrent appeal to the Lord President and the Bishop, or, to the claim put forward by a party which appears to over-ride the Society, and which seeks to exclude the laity from all control over schools though supported by lay contributions, we find that the principle asserted is the same. The education of the people, under whatever form, is claimed as the exclusive function of the clergy, and the whole question treated as a Church question. So far the people are assumed to be given to the Church as a possession. Education is for the advancement of the Church, and not the Church for the advancement of education. It seems, indeed, in these discussions to be accounted a thing of no other earthly use or value, except to keep the people from wandering from the Church into the folds of dissent.

Thus, the Management Clauses are, after all, the *occasion*, and not the *cause*, of the present dispute. The real ground of controversy is in the question, who is to teach the people, and what are they to be taught? It is our affair, says the Church,—and ours, too, replies the State. Yes, rejoins the Church, it is your business to pay for it.

Now let it be observed that the pretensions of the Church are limited to the children who are said to be in communion with her. This description she applies, however, to all children who attend Church schools. These children are asserted to be nearly a million in number*, and over these she claims, so far as education is concerned, an absolute right—body and soul. But a large proportion of them are the children of Dissenters, who attend Church schools not from choice, but because in the great majority of parishes there are no other elementary schools which they can attend; and, of the rest, another large proportion are the children of persons who are utterly regardless of religion: So that if the number of children in Church schools, whose parents are even occasional attendants at Church were

* This number includes Dames' Schools, some of which being under the active supervision of the clergy are perhaps fairly entitled to be called Church Schools. A large proportion, according to Archdeacon Wigram, are not, however, to be so named. 'Charge to the Archdeaconry of Winchester, 1850;' quoted in the 'Nat. Soc. Monthly Paper, June, 1850.'

counted, they would be found, in all probability, a very small fraction of the whole; the rest being children who attend Church schools only because—by the neglect of the State—there are no others for them to attend.

If the Church were charged with the repression of crime in the case of all that portion of the labouring population, which is continually replenished from the million of children in Church schools,—if it undertook to provide for their destitution, to put down the political combinations and agrarian outrages in which they may take part, and to maintain prisons and penal settlements for them,—then it might with some show of justice claim to itself an absolute control over the antecedents of their crime and pauperism, and the entire disposal of them during that period of life when the seeds of these are sown. Under these circumstances there might have been some colour for the claim of the Church,—to give what education it chose to the children in its schools, or none at all. But inasmuch as the children, besides being children of the Church, are children also of the State; and since their irreligion, their moral degradation and ignorance, fill our prisons and workhouses, and strike at the roots of the national prosperity and the public safety, the State, too, has surely its rights with regard to their education and also its responsibilities.

The rights and responsibilities of the State were not only recognised but vehemently asserted at the Meeting at Willis's Rooms, in February, by Mr. Sewell—from whose views on education, its principles and objects, in all other respects, we so seriously differ.

'Do you mean to tell me,' said Mr. Sewell, 'that *the civil 'power ought not to superintend and take charge* of the education 'of its subjects? I answer yes; it is the first function which 'God has entrusted to you. You are responsible not only for 'the bodies, but the souls of your subjects. Their blood rests 'on your head; you will be called to account for them at a 'future day. Your business is to educate them, and to do it 'on right principles.'*

These rights and responsibilities, accordingly, the State would not be justified in transferring to the Church, even if the Church were able to provide adequately for the education of the people at her own cost and charge. This, however, she is unable to do; and, indeed, makes no contribution at all to it from her proper revenues, but only by the voluntary contributions of those in communion with her. Meanwhile she, or rather those who take upon

* Supplement to the 'Guardian' newspaper, Feb. 13. 1850.

themselves to represent her interests in this matter, thrust upon the people of this country and upon the Government a claim to the entire and irresponsible control of all that is to be done for the education of the people, in secular as well as in religious knowledge,—allowing to the State, or the community at large, no other share in it than a right of inspection, together with the obligation of providing for the expenses from the public money.

Now let us suppose that the State were to concede this claim, and to grant the Church for the future whatever she might require for educational purposes without check or restraint; we are satisfied, that with no other action of the State on the education of the country than this, the whole would be a failure, and that the education of the people—the object of all this expenditure—would not be accomplished.

The Church could not educate the people though the State were to pour uncounted gold into her lap. She is unequal to the responsibility—the interests at stake are too great to be entrusted to her. Were her ancient discipline indeed restored,—were dioceses so framed that the supervision of the Bishop could reach to the affairs of every separate parish,—and did the laws of the land invest the episcopal office with such weight and authority that the Bishop could—secure of the obedience of his clergy—admonish the careless and rebuke the wayward or indifferent among them,—then (the zeal of the Bishop himself in the cause of education being supposed, and his practical knowledge of what belongs to it), there might be reasonable ground to hope for a general diffusion of education by the influence of the clergy alone.

Every thing in the actual state of the Church is, however, the very opposite of this. Looked at as a means (humanly speaking) of accomplishing this or any other great practical result, it breaks up into as many parts as there are incumbents; each, as in almost every thing else, so in the matter of education, is independent of the Bishop, and of any other authority, except public opinion; and, alas! sometimes setting even *that* at defiance. The educational machinery of the Church, looked at in this point of view, falls to pieces. It is a rope of sand—each incumbent will do what he likes in his own parish—have a school or not, as it jumps with his humour; or, if he have one, use it as a means of educating the children, or preventing them from being educated, as he thinks fit—have this kind of knowledge taught in it or that, much or little, and give to it a greater or less degree of attention, or none, according as he is more or less influenced by a sense of obligation, and alive to the importance of education, or according as he is more or less burdened

with other responsible duties in his parish. The interests at stake are too serious, we repeat, to be thus perilled.

It is a much more difficult thing to get a good school than most people imagine; and the principal difficulty would not be removed, if the State were to supply all the necessary funds. Some of the worst schools are not so for want of funds; and some of the best are among the poorest. The converse of this proposition may indeed be taken; the worst schools being among the richest. Ample proofs of this will be found in the inspectors' reports.

A right conception on the part of the promoters of what a good school *is**, is the first condition of getting one. This conception of what really belongs to elementary education is as yet very imperfectly formed among the clergy. Not one clergyman in five would probably be found, on inquiry, to set much value upon elementary education; and of these not a half, to know much of what belongs to it. We believe, therefore, that we are not exaggerating the difficulties of the case when we say, that not one school in ten, if left entirely in the hands of the clergyman, would become a good school, however liberally the State might contribute to its support.† And we can imagine no probable condition of the Church in which matters would be much remedied in this respect, unless, indeed, with its ancient discipline, there were revived the good old custom of educating the clergy for the practical duties of their office in diocesan colleges;

* The State, by its inspectors, and by their reports, has done much towards the formation in the public mind of the idea of a good school. Much more, however, remains to be done; and if the clergy were called upon to-morrow to realise the conceptions they may happen to have formed of such schools, we can imagine nothing more absurd than the result. Of the possibility of finding good teachers, we begin to be hopeful. In case the Church perseveres to show herself alive to her responsibilities in the efficient maintenance of training schools, we can scarcely fail of succeeding in this, thanks to the pupil-teachers. If there were an official board composed of persons practically acquainted with elementary education, and making all that belongs to it their special study,—to whom the clergy and other promoters of schools might apply for advice and assistance in the organisation of their schools, in the procuring of teachers, in the choice of books, and in the selection of subjects of instruction,—we think that it would tend greatly to the progress of education;—the board being supposed to be so constituted as to have the confidence of the Church as well as of the Committee of Council.

† We are, of course, speaking with reference to the existing state of opinion in educational matters, and the existing facilities for getting good teachers.

and among these duties a proper place should be assigned to the superintendence of the parish school. It is only under some such training that we can imagine them to acquire that knowledge which might justify them, without superior advice and guidance, in taking upon themselves the responsible trust of the education of the people.

Let us not, however, be unjust to the clergy. Almost all that has been done for education, otherwise than through the State by members of the Church of England, has been done by them. We know that, often opposed, and seldom cordially supported by the laity, they have contributed to the full extent of their means, and sometimes beyond their means, to the building of school-houses and the maintenance of schools. We are far from accusing them of a want of liberality, and are ready to admit, that of all classes of the community, they contribute the most towards the public good by private sacrifices. The question is not as to liberality in supporting schools, but judgment and skill in managing them.

Whilst to give the education of the country wholly into the hands of the clergy is, in our opinion, to give it up, we are far from thinking that it can be carried on without them. They are a body of men of no little weight and influence in England;—no body of ecclesiastics in any other civilised country can, we imagine, compare with them in this respect. The most educated portion of the community, in many branches of secular, as well as of religious knowledge,—living much in society, partaking largely in the spirit of the age,—inheriting a large share of the wealth of the mercantile and commercial classes,—reticulated over the whole face of the country, and exercising great power over public opinion,—the aid they might render to the Government in dealing with great social questions, has not been duly felt either on one side or the other. Had the clergy felt it, they could not but have embraced joyfully the opportunity of so much usefulness to the State; had the State felt it, it would, we think, have used, in some respects, more precautions to conciliate the good will of the clergy. The old ground of union between Church and State has passed from under the feet of both. We cannot revert to the time of James II. But *here* is new grounds, which it requires only mutual forbearance to *take*. The good which might be done if the Church were to co-operate with the State, on such questions as Education, Penal Reform, Sanitary Reform, and Emigration, defies calculation. A common interest in the demoralised masses of the people, and a common labour for their welfare, might re-unite the link which seems well-nigh broken.

No greater evil has resulted from the recent clamour, than that it would seem to have made the ground which the Government has hitherto taken on the Education Question untenable any longer. Should this prove to be the case, and the State be no longer permitted to aid education as a voluntary contributor, it must take higher ground. Whether that ground will be more favourable to the Church remains to be seen.

The best way of supporting a school is by a parochial rate. Such a rate would generally be very small in amount; and the smaller, in proportion, as the school was better conducted. The burden of supporting education now rests unevenly, the more liberal portion of the parish, who are frequently not the richer portion, bearing the greater share. A rate would divide it evenly; and would enlist the interest of the whole parish in the school. It would bring education into respect, command the exertions of the leading men of the parish in favour of the school, and secure their influence to induce the poor to send their children to it,—if for no other motive, to reduce, by their pence, the amount of the school-rate.

The reception given to Mr. Fox's Bill in the House, and the opinions expressed upon it by the press, afford a strong presumption that the principle of such a school assessment is not beset by the insuperable difficulties which some people have imagined. In parishes where there is a sufficient number of Churchmen and also of Dissenters to enable them to maintain separate schools, we see no reason why they should not have them,—the option being given to each rate-payer to be rated to either school, and the amount of the rate being, of course, dependent on the extent to which the school is self-supporting. The school-rate of the Churchmen might be paid to maintain the existing National School, or, that of the Dissenters, to support the existing British and Foreign School, if a majority of them and a majority of the subscribers to such schools should desire it. If not, new schools would have to be built.

In cases where the Churchmen or the Dissenters of a parish were not sufficiently numerous to maintain a separate school, those of two or more parishes might unite for that purpose. There would, however, remain localities in which the Dissenters are too thinly scattered to have separate schools for their children, even by the union of those of different parishes for that object. It would be necessary to the levying of school-rates in such parishes (probably few in number), that the children of Dissenters should be allowed to attend the parish schools without having violence done to the religious scruples of their parents. And with this view it should be provided,—

1st. That no child be taught the Church Catechism, not being a baptized member of the Church.

2ndly. That no child of a Dissenter, being a baptized member of the Church, be instructed in the Catechism, or otherwise in the distinctive doctrines of the Church, if his parents object to his being so instructed.

These conditions being secured, we see no reason why the Management Clauses should not form the basis of the constitution of schools maintained by parochial rates, the word ratepayers being substituted for subscribers.

To the first condition we anticipate no objection. We cannot imagine any honest man teaching the Church Catechism to an unbaptized child. It is inconceivable that such a person, supposing him ever to have reflected on the matter, should address to a child whom he well knows to have neither godfather nor godmother the question, 'What did your godfathers and 'godmothers for you in your baptism?' and extract from that child the answer, 'They did promise and vow three things,' &c. &c. And so of half the questions in the Catechism. We see not how the teacher, in putting those questions to an unbaptized child (*i. e.* unbaptized by the Church), and the child in answering them, can be considered otherwise than as standing face to face in the mutual recognition of a *falsehood.*

If there be any one thing which should be taught in an elementary school more carefully than another, it is truthfulness,—untruthfulness being, we fear, a besetting sin of our labouring people. But here is the master teaching falsehood. It is no excuse to say that the illiterate parents do not object. The question is not as to a dereliction of duty on the part of the parents, but on the part of the teacher. We should not have thought it necessary to have spoken thus explicitly on this subject, had we not reason to believe that there are many thousands of unbaptized children in Church schools who, from want of due consideration and caution on the part of the managers, are daily instructed in the Catechism. 'It is a fact,' says Mr. Burgess, the rector of Upper Chelsea, in his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'that we have hundreds, perhaps thousands, of children of Non-'conformists in our schools; and how are they taught religion? '—Generally by considering them to be what they are not, 'i. e. baptized according to the rites and ceremonies of the 'Church of England, and so teaching them what is not appli-'cable to their case.' The sooner this stain is wiped from Church education, the better. Unbaptized children should either not be admitted into Church schools at all,—or, when the Catechism is taught, they should be made to sit apart; and

there, the other children of Dissenters, whose parents do not wish them to be taught the distinctive doctrines of the Church, might very well sit beside them; the *second* condition of levying a school-rate would then be satisfied.

Let us here state — once for all — our conviction that Religion ought to lie at the foundation of the whole life of the school — that the teacher should be in the highest sense of the word a religious man, positive and sincere in his belief, and firm in his principles — and that in regard to the pupil-teachers, who, as their apprenticeships expire, will be entrusted by the State to the Church to be educated, there rests upon her, in this matter, a heavy responsibility.

The religious character of the teacher, and his earnestness in his work being supposed, the religious education of the children, so far as that may by human means be provided for, follows as a necessity. What the religious teaching of such a master should be, was stated by Mr. Sewell, in the Speech to which we have before alluded, theoretically, we imagine, much more than from experience. Comparing it with that of a religious parent, —

'He (the schoolmaster) knows,' says he, 'what religion is, and 'he knows that to talk of teaching religion at given hours or at 'stated times, — at eight o'clock or at ten o'clock — or at any par- 'ticular time or occasion, is the greatest absurdity that can pos- 'sibly be imagined. Such men know that religion is to be 'taught at every hour; that it is to the child a solemn insen- 'sible secret operation, like the growing of seed in the ground '— something to be fed by the most gentle dews, to be nourished 'by the most imperceptible light, to be watched over by little, 'gradual, and most delicate processes, in which those who are 'most keenly interested scarcely dare to let the child know 'what they are about. Religion is to be taught through 'parables, signs, and types, in a thousand little ways, where 'there is no mention of God or heaven; and all things belong- 'ing to heaven are thereby engraven on the child's mind in the 'same manner as the statuary of antiquity engraved his name 'on the statue, covering it with plaister, which, as the time 'went on, dried away, and fell off, and the characters then re- 'vealed themselves, and remained for ever indelible.'*

Now, with this idea of what ought to be the religious education of a child, let that be compared which is actually given in the majority of our national schools. Almost all the miseries of the school lives of the children who attend those schools are associated with their religion. Four or, five years, or longer,

* 'Guardian,' Feb. 13.

are occupied in teaching them to read; and from the day when they first advance to monosyllables until that when they leave school, they read nothing but the Holy Scriptures. If their memories are to be exercised, they learn texts; if they are to be taught to reason, it is upon the interpretation of Scripture, or of the formularies of the Church; if facts are to be communicated to them as the subjects of reflection, the facts are those of Scripture. They write passages from Scripture as exercises in penmanship*, they spell the Scriptures, and, in the opinion of some of the most enlightened of the supporters of the National Society, they ought to work sums from the Scriptures. There lies before us a Treatise on Arithmetic, which bears on its title-page the name of a respected clergyman, a distinguished scholar, and a dignitary of the Church. We copy from it the following examples, referring our readers to the book itself for a variety of the same kind:—

'Of Jacob's four wives Leah had six sons, Rachel had two, 'Bilhah had two, and Zilpah had also two; how many sons 'had Jacob?'

'At the marriage of Cana in Galilee there were six water-'pots of stone, holding two or three firkins apiece; if they held 'two firkins, how much water would it take to fill them? and 'how much if they held three each?'

'If Naomi made three loaves out of one measure of barley, 'how much might she make out of the six measures which Boaz 'gave to her daughter Ruth?'

Now let us reflect for an instant, what would be the probable result if our own children, instead of their present school learning, were set in this manner to the technical study of Scripture

* The following passage from a letter published in the National Society's Monthly Paper for May, 1850, will illustrate our meaning:

'Secular knowledge creeps into every department. The Church 'schoolmaster who loves his Church, and wishes his scholars to love 'it also, must remember that its religious teaching is its distinguish-'ing feature. This duty is paramount; and much may be taught on 'this point by copy-slips. Let each teacher write one or two copy-'slips explanatory of the great fasts and festivals of the Church; of 'the leading doctrines of the Church proper to be taught to children; 'of historical data in reference to the Church of England; of the 'foundation of each of the colonial bishopricks; of the objects and 'aim of the missionary enterprise,' &c. (P. 169.)

The following are specimens of copy-slips, given in another letter:—'*Moses was put into an ark of bulrushes; God appeared to 'Moses in a burning bush; Moses was a remarkably meek man.* '(single lines); *Moses was very meek* (round hand); *Moses was meek* (text hand).' (P. 169.)

from morning until night: Suppose the experiment, for instance, to be tried on the boys of one of our public schools. We have no right to expect any other result in the case of the poor — the difference of the conditions of the children has nothing to do with it; the cause and effect are rooted deeply in human nature.

We confess that we see no ground for surprise at the little influence a course of education like this is found to have in the repression of crime, or at the following passages, which we quote from the last official report of the Rev. Joseph Kingsmill, the chaplain of the Pentonville Penitentiary: — 'Of 1000 convicts, '757 had been scholars in the different day schools, high and 'low, in the country; and nearly half that number, on an 'average, five years.' (P. 14.) Again: — 'The distinguishing 'features of criminals in general are not, I am confident, their 'deficiencies in intellect, or attainment in mere knowledge of 'elementary subjects, arithmetic, geography, or history; *nor* '*even in the Bible itself as a book; but their terrible want of* '*moral and religious principle, being destitute of the fear of God* '*and of true religion.*' (P. 14.)

Some characters may be healthfully formed, and some understandings may be developed, perhaps, and their education effected, by an exclusive study of the Scriptures. These cases are, however, but few in number; and the circumstances, under which such an education can be attempted with any chance of success, are of rare occurrence. The Scriptures were not given us for that end. And, people who insist upon it, fall under the vehement suspicion of doing so, not so much that the children may know the Scriptures, as *lest* they should know any thing else. It is impossible not to impute to them a lower motive than they take credit for, when we hear them declaiming on the necessity of the poor man's child being taught nothing but what concerns the interests of *another* world, but most careful to see that their own are duly instructed in every thing which belongs to *this*.

It is a remarkable commentary upon the speeches of the gentlemen who declaimed so violently at Willis's Rooms against secular education, that the schools, to which they send their own children, are all secular schools.* The religious teaching of none

* A similar contradiction obtains among the opponents to the national schools in Ireland. 'The same system, (that of the Irish 'national schools) is not only adopted in all schools for the children of 'the rich, both here and in England; but the case is stronger in 'Ireland, because it is the identical system pursued in the university 'of Dublin, where all our clergy are educated. And yet we find

of our public schools or colleges exceeds, we believe, two or three lessons in the week, and in some it is limited to an hour's reading of the Greek Testament on Sunday mornings. Indeed, the entire middle classes of the country may be said to be educated in secular schools, while the lower classes get what instruction they receive entirely in schools where little else is attempted to be taught besides religion. And, as the result of these opposite plans of teaching, we have the fact that religion has taken a firm hold on our middle classes, and that our churches are deserted by the lower. Foreigners are struck by it.

'Place yourself,' says M. Leon Faucher, late a Minister of State in France, 'on Sunday, in the midst of Briggate Street, in Leeds; of Mosley Street, in Manchester; or of Lord Street or Dale Street, in Liverpool; what are the families whom you see walking to the churches gravely and silently? It is impossible to deceive oneself — they belong almost exclusively to the middle classes. The operatives remain on their door-steps, where they collect in groups until, the services in the churches being concluded, the taverns will open.'*

The children of the National School will generally be found prodigiously in advance of any other children in the parish, not excepting the clergyman's children, in religious knowledge, but profoundly ignorant of the simplest elements of secular instruction. These remarks must not be misunderstood. They are directed against the grievous abuse of, so called, religious instruction in our National Schools, and not against a religious education. The latter we recognise as the first and most solemn and responsible duty of the teacher, the former as a sacrilege. It is no slight matter to have presented to a child's mind all that belongs to its highest interests in such a way as to give to these the lowest place in its affections, — to make religion the subject which, by irreverent use and constant iteration, has become the most wearisome to it, and the least regarded.

'clergymen, who, for their own profit and emolument, keep schools, 'or hold tutorships and offices in Trinity College — not excepting the 'professorships of Divinity, acting on this principle, as respects the 'rich, who can pay for their education, and yet refusing to do so in 'reference to the poor, whose parents are unable to pay for their in-'struction. But that is not all. I could refer you to cases, in which '*the same clergyman* in whose parish there are two national schools, 'is to be found regularly visiting one, and communicating therein re-'ligious instruction on the system referred to (the school in the union 'workhouse, of which he is the salaried chaplain) while he would con-'sider it a sin to visit the other in an adjoining street.' — *The English Settler's Guide to Ireland.*

* 'Etudes sur Angleterre.' We copy the passage from the work of Mr. Kay, p. 594.

Elementary education appears to us, whether on its religious or its secular side, to deal too much in abstractions. It is necessary to teach children principles, but we should not stop there; they should be taught also how to apply them. Whilst principles might thus be more firmly fixed in the mind and a relation established between them and a corresponding course of action, the habit would be cultivated of acting upon principle. The Prussians are conscious of this defect in their elementary instruction. On a recent occasion the Minister of Public Instruction admitted, on the part of the Government, 'that the teaching 'in the schools was much too *abstract*, and that the infusion of 'something practical into it would be a decided improvement.'*

In elementary education what is wanted, above all things, is *applications*. To apply a general principle is, however, not less difficult in morals than in science. The most obvious resource of education for this end is to habituate a child to consider all that is learned by it in the light of that which is also to be applied: and, this will be best done by continually making the application of its learning to such questions as come within the range of its personal experience, or observation.

The whole power of a school—resting on a scriptural basis, and appealing to a Divine Authority—might thus be brought to bear on one or two great questions of Morals under the form of an *application* of them.

Take, for instance, 'truthfulness.' If in every thing which was said and done in the school, down to the minutest things, there were a scrupulous regard for it,—if openness and candour and fidelity were so encouraged in the intercourse of the teacher and children as to cause it to be honoured in the mutual intercourse of the children with one another, in some degree winning the public opinion of the school to that side,—it is difficult to estimate the amount of good that might be done.† Round the column of truth thus reared in the middle of the school every other Christian grace would entwine itself, and

* Times, May 29. 1850.

† 'I have seen,' says one of the inspectors (Minutes, 1846, vol. i. p. 176.),—'it would be in vain for me to attempt to describe with what 'indignation,—the very teachers lend themselves to the deceits which, 'in their examinations, the children have a tendency to practise; and 'the visitors prompt them. If there be anything which it is expe-'dient early to teach to a child, and to implant deeply, it is surely the 'abhorrence of "whatsoever maketh a lie"—the *acting* or the telling 'of it. A thousand other good qualities will attach themselves 'securely and permanently to this one, and the perils of life are com-'paratively few to him in whose bosom it is deeply rooted.'

cling to it as by an instinct. For as every thing which occurs in the material world is but a particular manifestation of some universal principle and the subject of some general law, and there thus arises a connexion of the sciences, — so it is in the moral world. Our virtues are united by principles common to all, and have a mutual dependence; and it is the same with our vices. Thus, if one vice be successfully attacked, the whole position will be weakened; and if one virtue be strengthened, that strength — or, if it be enfeebled and beaten down, that weakness — will be common to all.

There is a *temporal* welfare of the labouring man, as well as of his master, and an education adapted to promote the one as well as the other. What is the distinctive character of that education has not been considered with the attention which it claims. Our idea of it almost always identifies itself with the education we have ourselves received. We can conceive differences in the degree, but not in the subjects of it. To our poorer brethren we would give greater or less fragments of the knowledge we ourselves possess according to their standing; thus reproducing ourselves under different but inferior forms in all below us. It is in this way that a very little learning comes to be associated with our notion of the instruction which people in the very lowest grades of society should receive. The inveterate prejudice, that education is a *privilege* annexed to a definite social position, and to be graduated according to it, associates itself with all our educational efforts. It would be one of the advantages of an education, devised with a special reference to the pursuits of labouring people, that it would enable us to get rid of this character of a *little learning.* In respect to the objects which it contemplates, it might be a thorough and complete education; and yet the upper classes of society might continue to be separated from the lower, as they are now, by other forms of knowledge;—education being still graduated according to men's social condition, but having an adaptation to each condition, and being good and complete with reference to that adaptation. Industrial Schools, as they have been called, should help us here. The son of a labourer might, for instance, according to this view of the question, be well educated, although he was a bad penman, spelt incorrectly, and knew very little of etymology. He might still have the contents of a whole book on agriculture in his head, and might be thoroughly grounded in the principles of those experimental sciences* which go far to explain the

* Whoever knows the avidity with which boys receive this kind of instruction, and compares the difficulties of it with those to be overcome by a boy who, at the age of thirteen, has learned to construe Virgil

processes out of which the vegetable world is elaborated, and have a direct and profitable application to the business of agriculture. The course of study he would thus have pursued would serve just as completely for the education of his mind,—the drawing out of his faculties of reason and the understanding,—as though it had been contrived specially for that object, and had no other use; and it would have this advantage over any thing else which could have been taught him, that he will be less likely to forget it. The labouring man may have been taught many things at school; but, practically, what is associated with the earning of his daily bread is that which will remain with him; and whatever process of instruction we commence in his mind when a little boy, this will infallibly take the place of it, when he comes to be a man. To tell a man that he is to shut out from his labour the exercise of thought, or that the proper functions of his intelligence lie in some other path than that of his daily avocations, is, indeed, to a certain extent, to contravene the order of God's providence in respect to him; for assuredly men's understandings were not given them to be held —as to the great majority—in abeyance; nor is it without reason that the Almighty has associated the means of exercising the highest intelligence with the humblest craft; and placed thinking and doing, in a pleasurable relation, so that what we do in the exercise of our judgment, and for some object, we do with pleasure, but not that which is done with no exercise of our judgment, for no object, and with an adaptation to no end.

In education thus adapted to the daily pursuits of labouring people and the ordinary affairs of life, nobody has done so much as the Rev. R. Dawes; whose services have been acknowledged in his recent elevation to the Deanery of Hereford. The principles on which his village school is conducted, and the subjects and methods of the instruction which he adopts, are fully detailed in his various works*, and in the report of the Government inspector.†

One of the important characteristics by which Mr. Dawes's village school is distinguished from all others, is the fact, that

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and Horace and, perhaps, Homer,—or even with what is required to be known by a boy admitted on the foundation at Eton, before he is ten years old,—will not dispute this.

* 'Suggestive Hints towards improved Secular Instruction.'—Groombridge.

'An improved Self-paying System of Education.'—Groombridge.

† Minutes, 1848, vol. i. p. 7. This report has been republished under a separate form by Groombridge.

it includes, with the children of labourers, those of trad and farmers; the children of labourers being charged a v fee of two pence; and other children, if they live in the p six shillings per quarter, — if out of it, ten shillings. number of labourers' children attending the school in 184 170; of other children, 49. The quarterly payments of forty-nine children, added to the weekly pence of the rest, an annual income of from 120*l.* to 130*l.*, and cover the v expenses of the school.

Who are to be considered farmers and to pay the highes and who, tradesmen and labourers, Mr. Dawes claims the himself to decide; but all are placed within the walls of school on terms of perfect equality: they are intermingl their seats and in the classes in which they are taught, and cisely the same advantages of instruction are offered to all. success of the school has been remarkable. Mr. Dawes has s his knowledge of the springs of opinion among the poor by sulting their independence; while, by a careful study of thei dition, he has adapted the education he offers to them, to wants. His most singular achievement, perhaps, is the uni the education of the labourers' and farmers' children, of v we have just spoken. It is impossible too highly to appr the value of this obvious means of cultivating those feelir neighbourly consideration and mutual good-will betwee employers and the employed, on which the links of societ pend for their permanence and the commonwealth for its sa

The expediency of some form of instruction which sl have for its object to impress upon the minds of childre elementary schools the principles of integrity, as regards common affairs of life, — the necessity of providence and thought, — the rules of discretion in the dealings of man man,—and the laws which govern our social relations, has c been insisted upon. We have never seen any attempt mad carry out this form of instruction except in the Birkbeck sch by Mr. Ellis, their founder, a gentleman well known by writings on Political Economy.

We have hitherto limited ourselves to a statement of wh doing to elevate the moral and religious condition, and pro for the material and social well-being of the labouring cla by means of education. It is the character of eleemosy efforts for the public welfare to be boastful. The stream of would flow but scantily into the coffers of public charity if t were no one to blow the trumpet. It is not easy other to understand the impression which appears to have gone ab that the people of this country are receiving the benefits o good education. There is another defect in all the good we s

to do by charity, — it becomes rather a matter of sentiment and of impulse, than of deliberation. We do not make this kind of expenditure with the same forethought and cautious thriftiness as we do others, nor with the same reference to a profitable result. How far any of the efforts which we have hitherto made fall short of their aim will appear from the following considerations.

The total number of children of an age to go to school in England and Wales — from 3 to 13 or from 5 to 15 — is not less than four millions.* The number of those which the Church claims to have under daily education in her schools (including dames' schools) is less than one million.† If we allow, therefore, another million to be under education in the daily schools of different dissenting bodies and in the private schools of all classes of society (exclusive of Church dames' schools), there will remain two millions of children who are receiving no education at all; being half the number who are of an age to go to school.

This conclusion is in some degree confirmed by a report made to the City Mission in respect to the parish of St. Pancras, where 15,693 children were found of an age to go to school (from 2 to 12) in the houses visitable by their missionaries, of whom only 7229 were attending school. (*C. M. Mag.* Feb. 1847.) It is further confirmed by the fact that the Church schools erected by the aid of public grants appear, by the returns made to the Committee of Council (Minutes, 1848-49-50), to be less than half full. Unless we suppose that they were originally built to contain a greater number of children than were unprovided with the means of education in their respective districts, only half of the number will have availed themselves of them.‡

Remarkable as is this deficiency as it regards the number of children under instruction, it is yet more remarkable with reference to the quality of the instruction they are receiving. The average time during which they remain in town schools does not

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* According to the census of 1841, the number of children between these ages was 4-17ths of the population. The present population does not probably fall far short of eighteen millions.

† National Society's Monthly Paper, March, 1850.

‡ In respect to 2171 schools built in England to contain 539,202 children, the average numbers attending them is stated to be only 246,979. The same proportion obtains in the Welsh schools, which were built for 24,579, and whose daily attendance is 12,540. But in the Scotch schools, as might be expected, things are better: 24,065 there attend schools built for 39,239. The Scotch schools are 8-13ths, — while the English are only 5-11ths full.

appear to exceed two years and a half*; or in village schools three years and a half.† In the former, one half of the children are under nine, and in the latter under ten, years of age.‡ The greater number appear to leave before they are eleven years old, and before they have reached the first class of the school; and since it is in that class only that the children read with tolerable fluency, it is certain that the greater number leave school without such a knowledge of reading as would encourage them to take up an ordinary book with the prospect of being able to derive pleasure or instruction from it.

The average age of the children attending these schools is stated, moreover, to be steadily sinking§; so that although we are educating *more*, they are *younger* children, and stay at school a less time. It is quite possible, indeed, that all the efforts making in behalf of education may, as concerns their result, be neutralised by this cause. The very goodness of the school has that tendency; the parents persuading themselves that the children get to know enough to be taken away and put to work earlier, now that the schools are good, than they used to do when they were bad.

In accordance with this view of the really uneducated state of the people, we find none of those consequences accomplished, in their improved moral condition, which education might have been expected to accomplish. The maintenance of our police, gaols, and penitentiaries costs one million and a half annually. Criminality is rapidly on the increase, there being in every hundred persons more criminals, every year, subject to a little oscillation, than there were the year before. It has increased in a proportion four-fold greater than the population. Our amended poor laws cannot keep down pauperism. Every eighth person among us was, in 1848, a pauper; and the cost of pauperism was in that year, over and above the tax levied by it on private benevolence, five and a half millions.

Nevertheless, it is melancholy to see with what pertinacity of party-spirit the Government — roused, at last, to a sense of its responsibility in the matter, and conscious that no means which may be taken for forcing civilisation downwards in society will be effectual so long as the aid of the schoolmaster is withheld — has been baffled in its efforts to obtain that co-operation. All men — influenced by one motive or another — agree that education *must go on.* Some, indeed, from no love for it or faith in it. If they could have their way, the labouring man would have none

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* Minutes of Council, 1845, vol. i. p. 228.
† Ibid. 1846, vol. i. p. 151. ‡ Ibid. 1847, p. 2.
§ Ibid. 1846, vol. i. p. 150.

of it. And in this they are probably influenced by no selfish desire to enhance their own social position, but believe it to be for his happiness, he being condemned to a life of labour, that he should be without knowledge. Seeing, however, that the general opinion does not go along with them, and that if *they* do not provide education for their poor neighbours others will*, they are moved to undertake the task, — considering it better to educate on the principle that education is a bad thing rather than a good one, and that nothing will so effectually prevent a good school from being established in a parish as the maintenance of a bad one.

Happily this is a small class: a much larger seek to promote education from a higher motive, but still in a limited sense. They entirely concur with their neighbours in thinking knowledge an evil, so far as the temporal well-being of those below them in the social scale is concerned; but with reference to their Eternal interests, they admit 'that for the soul 'to be without knowledge is not good.' To instruct the poor in religious knowledge, they accept, therefore, as a Christian duty; and they make sacrifices for it, in this sense, as a work of charity. But whilst they admit it to enter into the designs of Providence that labouring men should reason and understand where the subject is religious knowledge, they deny it as to secular things. These, again, educate on the principle of education being a bad thing, of which we should give as little as possible, except in as far as religious knowledge is concerned.

Another and, we believe, an increasing class, hold education to be a good thing in itself, but they despair, by reason of the diversities of religious opinion among us, of its ever succeeding on an extensive scale under any form which unites religious with secular instruction. They propose therefore a system of national education which shall exclude the direct agency of religious bodies and be exclusively secular. A society called the Lancashire Public School Association has been established for this object. They thus recapitulate the qualities of their system †: — 1. Unsectarian and comprehensive; 2. Independent of the Government; 3. Supported by local rates; 4. Managed by local authorities; 5. Based on the national will.

In Scotland a similar movement has taken place; and we

* If any man wishes to arrest the education of his poor neighbours, let him build a school, it will thus be placed entirely in his hands. If he wishes to perpetuate their ignorance after his decease, — the trust-deed is before him.

† 'Address of the Lancashire Public School Association to the People of England and Wales.'

have before us an address bearing the signatures of many persons in that country, no less eminent in science and literature, than by their social position and public spirit. It declares, 'that in 'regard to a legislative measure, the subscribers are of opinion, 'with the late lamented Dr. Chalmers, that "there is no other '"method of extrication" from the difficulties with which the 'question of Education in connexion with religion is encom- 'passed in this country, than the plan suggested by him as the 'only practicable one; namely, "That in any public measure '"for helping on the education of the people, Government '"[should] abstain from introducing the element of religion at '"all into their part of the scheme; and this not because they '"held the matter to be insignificant—the contrary might be '"strongly expressed in the preamble of their Act—but on the '"ground that, in the present divided state of the Christian '"world, they would take no cognisance of, just because they '"would attempt no control over, the religion of applicants for '"aid—leaving this matter entire to the parties who had to '"do with the erection and management of the schools which '"they had been called upon to assist. A grant by the State '"upon this footing might be regarded as being appropriately '"and exclusively the expression of their value for a good '"secular education."'

There remains, however, a fourth class of persons, who, we believe, still constitute the great majority, and carry with them the public mind. These also hold instruction to be a good thing in itself; but they insist on the union of religious with secular instruction. A firm foundation of religious knowledge being first laid, they are of opinion that education will admit of being developed with infinite advantage in a secular sense, so as practically to adapt itself to the condition of the labourer, and to promote his temporal, not less than his eternal welfare; and they do not yet despair of this union.

ART. IV.—*The History of Peter the Cruel.* By M. MÉRIMÉE. From the French, with Notes. London: 1850.

Histoire de Don Pédre Ier, Roi de Castille. Par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Paris: 1848.

No periods of history are so intricate, or so difficult to relate with clearness, as those of civil war. Other conflicts may be perplexing to the historian; the causes which gave rise to them may be involved in obscurity, and their very results may remain

doubtful; but, at least, there is no confusion among the *dramatis personæ*. From the siege of Troy down to the last campaign in the Punjaub or Algeria, all the actors in a foreign war can be distributed into groups, and are to be found standing on their own ground. Hector and the Trojans are within, Achilles and the Greeks without the walls. Nor are we at a later day puzzled by reading unexpectedly that Abdel-Kader had been promoted to the command of a French province, or that Generals Bedeau or Lamoricière had revolted to the Arabs, and defeated their Christian comrades of the day before. Yet kaleidoscopic changes as startling as these were frequent in the changeful career of an Earl Warwick or of a Connétable de St. Pol. There is no natural visible line of demarcation between York and Lancaster, Bourguignon and Armagnac, Guelf and Ghibelline; and the ideal boundary between the opposite camps was so often overstepped, that the bewildered reader frequently finds some eminent character suddenly appearing on the side where he was least looked for.

The stratagems of war and politics have been often (a great deal too often) compared to the tactics of the chess-board. Admitting the comparison,—out of deference for its antiquity,—we would add, that the difficulty of tracing the course of a civil war, with its varying armies and shifting battle-grounds, can only be compared to that of following a game in which all the chessmen should be of the same colour. The remark applies with double force to the civil wars of Spain at the time which M. Mérimée has here undertaken to describe. The Peninsula was then divided into five distinct kingdoms: all of which, with the exception of Portugal, are now merged into one monarchy;—Aragon, Grenada, and Navarre having successively either joined or been conquered by Castile. More than three hundred and fifty years have elapsed since Castile and Aragon were indissolubly united. The consequence is, that a recital of the wars, which divided the two kingdoms during the fourteenth century, oppresses the reader to a singular degree with that feeling of perplexity and confusion which, as we have remarked, is conveyed by almost all histories of civil dissensions. It is, therefore, no small praise to say, that M. Mérimée has related the revolutions and wars which distracted Spain during the reign of Pedro I., and finally deprived him of his crown and life, with such clearness and method, as to render them not only intelligible but interesting to every class of readers. It may, perhaps, be thought puerile to add, that the obscurity so often produced in Spanish histories from the national habit of designating the actors merely by their christian names, and from the frequent recurrence

of the same appellations, has been carefully avoided; and that the writer, although having to deal with the usual number of Doña Marias and Don Juans, has kept them wonderfully distinct.

Never, perhaps, were an author and his task better suited to each other. M. Mérimée's style is sober in the extreme; and had he treated a subject less picturesque in itself and less full of stirring incident, might have verged upon dryness; while, on the other hand, the reign of Pedro the Cruel (a long tissue of romance and crime) under the pen of a more florid writer could scarcely have appeared like history. In all M. Mérimée's writings there is a truthfulness and sharpness of outline which inspire confidence. Even in his works of fiction the talent of *realising* is his chief characteristic. It never occurs to the reader to doubt the truth of his most marvellous narratives: indeed we scarcely think any one could be found sceptical enough to question one of his ghost-stories. Since, however, notwithstanding the old encouraging adage, — virtue is not always rewarded nor talent recompensed, it so happens that the possession of this singular gift has not been as favourable to our author as might have been expected. Nor have his creative powers been sufficiently appreciated. Although in his various works of imagination, especially in the little volume of tales published under the title of *Mosaïque*, there is as much invention as might easily have been drawn out into a dozen novels of three volumes each, M. Mérimée has scarcely taken his proper place among the imaginative writers of France. Little merit is allowed where so little effort is apparent. Some historical fragments published at different periods had shown that he possessed the varied erudition and lucid style, so attractive in an historian; and we are of opinion that he has done well to apply his talents in this direction. The very conciseness, which repels the sympathy of the novel-reader, wins on the esteem of the historical student. The same slender drapery of style and absence of ornament which sometimes imparted to the creatures of his imagination an appearance of nakedness, allow the majestic forms of history to be traced in all their severe and instructive originality. Besides, in his acquaintance with the languages and even some of the dialects of the Peninsula, and from his knowledge of palæography, M. Mérimée has approved himself peculiarly qualified for his present subject. The subject is perhaps one of the most dramatic that the Middle Ages can furnish. Its turns of fortune are more strange and sudden than those of any novel: while the views of contemporary manners which it is perpetually reproducing, are pictures as striking as any in all history, of the extraordinary varieties under which society can exist. Those who remember the few

chapters that Froissart has devoted to the reign of Don Pedro (or, as he calls him, Dam Piètre), will allow that they are among the most living pages of his admirable chronicles. To the English reader the period is one of peculiar interest. English arms restored to Pedro his kingdom; English princes, whose descendants have sat on the throne, married his daughters; and the best knight in English history fought in his cause a battle scarcely less glorious than the victories of Cressy and Poitiers.

Spanish history is, in one sense, the most disheartening in the world. It is the history of great qualities and striking successes, of fortunate opportunities, and favourable institutions, all thrown away or worse. The political institutions of Spain, and of Castile in particular, during the fourteenth century, present some peculiar features of the highest promise. In no part of Europe had the feudal system been in its origin less oppressive and less debasing to the lower orders. In no country had the steadily increasing influence of the commons been more early acquired, and more jealously preserved. These advantages were owing no doubt in some degree to the proud susceptibility of the national character, but still more to the circumstances which attended the settlement of the Christian kingdoms of the Peninsula. They had not been peopled, like other countries, by the heirs of a victorious race mingled with the despised descendants of a vanquished population. The appellation of *ricos Hombres** (rich men), applied to the great nobles, seems to indicate the possession of material advantages rather than a recognised superiority of caste. Spaniards of all classes had been from time immemorial the warriors, either as chiefs or as soldiers, of one national army. The Moors had been the common foe, from whom the soil had been reconquered foot by foot, and against whom it was to be defended by the united efforts of Christians of all ranks. No sooner was the Arab population expelled from a town or a province, than the Spanish captains divided the land among their followers. These colonies of soldiers long retained their military organisation, and stood in readiness to repel aggression, or even to march against the enemy under chieftains of their own election. The arms which at first had been necessary to defend their ever-advancing frontier from the incursions of the Moors, served at a later period to protect the privileges of the towns against oppression at

* We ought, however, to mention that M. Mérimée's translator (vol. i. p. 20.) cites in a note the authority of Mr. Ford, for the opinion, that 'the title in no wise depended on wealth, though the sound has misled Ducange. The position of the *ric* determines the signification.'

home; and thus a military *bourgeoisie* was founded, whose rights even the feudal lords were obliged to recognise, and whose alliance the sovereign often found it prudent to court.

In the fourteenth century, the soil, it is true, was possessed exclusively by nobles, but the peasant who cultivated it received a salary for his labour, and was bound only by a voluntary contract. Indeed, in some districts of Castile, there existed small republics called *Behetrias,* where peasant landowners cultivated their own fields, and adopted, merely as it would seem out of deference for feudal custom, a lord of their own choice. The rights of these elected chiefs were little more than nominal; and the homage paid them must have been of a most temporary kind, if we may judge by the wording of the charters which, in recording the privileges of the *Behetrias,* specify their right to change their lord 'seven times in one day,' and to seek him 'from sea to sea,' that is to say, in all Castile.

But if the power of the great vassals of the Castilian crown was not considerable as a political body, their wealth and daring as individuals were such as to alarm the towns and communities, and often to endanger the royal authority itself. Half bandit and half soldier, the feudal lord in his inaccessible castle, from which he descended to pillage and devastate the surrounding country, was in fact independent of all laws. Complicated and ill-defined conditions of tenure gave rise to innumerable subtleties and evasions. A noble might be the vassal of several superiors. He owed homage not only to the king in whose domains he was born, as lord paramount, but also for any lands or office he might accept from other princes. The result was that of these numerous and often conflicting duties, he only performed those which self-interest recommended. The homage which ceased to be advantageous was immediately renounced; and, as if even the tie which binds a man to his native land was too great a restraint for such lawless characters, a ceremony termed *denaturalisation* was supposed to confer on the noble who performed it the right of choosing a new country. Nine days' residence in a foreign land, and the attestation of a notary, that on each of those days a public renunciation had been made of the homage due to the natural lord, constituted the act of denaturalisation. Nor was this left a dead letter. It was under the very forms of this feudal code that Fernando de Castro withdrew his allegiance from Pedro: to which, however, he returned at a later period, —one of the few who continued faithful to the last.

'He crossed the river Miño, which separates Castile from Portugal, and encamped at Monzon, upon the Portuguese territory.

Every day, after hearing mass, he forded the Miño, and entering Salvatierra, the first Castilian town which meets the traveller coming from Monzon, pronounced these words in the presence of a public notary: "I here take leave of King Don Pedro, King of 'Castile and Leon, and *denaturalize* myself for the following "causes: first, because the said king endeavoured to kill me in a "tourney at Valladolid, at the time of his marriage with Blanche of "Bourbon; secondly, because he has insulted my sister, first, "saying that he took her for wife and queen, and then after "treating her with contumely, leaving her." After each of these declarations he received an authenticated copy from the hands of the notary, and thus provided with nine verbal processes (*sic in the translation*), Fernando considered himself absolved from his oath of allegiance.'*

That Spain, like other kingdoms of the West, should have got involved in the network of two or more allegiances, is not so singular, as that it should have afterwards extricated its citizens in so simple a fashion. There is no part of International Law on which a little pains would be better employed at present, in coming to a general understanding, than what conditions should constitute allegiance. The popular rights of emigration and expatriation, under some form or other, are becoming more important every day; while their incompatibility with the extravagant doctrine of perpetual allegiance is embarrassing even the republican jurisprudence of the United States.

Alphonso XI., the father of Don Pedro, ascended the throne of Castile at a very critical moment. The feudal system had sunk to the lowest depth of anarchy under a succession of weak princes and long minorities. The fairest and wealthiest kingdom of the Peninsula was, in the year 1308, one scene of confusion, rapine, and bloodshed. It required all the prudence and courage of the young king to reduce his turbulent nobles and revolted communities to some kind of order; and it was only by pitting the hostile factions one against another, and by judiciously tempering severity with occasional clemency, that he succeeded in making that authority respected at last by all. But the evil he had arrested was not extirpated; and he saw the danger of exposing the royal authority to the hazards of a long peace. In the field, he was the natural leader of his brave, but unruly nobles; the chartered towns and communities readily fur-

* In the like manner Fernando of Aragon *denaturalizes* himself backwards and forwards between Aragon and Castile, according to the interest of the moment. Similar instances frequently recur throughout these volumes. Allen notices this singular privilege, in his 'Royal Prerogative.'

nished men and money, provided they were employed against a foreign foe; and even the clergy, whose privileges could not have been infringed with impunity for any less overruling object, did not dare to refuse the heavy sacrifices which the king might then impose. For there was at least one enemy against whom every Spaniard was always ready to unite; and the very appearance of whom, the king well knew, would not fail to reknit the relaxed ties of patriotism and discipline. A war against the Moors was sure to be carried on with all the energy of a national struggle and all the ardour of a crusade. Alphonso called on the Christian kings of Portugal and Aragon, to aid him in his holy enterprise; the Moors of Andalusia, on their side, invoked the aid of their African brethren. An infidel army far more numerous than that which five centuries before had conquered the whole Peninsula, and headed by the redoubted Abdul Hassan, crossed the straits. Once more the fate of Christendom seemed staked on the issue of a battle, and once more the advancing host of Islam was driven back. On the banks of Rio Salado, the Christian arms were completely victorious; so great was the multitude of Africans left dead on the field of battle, that thenceforward Spain was delivered from the fear of Moorish invasions. The victor now turned his arms against Gibraltar, the first conquest and the last stronghold of the infidels in Spain, the possession of which secured their intercourse with Barbary. But at the very moment when all seemed to promise success to his arms, Alphonso was attacked by the plague; and he died in the midst of his army, on the Good Friday of the year 1350, leaving his unsettled kingdom to his only legitimate son, Don Pedro the First. It is of this latter prince that M. Mérimée has undertaken to write the history.

The new reign began under no favourable auspices. All fears of foreign invasion had been dispelled, it is true, by the victorious arms of Alphonso, and there was no rival pretender to the throne: but the youthful king, at the age of fifteen, had to defend his royal authority against the cabals of nobles whom the genius and experience of his father had hardly been sufficient to restrain. From the first day of his accession, his life was to be one uninterrupted struggle for kingly independence, and he came to the conflict with all the revengeful determination of a proud and mortified spirit. The heir of the throne of Castile had been outraged by indignities, and tortured with jealousy from his very cradle. He had seen his mother, Doña Maria of Portugal, supplanted by a mistress, and his place in his father's affections usurped by bastard brothers. The day of his birth had been the signal for his father to break free from a

hateful union with a weak uninteresting woman. On the other hand, the uncommon talents and strength of mind of Doña Leonor de Guzman, Alphonso's mistress, seemed, to a certain degree, to justify his choice, and served to throw her unfortunate rival still more into the shade. Every honour which royal love could bestow had been lavished upon her: she had a place in the council, innumerable vassals, and extensive domains. All affairs were submitted to her in the King's absence, and the highest offices of the State were held by her relations. She had borne him nine sons and one daughter; and this numerous and promising family was a powerful hold on his affections. The eldest, Don Enrique, was distinguished by the title of Count, a title almost exclusively reserved at that time to the royal family, and was in possession of the magnificent domain of Trastamara. He and his twin brother, Don Fadrique, had accompanied their father to the siege of Gibraltar, and had commenced their military career under his eye. Don Fadrique, when only ten years of age, was made master of the military order of the Knights of St. Iago; while another member of her family became master of Alcantara: — thus two small armies had been placed at her disposal. The King, by whose favour all these advantages were enjoyed, was in the prime of life and seemed likely to live many years.

The unexpected death of Alphonso changed the whole aspect of the kingdom by placing his almost unknown heir on the throne. Doña Leonor fled from the vengeance of the Queen Mother; and her two sons, after accompanying the dead body of their father a short distance on its way from Gibraltar, secretly quitted the funeral cortége, and took refuge in one of the strongholds belonging to their kinsmen. Every eye was turned towards Don Pedro. Although legally of an age to govern alone, he was too young not to leave the principal power in the hands of the councillor he might trust: all depended upon his first choice.

Among the powerful vassals whom Alphonso with prudent distrust always kept about his person, even during his military expeditions, Don Juan Alonso Alburquerque held the first rank from his character and talents. A Portuguese by birth, and connected with the royal family of his own country, he had early in life left Portugal, and had served the King with counsel and sword at a time when the royal fortunes were yet doubtful. Alphonso, though a prince, proved grateful: he made Alburquerque his chancellor and prime minister, and confided to him the education of his heir. The minister, with rare tact, had so well contrived to remain neuter between the Queen and the favourite, that Doña Leonor sought to propitiate him as a secret adversary,

while Doña Maria regarded him as an occult protector. This was the man whom Don Pedro placed at the head of the government. The two factions which divided the State, and were headed by the powerful chief of the House of Lara and the exiled Infant of Aragon (both related to the crown), either thought the moment unpropitious for rebellion, or respected this prudent choice,—for no opposition was attempted. All parties, for the time, seemed to unite in one common desire to visit the favourite and her family with signal retribution. In vain Doña Leonor implored the aid of those who had been most assiduous in her days of prosperity; even the governor who held the fortress of Medina Sidonia as her lieutenant, Alonso Coronel, renounced the homage which according to the custom of the times was due to her as its owner; nor could she, among the so lately submissive courtiers, find one knight to take the command of the castle in which she had sought refuge. The unfortunate woman measured the extent of her danger, by that cruel but unerring standard — the faithlessness of friends. Bewildered, unfriended, and trembling for the safety of her children, in an evil hour she demanded a safe conduct to Seville, hoping to disarm her rival by her submission. Her request was granted; but no sooner had she arrived, than, in violation of all promises, she was confined as a State prisoner in the Alcazar. Her sons Don Enrique and Don Fadrique sought in vain to raise a party. After a few unsuccessful attempts at rebellion, Don Enrique was obliged to seek refuge in the Asturias among his vassals, and Don Fadrique, who had taken a less prominent part, was too happy to submit to the royal authority. Don Fadrique even obtained permission to see his mother. We are told that during the whole hour that the interview lasted, not one word was spoken, and that mother and son wept silently in each other's arms. They never met again. Doña Leonor was dragged for a few miserable months from town to town in the suite of the Queen Mother, and then incarcerated in the castle of Talavera. A few days afterwards, the governor received from the hands of a Queen's messenger an order to put her to death. The execution took place privately within the walls of the castle. This was the first of the numerous crimes which stained the reign of Pedro; and, although it was the one for which the most signal revenge was ultimately taken, there is reason to suppose that he had no share in it. Alburquerque alone appears to have ordered the execution, in compliance with the revengeful desire of the Queen Mother. It is impossible to doubt but that from that day, irreconcilable hatred must have sprung up between the sons of Leonor and the King who had allowed, if he had not

ordered, the murder. For a time, however, it seemed as if no such sentiment existed. The orphans felt that their day was not yet come; even Don Tello, the third son of Doña Leonor, a youth of fifteen, when summoned to court to pay his respects to the King, had been schooled to apparent submission. Pedro's greeting was of a kind to have disturbed the equanimity of an older dissembler: 'Don Tello,' said the King, as the boy approached, 'Do you know that your mother Doña Leonor is 'dead?'—'Sire,' replied the youthful courtier, bending to kiss the royal hand, 'I have neither father nor mother, save your 'good graces.'

Alburquerque might have flattered himself that the feuds and ambitions which had so long distracted Castile were at last appeased, and might have anticipated for his pupil a prosperous and secure reign, had not the King's sudden and dangerous illness revealed the real state of affairs. Within a few weeks of his accession Pedro was supposed to be at the point of death. Immediately every noble and every town took arms for one or other of the pretenders to the succession. These were Don Juan Nunez de Lara, and Ferdinand, Infant of Aragon. Their claims were nearly equal*, both solicited the hand of Doña Maria, the Queen Mother, and it seemed difficult to predict the issue of the conflict. The Lara faction was decidedly the most popular; but the Infant of Aragon was supported by Alburquerque, from his interest in raising to the throne a weak prince whom he might hope to rule. In the mean time all Castile was under arms, the action of government was suspended, while troops of marauders devastated the whole country. Pedro's unexpected recovery soon silenced all pretensions, and the death of Don Juan Nunez within a few months deprived the Lara faction of its chief; but the anarchy which had prevailed during the King's illness showed that rebellion and civil war were ready to burst out on the first opportunity. The dangerous power of the great vassals who surrounded the throne was momentarily revealed; and the young King learnt to estimate the difficulties with which he would have to cope, as a traveller comprehends his danger when a sudden flash of lightning for an

* They were all great-grandchildren of Alphonso X., surnamed the Wise. Don Juan de Lara claimed as the direct descendant of that monarch's eldest son, Don Ferdinand de la Cerda, whose claims had been formerly set aside by a decision of the Cortes. The Infant of Aragon, on the other hand, though descended, as was Doña Maria herself, from Don Sancho, a younger son of Alphonso, was next of kin to the reigning monarch.

instant illumines the perilous path which he unconsciously and boldly trod before.

From time immemorial it had been customary to assemble the Cortes on the accession of a sovereign; and this time Alburquerque determined that they should be convened at Valladolid. To reach that town the King would have to traverse some of the most disaffected provinces, and the royal progress would afford an opportunity for a display of force which might deter from future seditions. The wealthy town of Burgos, the King's birthplace, had, during his illness, declared openly for Don Juan de Lara; and Don Garci Laso della Vega had been one of his most devoted adherents. He was now at Burgos, and, on the King's approach, issued from the town to meet him, with a princely retinue of knights and retainers. It was not difficult to interpret this ostentatious homage into an act of defiance. The citizens of Burgos, on the other hand, justly alarmed at the presence of Alburquerque, whose revengeful feelings were well known, respectfully remonstrated against the entrance of so large a body of troops within their walls, requesting the king to reduce his suite to a moderate escort. But Pedro had been taught to believe that his will should be law; and, disregarding what he considered a factious pretension, entered Burgos with couched lances and banners flying. Garci Laso, confiding in his immense popularity and numerous vassals, calmly awaited the approach of the royal army. A secret message from the Queen in vain warned him not to trust himself within the precincts of the palace. The very next morning he waited on his sovereign in all the proud humility of a feudal lord, attended by his numerous retainers. Pedro received him seated on his throne and surrounded by armed men. When the fated victim entered the Queen hastily retired, as if to avoid the sight of some bloody deed. Garci Laso and the burgesses who accompanied him were instantly arrested, and dragged into a narrow passage adjoining the presence chamber. The former, too proud to seek to avert his fate by entreaties or expostulations, merely asked for a priest and a few moments to make his confession. So strong was the prevailing feeling of distrust, that the archers of the guard to whom the order to dispatch Garci Laso was transmitted by Alburquerque, insisted on receiving the command from the royal lips. 'Kill him,' said Pedro, ever ready to echo the cruel lessons that his minister taught; and he was instantly obeyed. Beneath the palace windows the people of Burgos were celebrating the King's entry in true Spanish style by a bull-fight. The dead body of Garci Laso was cast into the square, and was trampled and tossed by the bulls. The mangled

remains, after being publicly exhibited for a day, were inclosed in a bier, which was placed on the ramparts of Comparanda. This execution struck terror into every rebel heart. Burgos was thrown into consternation; the bold upholders of municipal privileges were awed into silence; and Don Enrique, no longer considering himself in safety while so near the King, fled from the Asturias and took refuge in Portugal.

It would lead us too far, were we to enter on a particular account of the transactions of the Cortes of Valladolid. It is sufficient to say that the usual grievances of those days were exposed by the three orders separately, and the usual liberal promises made by the sovereign ascending the throne, — promises which were to be fulfilled pretty nearly as usual on such occasions. There was no allusion in the petitions to the late civil wars, not a word of remonstrance concerning the execution of Garci Laso, or the violation of the liberties of Burgos. These were subjects on which no one dared to remark. On the other hand, and as if to make this subserviency the more noticeable, some demands were made which indicate notions of independence that one would scarcely expect to find recorded in the annals of the year 1351. The abolition of the privileges which exempted certain persons from taxation, the inviolability of deputies, various laws for the protection of individual liberty, and unconditional freedom for the exercise of all professions, — directions for a new general census, for reforms in the assessment and collection of taxes, — the right of every Castilian of being adjudged in his own province, and being entitled to carry his complaints before the King himself, together with a strict ordinance against ecclesiastical mortmain, — are among the points insisted on by the Cortes, and conceded by the Sovereign. These honourable discrepancies often occur in the history of Castile; and show, even under the depressing influence of the feudal system, an almost intuitive comprehension of some of the most important conditions of real freedom. The proud and independent bearing of the Castilian peasant, even to the present day, seems that of men whose ancestors were never completely bowed beneath the feudal yoke.

The session of the Cortes had no sooner ended than Pedro proceeded to the frontier for an interview with his maternal grandfather, Alphonso IV., King of Portugal. The Portuguese monarch took this opportunity of interceding for the Count of Trastamara, who had taken refuge in his kingdom. Pedro easily forgave his brother, who as easily forgot his pardon. Never was a youthful sovereign so early taught the blighting creed of the baseness and ingratitude of mankind,

and never did that belief bring forth more bitter fruit. Before the expiration of the year another revolt had broken out in the Southern Provinces, in which we find Trastamara and Don Tello on the rebel side. Alonso Coronel, the same knight who had been so prompt to desert Doña Leonor in her hour of need, and had been rewarded with the banner and cauldron of a Rico Hombre, and the strong castle of Aguilar, now aspired to replace Don Juan Nunez as the head of the Lara faction. But, though he possessed considerable military talents, he had over-rated his power. His was not a name which could rally the discontented nobles of Castile under one standard. He had calculated upon the support of Pedro IV., King of Aragon, and had even entered into a treaty with the Moorish King of Grenada. From the latter, however, he received no efficient help; while the bare fact of his alliance with the infidels disgusted the clergy, and alienated from his cause the peasants of Andalusia, whose fields were often devastated by Arab incursions. Meantime, the faithless King of Aragon was easily detached from this crude alliance; and the treaty he concluded on this occasion with his Castilian namesake, contained a clause which must have startled their rebellious nobles. The two sovereigns stipulated, for the first time, for the extradition of all traitors upon whom sentence should be passed subsequently to the treaty. It does not appear that this agreement was ever executed. Rival interests would be in the way; and such an attempt to control the power of the great vassals was premature: but the existence of a convention of the kind indicates that monarchical authority was gradually beginning to supersede the disorders of feudal independence. The treaty also stipulated that the bastards should be once more received into favour; and Alonso Coronel was left to combat the King with the sole help of his personal adherents. Thus deserted by his allies, the failure of his enterprise was certain; but the death of Garci Laso had shown him that it would be vain to seek to avert his fate by submission. Castle after castle surrendered, town after town was taken, until Alonso Coronel was besieged by the King in person in his last town of Aguilar.* His death was worthy of a better cause; it was that

* One anecdote may serve to show the devoted fidelity with which some knights performed the feudal service. Juan de Cañedo, a liegeman of Coronel, held out for his lord against the royal troops in the castle of Burguillos. He was taken prisoner, and the victor, while sparing his life, caused both his hands to be cut off. While yet suffering from this barbarous mutilation, he learnt that Coronel was besieged in Aguilar, and, boldly presenting himself before the King, claimed the favour of entering the castle to die with his chief. His

of a Christian knight with a tinge of the fatalism which, as M. Mérimée observes, the Spaniards of those days seem to have acquired from their intercourse with the Arabs. When all defence was hopeless, Coronel retired to his chapel, and assisted devoutly at mass while the King's troops were entering the town. He was disturbed from his devotions to be conducted to Alburquerque. The King, motionless and silent, with his visor down, was present at the interview. 'How!' exclaimed Alburquerque, 'Coronel a traitor in the kingdom where he was 'so honoured!'—'Don Juan,' replied Coronel, 'we are sons 'of that Castile which sets up men and casts them down. No 'man can conquer his fate. The boon I ask of you is to kill me 'as quickly as this day fourteen years ago I killed the master of 'Alcantara.' The prayer was granted, and the head of Alonso Coronel was struck off within a few paces of the spot where the King stood. Many of his followers suffered with him.

Up to this time Alburquerque's power had been undivided; but the time was approaching, when the influence he had hitherto exercised was to pass into other hands. By his advice, a marriage had been agreed upon between Pedro and Blanche of Bourbon, the lovely and gentle niece of King John of France. As the princess was barely fifteen, and the King was still warring in his kingdom at the head of an army, it was thought expedient to delay the arrival of the youthful bride. In the meantime, the provident minister, who seemed to think his sanction was necessary even for the most irregular acts of his royal pupil, was secretly conducting another less lawful negotiation. The reign of the preceding monarch, besides being a popular precedent for such a connexion, had shown the power to which a mistress might aspire. Alburquerque in consequence determined that the King's mistress should be Alburquerque's slave. His choice fell on Doña Maria de Padilla, an orphan of a poor though illustrious house, who had been brought up in his household and seemed likely to be a docile instrument. It is not surprising that the first part of the scheme succeeded. Doña Maria was young and fascinating; and the King was the King, and moreover a young and ardent lover. It has been said that Doña Maria insisted on a promise of marriage; some writers, indeed, go so far as to assert that a religious ceremony actually took place. The King himself at a later period affirmed it. Be that as it may, the power of the new favourite became unbounded; and in spite of numerous instances of ephemeral inconstancy on the

request was graciously granted. Such instances are frequently met with in the civil wars of Spain; though Coronel, who had so basely deserted his liege lady, scarcely deserved such devotion.

part of the King, it may be said to have lasted until her death.* The wily minister soon saw that he had outwitted himself, though he little knew how far. Pedro, urged by his mistress to shake off the yoke under which he had so long bowed, was still irresolute. His long submission and ignorance of affairs made him shrink from any open assumption of authority. Doña Maria suggested that his brothers would be his natural allies against Alburquerque; and Pedro felt relieved by the idea that he should have accomplices in what seemed to him little short of rebellion. A negotiation was secretly conducted between the rebels and the King, and a meeting arranged. To Alburquerque it was to appear a hostile encounter. Both parties advanced in arms, but no sooner were they in sight of each other, than the bastards tendered their submission, which was instantly accepted. Don Enrique and Don Tello advanced unarmed and on foot, to the spot where the King remained on horseback; and, after respectfully kissing his foot and his right hand, retired with him to a private interview. Then, for the first time, Alburquerque discovered that he had been the dupe of a boyish conspiracy, and foresaw that his power was drawing to a close.

In the meantime the French princess had arrived at Valladolid. Month after month passed away, and the royal bridegroom did not appear. Engrossed by his passion for Maria de Padilla, he took no note of the time which he devoted to her, amidst pleasures and festivities. The last act of the expiring influence of Alburquerque was an attempt to recall the young King to a sense of duty. Pedro reluctantly turned his steps towards Valladolid, and then (A.D. 1353) suddenly hurried on the marriage as if to get over a hateful ceremony. The public were so astonished at his indifference for his youthful bride, that the superstitious attributed it to witchcraft; while the more base and courtly justified it by aspersions on the fame of an injured princess. It was in vain that his aunt and mother, bathed in tears, sought to detain him: within two days after the unfortunate Blanche had become his wife, he secretly left Valladolid and rejoined Doña Maria,—who in her turn, too, is said to

* His insane marriage, the very next year (1354), with Doña Juana de Castro, the wife of a single day, and his brief quarrel with Maria de Padilla on that occasion,—which he apologised for by giving their new-born daughter (afterwards married to John of Gaunt) the significant name of Constanza,—are rather an instance of her influence than an exception. Their other daughter, Isabella, married John of Gaunt's younger brother, Edward, Duke of York.

have been desirous that her lover should have kept up conjugal appearances with more decorum. Alburquerque, hoping that his once commanding voice might yet be listened to, when he spoke in the name of kingly dignity and the honour of the crown, hastened to follow the King with the intention of remonstrating; but secret advices warned him not to trust himself at court, where his enemies were now all powerful, while his own conscience must have whispered to him that he had reason to fear retaliation. He suddenly determined to change his course; and halting on his journey, dispatched a haughty message to remind Pedro of the services he had rendered to the crown, and requested to know in what he had offended. The King, who was delighted to seize this opportunity of escaping from pupillage, replied coldly, that if his minister chose to attach importance to idle rumours, he was at liberty to retire where he pleased. Alburquerque in sullen discontent withdrew to one of his castles, and the young king of Castile was at last his own master.

We have dwelt at some length on these first years of the reign of Pedro, because they seem to us a necessary explanation of his future life. He would appear a moral phenomenon, if the circumstances which developed his character were not related. His violent temper and inordinate love of power were derived from nature; his dissimulation would be the natural product of the evil training of his mother, of the times he lived in, and especially of the false position of his childhood: but his distrust and cruelty were the result of confidence betrayed and ill-requited benefits. Had Pedro found a faithful aristocracy and a loyal clergy ranged around his throne, it is possible that a distant posterity might be now admiring the impartial though severe legislator, the dauntless soldier, and the prudent administrator. Glimpses of light from time to time are seen flashing from his dark character and career which authorise the conjecture that, in that case history would probably have had the grateful task of recording of him that, although young and magnificent, no new taxes were imposed by him on an oppressed people to minister to his pleasures — that his even-handed justice was distributed indiscriminately to noble and peasant, priest and layman, Jew or Moor, — and that, at a period when self-interest seemed the sole motive of men's actions, Pedro alone was found mindful of national greatness, and preferring the loss of his crown to the dismemberment of the empire. Pedro the Cruel might have been Pedro the Great. As it is, we almost dread to enter on the long catalogue of crimes, of which so much of his reign consists.

M. Charrière, in his Introduction to the Chronicle of Du Guesclin by Cuvelier, a contemporary Trouvère, has suggested what at first looks like another version of Pedro's character; but which, notwithstanding the national turn given to it, is substantially the same. Spain, it is true, has always been the country of extremes; and its virtues and its vices have been equally set off with an air of greatness and singularity. It is, however, the Spain of the fourteenth century, which M. Charrière considers as alone capable of producing a Pedro. 'His character will 'be found inexplicable from its monstrous assemblage of crimes 'and follies, if we separate it from Spain: it becomes natural, 'when they are placed together. And, in fact, the stern level 'under which he brought his own family and the whole nobility, 'the preference he showed in all public employments for Jews 'and Saracens over the less enlightened Spanish, the attachment 'which the people still preserved for him amid the perpetual 'treasons of his grandees and his relations, an indomitable per-'sonal courage, astonishing resources in retrieving his affairs, 'and a superiority proved by repeated trials, alone enable us to 'comprehend the interest which so many historians have taken 'to rehabilitate his memory. His *naïve* and brutal cruelty,— 'the ferocity, almost entitled to the name of conscientious, with 'which he considered his multiplied murders as a legitimate 'exercise of power,— were in conformity with the barbarity of 'the times, and were far from rousing against him the horror 'of the public among a people in whom we see in our own 'days the same sanguinary instincts, and actions as atrocious, 'without their revolting anybody.'

The first acts of Pedro, on being delivered from the control of his minister, had apparently no other object than to show his independence. A complete change took place. The offices which had been held by the friends of Alburquerque, passed into the hands of the Padillas, and favours were showered on the followers of Lara. The Queen Mother, in consequence, it is said, of an intimation from her son, retired to Portugal; and the unfortunate Blanche, who had become more than ever an object of apprehension as well as aversion to her husband, was confided to the care of the bishop of Segovia rather as a prisoner than as a queen. Having thus effaced every trace of his former thraldom, the young king seemed to have forgotten all offences in the enjoyment of his newly acquired liberty. No remembrance of past treachery appeared to cloud his intercourse with his brothers; and even Alburquerque, now that his importunate counsels were no longer to be feared, received the assurance that he would not be disturbed in the

possession of his vast estates. For a few short months the appearances of a capricious equity were magnified by the common people into the assurance that he was about to walk in the steps of his father. Most of the romantic legends which have associated in the popular mind the name of Pedro with the idea of justice, relate to this period. Now it was that he used to sit and listen to complaints on that seat in the open air, which is still shown in the Alcazar; or that, alone and undisguised, he wandered through the streets of Seville to detect crime and seek adventure. Some of the traditions which commemorate the justice of Pedro are curious, not only from their singular details, but as proving how low must have been the standard by which princes were judged in the Middle Ages, for a nation to have considered such justice as an all-redeeming virtue. One night a quarrel took place, and a man was killed in the streets of Seville. The victor made his escape unperceived by the alguazils, who, as usual, arrived when all was over. One person only, an old woman, had witnessed the fight; but the night was dark, and the gallants being muffled in their cloaks, she had not been able to distinguish their features. She, however, deposed to one circumstance — the knees of the unknown combatant made a slight cracking noise of the joints as he walked. This was quite sufficient to designate unmistakeably the king himself; for this slight infirmity of his knees was known all over Seville. What was to be done? The law required that the murderer should be decapitated, and that his head should be exposed on the spot where the crime had been committed. Pedro, after giving the old woman a small sum of money, ordered the royal bust to be carved in stone, and placed in the street where the duel had taken place. One cannot but infer from the popular admiration which this decision excited, that justice must have been a rare virtue in a country where its parody was so highly valued. Another of his sentences upon an occasion in which he was not personally concerned, gives us a more favourable idea of his impartiality. A wealthy priest had grievously outraged a shoemaker. The offender was summoned before an ecclesiastical court, the only tribunal to which he was amenable, and merely sentenced to suspension from his sacerdotal functions for a year. The artisan, considering his wrong unavenged, took the law into his own hands, and inflicted on his priestly adversary a sound personal chastisement. In consequence, he was condemned to death; but, having appealed to the King, Pedro showed his displeasure at the partiality of the ecclesiastical court by inflicting on the shoemaker the same penalty that had been

judged sufficient to punish the priest; and merely deprived him for a twelvemonth of the right of exercising his trade.

It would have been well, if Pedro had sought to emulate the sultans of the East in their love of adventure only; but he appears to have considered that polygamy was also an advantage to which kings might be entitled in Christian Spain. In spite of his solemn marriage with Blanche and his connexion with Maria de Padilla, to which circumstances might have seemed to give an almost legal character, he had the audacity to question the validity of his marriage with the French princess, and to venture on the mockery of a second marriage with Doña Juana de Castro.* Stranger still, two bishops were forthcoming to subdue the scruples of the bride, and sanction the sacrilegious union. The conduct of the parties, one and all, is alike inexplicable; but it is certain that the ceremony was performed by the bishop of Salamanca, and that Doña Juana assumed the title of Queen, which she bore until her death. Many years later, for the furtherance of other views, Pedro not only declared to the assembled Cortes that he had been lawfully married to Doña Maria de Padilla before his marriage with Blanche, but produced his witnesses. It is impossible now to discover the truth; but, on either hypothesis, the marriage with Doña Juana was a flagrant case of bigamy. One cannot be surprised that a prince of eighteen should have thought himself superior to all laws divine and human, when he found accomplices among the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries. He was not sorry, perhaps, to take the opportunity of degrading in public estimation that haughty church, whose debasement was one of the chief objects of his life. Meantime the Pope interposed so far as to lay Castile under an interdict and excommunicate the offenders.

On the very day of this scandalous marriage with Doña Juana, Pedro unexpectedly learned that his brothers were once more in arms against him. A league had been formed, with Alburquerque at its head; and Don Enrique and Don Fadrique, more mindful of their own ambition than of their mother's murder, had ranged themselves under his orders. Pedro hastily quitted Doña Juana, never again to see her, and summoned all his faithful subjects to his standard; while, on the other hand, all the malcontents of Castile, and they were already many, joined the rebels. In a few weeks the whole of

* She was sister of Fernando de Castro, and half-sister to that ill-fated Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant of Portugal, whose tragic death is so well known.

Castile was in arms. It is not our intention to follow the events of the campaign. The wars of the Middle Ages were a succession of skirmishes and long sieges of isolated fortresses, of secret treaties and barefaced desertions, the history of which would be monotonous if related minutely, and unintelligible if abridged. One by one, Pedro's adherents forsook him, lured by the hopes of sharing in the spoils of vanquished royalty; and even the Aragonese princes, whom he had loaded with favours, deserted his cause. In the autumn of 1354 a few towns only acknowledged the royal authority. Alburquerque had died suddenly during the course of the campaign (it was said by poison, and Pedro's generosity to his physician seems at the least imprudent), but his death in nowise impeded the progress of the League. With his dying breath he had adjured his vassals assembled round his bed not to lay down their arms until they had obtained satisfaction for their wrongs; and he directed that his* body should be carried at the head of their battalion whenever it marched against the royal troops. These injunctions were faithfully obeyed; and even in his coffin he preserved his place in their councils, if, as is said, his corpse was interrogated when the leaders met in consultation, and his major domo, Cabeza de Vaca, was wont to reply in the name of his deceased master. It is impossible to say how long the struggle might have been protracted, had not a crowning act of treachery delivered Pedro into the hands of his enemies. The town of Toro was the last stronghold left to him. There he had deposited his treasures, and established the head-quarters of his little army. His mother, who had been again received into favour, commanded there during his temporary absence. But, Pedro was fated to be betrayed by all: his mother entered into a secret treaty with the League, and opened the gates of Toro. This was the last blow. The rebels, now sure of their prey, no longer spoke of mutual concessions, but haughtily summoned their sovereign to return to Toro, and adjust the affairs of his kingdom. Resistance was vain, and flight would be abdication. Should he refuse to yield, his kingdom would perhaps be taken from him, and given to the Infant of Aragon; but, as long as he remained nominally a king, he might hope to recover kingly power. After providing for the safety of Maria de Padilla, Pedro entered Toro, followed by three attendants only, one of whom was his treasurer, Simuel Levi, a Jew. He was received

* The reader of Mrs. Heman's Spanish ballads will be disposed to think this picturesque use of a dead body almost a Spanish custom.

with ironical respect more galling than open insult. A household composed of the very men, who had a few days before been arrayed in battle against him, was nominated for him; the offices of state were divided among the Leaguers; and his brother, Don Fadrique, under the derisive title of chamberlain, became his vigilant and uncompromising jailer. A few days afterwards the dead body of Alburquerque was carried to the grave with princely honours, as it were to show that his avenged spirit could now rest in peace.

Strange to say, the king was no sooner a prisoner, than public opinion turned suddenly in his favour. Castile found the rule of the factious nobles harder to bear than that of the Sovereign; while the Leaguers, who had acted in concert against a common enemy, broke asunder when the fruits of victory were to be shared. Pedro took advantage of these divisions, and by bribes and promises succeeded in detaching the Infants of Aragon from the League. With their connivance it was easy to effect an escape, and within a few months the King, whose captivity had gladdened almost the whole nation, was at the head of a numerous army which hailed him as their liberator. Don Enrique fled to King John of France; and the Black Prince might have encountered him, as a Free Companion in French pay, at the battle of Poitiers, before they were to meet, on a later day, at the battle of Navarrete, fighting for the crown of Spain.

As is the custom of all restorations, converted enemies were recompensed beyond the most faithful companions of evil days; but Pedro, while paying the stipulated price of treachery, had ceased to trust in nobles and princes. On their side too, the chartered towns and communities had repented sorely of their past neutrality, which had caused the captivity of the King, and thrown the government into the hands of the lawless nobles: And it was to them that he now applied for men and money to re-establish order in his kingdom. If misfortune did not change his nature, it ripened the worse parts of it into morbid vigour.

'Men are hastened to maturity by misfortune. Pedro's residence at Toro was equivalent to years of experience. Betrayed by his mother and all his relations, he became suspicious and distrustful. He quitted Toro full of hatred and contempt for those nobles who, after having conquered him, basely sold the fruits of victory; but he had learned to appreciate the strength of his adversaries, and against them he thought all weapons lawful. Cunning and perfidy seemed but retaliation. Hitherto he had been violent and impetuous; he now learned to compose his features and to feign forgiveness of injuries until he could effect his revenge. He had prided himself on being sincere and just, now he thought any measures justifiable

against such great offenders. A firm conviction of the justice of their cause renders men unscrupulous as to the means by which they make it triumph. The king soon mistook his hatred for equity. The barbarous manners of the Middle Ages, and his education amidst civil war, had rendered him callous to the sight or idea of pain. So that he were but obeyed, he cared little for the love of men whom he despised. Henceforward his sole object was to annihilate the power of the great vassals, and to establish his authority on the ruins of feudal tyranny. That object he prosecuted with unflinching perseverance.'

From this time forward, Pedro became Pedro the Cruel. He commenced with the massacre at Toro. The treacherous assassination of Don Fadrique in the Alcazar of Seville soon followed. The turn of Don Juan, Infant of Aragon, came next; and under circumstances, if possible, more revolting, but that his base participation in the plot against Don Fadrique deprives him of all sympathy. He had presumed, with Pedro's sanction, to aspire to the sovereignty of Biscay, while Pedro, in his own mind, had resolved to unite it to the crown. Lured by the King's promise, Don Juan had followed him into Biscay. On their arrival at Bilbao, he was summoned to the palace, was instantly dispatched by the maces of the ballasteros, and his corpse thrown out of a window to the crowd; a voice crying, 'Bis-'cayans, behold him who pretended to be your lord.' When any new rebellion broke out, the fury of the tyrant was spent on the nearest victim. Neither sex, nor age, nor innocence was a protection. Doña Leonor, the Dowager Queen of Aragon, had long been in his power, as also Doña Juana de Lara. Doña Leonor was the king's aunt, the sister of his noble father. No Castilian, it is said, could be found bold enough to lay hands on the sister of that good King; and African slaves were employed to murder her in her prison. Doña Juana died by poison. Her only crime consisted in being the wife of Don Tello. Her sister Isabel, imprisoned with Queen Blanche in the castle of Xeres, also, died there. In his rabid desire to extirpate sedition, Pedro punished by anticipation those who might one day prove dangerous. Two natural sons of King Alphonso were yet too young to have taken part in civil war, and had been kept in strict confinement for years. One was a youth of fourteen, the other a few years older; but Pedro remembered that at twenty Don Enrique had been an active rebel, and he ordered the poor boys to be executed in the prison which they had so long tenanted. Hundreds of victims of less note fell in turn, whose various martyrdoms would fill half a volume. His ballasteros brought

him in the heads of proscribed knights dangling from their saddle-bows; and if men could be governed by fear alone, Pedro would have been all powerful. During ten successive years, he continued to murder upon system; striking at every head that towered above the rest, until his decimated nobles bowed in slavish humility around his throne. Had he struggled only against factions at home, it is probable that he would have been successful; for every new attack on the clergy or the nobility gained him for a time the support of the masses. The Castilian people were proud of the King who could humble their once haughty tyrants, and impartial despotism secured to them comparative repose. But his wars with Aragon and Grenada obliged him to levy troops and exact new taxes. He lost the favour of the commons in consequence, and soon found himself surrounded by disaffected subjects. The work of years was destroyed in one campaign; and the throne, which had been preserved by so much crime and bloodshed, was destined to crumble before an army of adventurers.

But even before this period arrived, Pedro had lost his confidence in Fortune; and suspicion had neutralised the energies of his once determined spirit. The tyrant's curse was on him. He trusted no one. To his eyes every counsel hid a snare, every offer of service covered some secret design; his courtiers were meditating treason, and his soldiers contemplating desertion. During his last wars with Aragon, when successive advantages had placed his enemy in his power, he did not dare to stand the risks of a battle, though victory seemed certain,—lest his followers should take advantage of the opportunity to betray him. His scornful avowal of these suspicions is a trait of desperation, beyond that which the tragic Muse has attributed even to Macbeth. The Aragonese army was in sight; the king assembled his council, and asked his captains whether in their opinion the enemy should be attacked:

'All remained silent, and looked towards Diego de Padilla, one of his most favoured counsellors, as if to request him to act as spokesman. "Sire," said Padilla, "it is long since God allotted to the House of Castile and the House of Aragon their respective portions, and if Castile were divided into four parts, one quarter of it would form a kingdom as large as Aragon. Master of all Castile, you are the greatest king of Christendom, and, I may verily add, of the whole world. Methinks that, if you this day attack the king of Aragon with all your might, you will overcome him, and be king of Castile and Aragon; nay, with the help of God, Emperor of Spain." Padilla, who was looked upon as the king's brother-in-law, and the confidant of his ambitious schemes, was perhaps disclosing his master's most secret projects. In consequence, all the captains, fancying they un-

derstood the king's wishes, were unanimous to advise a battle, and to anticipate victory. While they spoke, Pedro, greatly agitated, remained standing, and continued to eat a piece of bread that he had taken from a page. "So," he replied, "you are all agreed that I should fight the Aragonese? Well, I tell you, that if I had for my vassals the vassals of the king of Aragon, I would fight fearlessly against you and against the whole world. But do you know what vassals I have? With this bit of bread I could feed all the loyal servants I have in Castile." After this abrupt reply, the King, leaving his captains in surprise and confusion, mounted his horse and returned to Lix..... It seemed as though he had been aware of some secret treason against his person; and if he refrained from punishing, it was doubtless because the traitors were too numerous.'

In 1361 Blanche de Bourbon died, at the age of twenty-five, after eight years' captivity. Her name, which at one time had been a war cry of the League, and which had roused Toledo into insurrection, had been almost forgotten; and all sympathy with her wrongs had ceased, save in the lowest orders of the people, among whom the voice of pity ever wakes its latest echoes. The fickleness of popular affection has become a proverb; yet long after the knights and nobles, who had affected to take arms in her defence, had forgotten Blanche, a peasant of Andalusia was bold enough to admonish the King, and warn him that God would call him to account for his conduct towards his Queen. Her death was universally attributed to her husband, and one of the most remarkable passages in Ayala's Chronicle is his circumstantial narrative of the persecutions of this unhappy princess, and of the particulars of her murder; yet M. Mérimée, who has on other occasions generally adopted Ayala as his guide, is disposed to acquit the King of this odious crime, for no other reason than because, in his opinion, it was a needless one.* We would remark, in the first place, that to a man of Pedro's revengeful character nothing could be more galling than the thought that after his death his crown might descend to one of his most hated enemies. This could only be prevented by a new marriage and the birth of a legitimate heir, or by the recognition of Maria de Padilla as Queen,

* Mr. Ticknor thinks, and with reason, that his 'base passion for 'his mistress' may be accepted as sufficient motive for a crime, 'which during eight years he had hesitated to commit.' Of about a dozen ballads on the subject of Pedro, several, he says, are devoted to it: Nor does he intimate any doubt of Ayala's credibility in this instance, — though he allows that the general 'fairness of Ayala in 'regard to Don Pedro has been questioned, and from his relations to 'that monarch may naturally be suspected.' — *The History of Spanish Literature*, i. 167. *note.*

and the legitimation of her children. Now, though we have seen that the life of Blanche was not an insuperable obstacle to the first of these projects, nor perhaps to the second, yet her removal would undoubtedly facilitate their success. In the next place, even had this not been the case, the murder of Blanche would not have been the only needless crime that Pedro committed. M. Mérimée's pages supply a dozen instances fully as gratuitous.

If the King sacrificed his wife to the wish of placing his mistress on the throne, he was justly punished. Doña Maria soon followed Blanche to the grave. Pedro's grief was boundless and, strange to say, appears to have been shared by all classes. The favourite was generally beloved. She had been gentle and indulgent in prosperity, patient under all trials, and faithful to her cruel lover through all vicissitudes of fortune. Her influence, as far as it went, had been exerted to protect and save. Habit, and the blind veneration which considered kings as superior to the laws which shackle inferior mortals, had taught the people to respect the royal choice; while on the other hand Doña Maria was of sufficiently noble birth, for her elevation not to offend the aristocratic prejudices of the court. The highly-prized privilege of the aristocracy to furnish exclusively to royal corruption had not been infringed in this instance. For years Doña Maria had been treated as a queen; and Pedro now resolved that she should be interred with regal honours. Her body was followed to the grave by a stately procession of prelates and nobles, and deposited in the Royal Chapel of Seville, with the forms established for the burial of queens. A general meeting of the Cortes was afterwards held at Seville; where the King, having solemnly declared that his union with Blanche had been null and void, in consequence of his previous marriage with Maria de Padilla, presented to the Assembly his son Alonso, a child of two years old, as his heir. A few years before, such a pretension would not have been tolerated; and Pedro was now more universally detested than at any former period, — but he was also now in the zenith of his power: to oppose him was death: and the son of Maria de Padilla was submissively acknowledged as heir of Castile. Before dissolving the Cortes, he announced that he should probably soon have to call on them for aid against a powerful enemy.

It was indeed no common enemy. The recently concluded peace between England and France had left without employ the numerous soldiers of adventure who had fought on either side. They had no means of subsistence but pillage; and even that resource now sometimes failed them in the desolated pro-

vinces of France. They were eager, therefore, for a new and less exhausted prey. Once before, a few straggling bands had assailed the very frontiers of Aragon, and a proclamation of *Princeps namque*, calling out all men capable of bearing arms, had been necessary to drive them back. It was evident that the attack would be renewed, and that the combined forces of Spain could alone repel the invasion, should the free companies unite into one army. Yet Pedro, blinded by vindictive feelings, during three successive years wasted the troops and money which Castile liberally furnished, in wars with Aragon, which only served to weaken both kingdoms. In the meantime Don Enrique of Trastamara had publicly avowed his pretensions to the throne, and opened negotiations with the captains of these mercenary bands. But many obstacles had arisen: the greatest being the want of money. The chiefs of the free companies were not men to set out on a campaign without being assured of their pay; and Don Enrique's personal resources were small. There were other parties, however, who had an almost equal interest in the expedition. Charles V. especially was ready to make any sacrifice, in order to rid France of their hated presence. Ill able to furnish more, he gave them a chief, whom he ransomed from Chandos for the very purpose. Bertrand Du Guesclin was the best soldier of France; and during five and twenty years of hard fighting he had become well known to all the captains of adventure, whether English, French, or Gascon. His name inspired equal confidence to his former comrades and his former enemies. Du Guesclin met the chiefs of the free companies at Châlons, to explain to them the object of the campaign. The chronicles of the day have transmitted to us his harangue. 'I propose to you,' he said, 'an enterprise 'worthy of good knights, and I open to you a new country. 'Glory and profit await you in Spain. You will find there a 'wealthy and avaricious king. He has great treasures, he is an 'ally of the Saracens, and half a pagan himself. We will con-'quer his kingdom, and give it to the Count of Trastamara, our 'old comrade, a good lance as you know, and liberal too, who 'will share with you the lands you conquer from the Jews and 'Saracens of the wicked King Pedro. So now, comrades, let 'us give honour to God, and forsake the Devil.'

No eloquence could have been better suited to the occasion. Religion, chivalry, or cupidity, and in some cases a strange mixture of all three, served to recruit the forces of the Great Company, as it was now called. The Count de la Marche and the Sire de Beaujeu, both allied to the royal family of France, joined the enterprise, to avenge the death of Blanche their kins-

woman; others sought an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in arms; but the far greater number were allured merely by the hope of gain. All the freebooters of France enrolled themselves in the Great Company, which soon numbered about 12,000 well-equipped and well-disciplined soldiers, one third of whom were English, or Gascon subjects of the King of England. Well might Charles V. exclaim that his brave Knight of Brittany had done him better service on this occasion than if he had gained him a province.

The Devil, whom the adventurers had promised to forswear, appears to have had as good service from them as ever, though they adopted the white cross as a badge; with this difference only, that they now expected the Church to assist them with subsidies. Under pretence of obtaining a general absolution from the Pope, before undertaking what they termed their crusade, they determined to reach Spain by the rather circuitous but profitable route of Avignon. The Great Company encamped on the banks of the Rhone within sight of the papal palace, and demanded a contribution. In vain were the spiritual thunders of the Holy Father put in requisition to rid his dominions of the scourge. Du Guesclin hinted to his Holiness that his soldiers 'had become honest men against their will, and would easily 'return to their old trade.' After some negotiation the adventurers reduced their demands to 5000 gold florins, which the Pope agreed to pay, but which in fact was furnished by the unfortunate citizens of Avignon. The Church was content with adding, on its own account, the wished-for absolution.

Thus laden with gold and lightened of their sins, the Great Company entered Spain. The ravages they committed in Aragon, where they were received as allies, showed what an enemy might expect from them. All was consternation and confusion at Burgos, where the King had assembled his troops. The discouragement and apathy, which so often precede great reverses, had taken possession of Pedro, even before his danger was so imminent; misfortune had cast its shadow before, and had clouded his spirit even when his power seemed most secure. We have seen his irresolution and distrust of his subjects, when he fought against Aragon,—how much more reason had he now to fear defection! Where were the faithful followers to oppose to the Castilian exiles who bore the banner of Castile, for King Enrique at the head of the free companies? The nobles who surrounded him were the fathers, brothers, or sons of his numerous victims. Could he trust his crown to their fidelity? Did they gather round him, even now, to defend, or to betray? While he was yet deliberating, his kingdom had

passed from him. Calahorra first opened its gates to the pretender. There, one of the usual acts of an usurper's progress was gone through: the crown of Castile was offered by the army to Don Enrique, and accepted after an appropriate show of reluctance. As the invading torrent rolled onwards, every town and castle surrendered at its approach. Pedro fled from Burgos to Toledo, and from Toledo to Seville, his feeble escort dwindling at every halt. When at last he left Seville to seek a refuge in Portugal, his Moorish guards were the only soldiers on whom he could depend. More than once Pedro had been heard to say, that if his subjects betrayed him, he could reckon on the fidelity of his friend King Mahomed; imprudent words, which even a popular monarch could not have uttered with impunity. The clergy were sure not to forgive a prince who had prohibited the usual tithes to the Pope from being levied in his dominions, and had braved excommunication. Priests whispered, and peasants believed, that a king in league with infidels was half a renegade; and that, like Count Julian of old, he was prepared to renounce his God and his country for the gratification of his revenge. On the other hand, Don Enrique made an edifying contrast, and procured pay for his adventurers by fining the Jews of Toledo, and by similar meritorious extortions. Even at a later day intolerance has often been mistaken for religion; in the fourteenth century the two words were synonymous. Gentle means were also resorted to by the new King to acquire partisans: court favours, offices, titles, and estates were distributed with unexampled prodigality; the royal treasures, so carefully accumulated by Pedro, were lavished on all those who had directly or indirectly served the cause of the usurper, and Henry's favours (*mercedes enriqueñas*) became a proverb in Spain, signifying rewards too lightly earned.

Pedro was now a fugitive in the kingdom, which two months before had acknowledged him as its absolute master. Although his experience of human nature led him to expect treachery, he was not prepared for the cruel blow which awaited him on the banks of the Guadiana. The King of Portugal had always appeared a firm ally. Doña Beatriz, Pedro's eldest daughter, and his heiress since the death of his infant son, had been betrothed to the Infant of Portugal, and, as was frequent in such cases, resided at the Portuguese court until she should be of a marriageable age. Pedro met his daughter at a small frontier town, ignominiously returned to him, with the contemptuous message, that the Infant no longer wished to marry her; and he was at the same time informed that he was not to look for an asylum in Portugal. To so unexpected an insult

the King made no reply, but remained for some minutes brooding in ominous silence over this last desertion; then taking a handful of gold pieces, he scattered them on the inhospitable soil. An attendant making some remark upon his needless prodigality: 'I sow,' replied Pedro, with a gloomy smile, — 'I sow, 'but one day I will return to reap.'

He now sought the protection of the only prince who was chivalrous enough to remain faithful to an unfortunate ally, and powerful enough to restore him to his throne. The Black Prince held his court at Bordeaux. Pedro joined him there. Compassion for his reverses, the sight of his three innocent daughters, respect for former treaties, and the memory of a sister formerly betrothed to him, but who had died at Bayonne on her way to Spain, would probably have been sufficient to command the sword of the gallant prince, even though the cause of a legitimate monarch, dethroned by an usurper, had not been in his eyes the cause of royalty itself. He promised Pedro his support; and immediately assembled his council to propose an expedition to Castile, at the same time earnestly appealing to his father. But his more prudent father and the wary barons of Guyenne made many objections: Edward the Third desired to be assured that neither English money nor English troops would be required: and the Gascon barons, — whose opinion of Pedro had been formed on the report of the captains of adventure who had returned from Spain, — declared that his misfortunes were only the just punishment of his crimes, sent by Heaven as warnings to other princes. All these objections were, however, overruled: the prince assuring his father that the King of Castile, whose resources had in fact been long exhausted, and for whom he was then sending his own plate to the mint, had still a vast amount of treasure. But the doubloons and jewels, which would go far in bribing a few covetous courtiers, were poor supplies for carrying on a war.

There was another prince whose alliance, on this occasion, or at least neutrality, was most important. The only route by which the English army could enter Spain lay through the dominions of the King of Navarre. The keys of Castile might be said to be in his keeping. Of all the bad princes who reigned at that time in the Peninsula, he was the most despicable; and his contemporaries have summed up his qualities in the comprehensive surname of the Bad. Charles of Navarre engaged to give up the passes of the Pyrenees to the English army, on condition of receiving from Pedro the provinces of Guipuzcoa and Logrono, and a subsidy of 76,000 florins. This engagement was no sooner signed than he entered into an agreement with Don Enrique,

from whom he obtained the promise of a cession of the very same provinces on condition of opposing the entrance of the English. These cross negotiations are a sample of the good faith of the diplomatic intercourse of the fourteenth century. But the Black Prince was not to be so baffled; the English army made its way through Navarre, and, on the 1st April 1367, encamped on the banks of the Ebro, near the little village of Navarrete. Contrary to the advice of all his captains, Don Enrique marched to meet it. In vain the King of France wrote to him, that it was madness to risk a battle against such a general as the Prince of Wales with his old and experienced soldiers. In vain Du Guesclin told him that the English were invincible in a pitched battle, and recommended him rather to try that harassing warfare, which is so fatal to armies in a foreign country,—a warfare which he himself, some years later, carried on in France against an English army of still greater strength. 'The God of battles,' he replied, 'should judge between his rival and himself.' As the Castilian army appeared on the plain between Najera and Navarrete, the Black Prince could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the daring of his foe, and exclaimed with generous enthusiasm, 'By St. George, that Bastard is a valiant 'knight!' The result of the battle of Navarrete or Najera, as it is generally called, is well known. The English were completely victorious; the best captains of the Castilian army (Du Guesclin himself, and Ayala, the historian, then their standard bearer, among the rest) were taken prisoners; Don Enrique fled for his life, and a hated tyrant was once more replaced upon the throne.

To all appearances the battle of Najera had decided the fate of Castile. The Black Prince, however, foresaw that the decree of that day might possibly be reversed on some future occasion. His first question to the knights, who came to report the number of prisoners, was, concerning the fate of the pretender. In the Gascon dialect which he generally spoke, he inquired eagerly,—'*E lo bort es mort õ pres?*' 'And the Bastard, is he 'dead or taken?' On being told that he had fled, and that all trace of him was lost, he exclaimed prophetically,—'*Non ay res 'fait!*' 'Nothing is done!' On the same battle-field, where he had rendered justice to the character of his enemy, he also learnt to estimate the character of his ally. Long after the English troops had given up the pursuit, Pedro might be seen on his black charger, with the banner of Castile waving before him, galloping over the plain, and calling for his brother in a voice of fury. When he returned to the camp at last, it was to commit an act of violence which disgusted the English prince, and

outraged all the laws of chivalry. Among the captives was a certain Inigo Lopez Orozco, taken prisoner by a Gascon knight. Orozco had been one of the King's favourite attendants, but had abandoned him during his flight from Burgos. His rage knew no bounds, when he recognised a man whom he had loaded with benefits; and rushing on the prisoner, in spite of the efforts of the Gascon knight, he killed him with his own hand. No act could be more personally displeasing to the captains; the murder of a prisoner was not only an unknightly deed, it deprived the victor of the profits, if not of the glory, of his prize. For, ransom in those days was the soldiers' prize-money; the handsomest castles in England are said to have been built out of it. On the very field where they had conjointly triumphed, Edward and his ally exchanged angry words, which were the harbingers of more serious quarrels. Pedro begged notwithstanding, on the morrow, that the Castilian prisoners should be given over to him, offering to pay their ransom to the English knights to whom they belonged. The vindictive feeling which prompted the request was not even disguised. 'I will speak to them,' he said, with one of his terrible smiles, 'and will contrive to make 'them remain in my service; if they are suffered to escape or 'to pay ransom I shall ever have them for mine enemies.' The cruel demand was declined of course: it only drew down on him a severe reproof from the Black Prince—who from that day conceived a rooted aversion for a nature so dissimilar to his own.

The breach widened daily. Pedro, once restored to his throne, sought to get rid of his expensive allies. The treaty of Libourne was not executed. The Black Prince in vain demanded to be put in possession of the ports of Biscay, and claimed the pay due to his soldiers. Some new difficulty was constantly arising. Pedro pretended that the Spanish money he had paid at Bordeaux to the English captains for their equipment had been taken at an usurious rate of exchange, and that certain jewels pledged to the Black Prince himself had been greatly undervalued. He insisted, before paying any further sums, that a new account of the monies already advanced should be made out. To have told the truth, and have confessed that to fulfil his agreement was beyond his power, would have been wiser. The coffers of the State were empty, and the inhabitants of Biscay were not people, as Pedro well knew, who could be ceded against their will to any foreigner. It was many months, however, before the Prince saw the real state of the case. During that time, the heat of the climate and dysentery had reduced his brilliant army to one-fifth of its original numbers; and his own bad health, the discontent of his troops, and the

threatening attitude recently assumed by the King of France made it necessary that he should return home. He quitted Spain in disgust, leaving Pedro to the fate which it was evident must sooner or later overtake him.

The restoration of Pedro, like most restorations effected by foreign intervention, was not destined to be lasting. His throne had been shaken to its foundations. The rapid revolution which had taken place in the preceding year had shown the people of Castile that the power of the King had been founded on their own fears; and that a nation, with a good will of its own and a little help from abroad, might rid itself of its tyrant. The treasury was exhausted; and the money necessary for paying off the English army,—whose presence alone, however, now maintained his authority,—could only be raised by collecting again the taxes which had been already levied by Don Enrique during his temporary reign. This was an exaction almost as odious as the licentiousness of foreign troops, for whose excesses in the northern provinces where they had been quartered Pedro was held responsible. Yet, even then, had he followed the advice pressed upon him on the field of Najera, and sought to win the affections of his people, he might have re-established his authority. Unfortunately he knew but one way of governing men, and that was by fear. His entrance into a town was a signal for executions. His cruelty, which up to this time had been exercised only on illustrious rebels, was now extended to all classes. From his town of Toledo he exacted hostages as from a conquered city. At Burgos, where the usurper had been received without opposition, he ordered the execution of one of the chief knights together with one of the wealthiest burgesses, as representatives of their respective orders. But of all his barbarous acts, none excited so much indignation as the execution of Doña Urraco de Osorio. The unfortunate lady was the mother of a man who had refused to follow the King into exile; and for that imputed offence she was burned alive, on the spot which is now the public walk of Seville.

While Pedro was thus estranging his allies, and exasperating his subjects, his rival, whose cause had seemed so hopeless the day he fled from the field of Najera, was preparing to re-enter Castile, determined to conquer or to die. The few knights who had escaped from that fatal battle, or who had paid their ransom to their English captors, had rejoined him in France, and were eager once more to try their fortune in the field. The French King at first had not dared openly to attack a prince, who was under the protection of England; but when Pedro had emancipated himself from his protectors, the French King grew bolder,

and furnished money to equip the little troop with which Don Enrique hoped to win a kingdom. There was no need to transport an army across the Pyrenees:—all that was wanted was a valiant escort as far as Castile. The bold pretender remembered how, on a former occasion, towns and castles had opened their gates at his approach: he depended much on the friends he had acquired during his short reign; but above all on the intense hatred which Pedro now inspired. It was a daring attempt. With only 400 lances he traversed Navarre and Aragon; and crossing the Ebro, was soon before Calahorra, where he had been proclaimed King the year before. When told that he had entered the territory of Castile, he dismounted, and after tracing a cross on the sand, knelt and kissed it: 'I 'swear,' he said, 'by this cross, the sacred symbol of our redemp-'tion, that whatever dangers or misfortunes may accrue, I will 'not leave Castile alive. In Castile will I await death, or such 'trials as Heaven may send.'

Success attended his progress: Calahorra, Burgos (the ancient capital of Castile), Leon and Madrid, then a thinly populated town, but important by its fortifications, surrendered to him;—and in the spring of the year 1368, the kingdom of Castile was nearly equally divided between the two brothers. The northern provinces had almost all taken part with Don Enrique; while the southern, with the exception of the town of Cordova, still recognised the King. Against Cordova Pedro resolved to direct his whole strength; and swore, that with the help of his Mahomedan ally, the King of Grenada, he would make such an example of the town as should strike terror into all rebels. The dread of his implacable resentment gave the apparently doomed citizens the energy of despair. Cut off from every hope of succour, they determined to resist to the last. The Moors of Andalusia had risen almost to a man. What the temple of Jerusalem had been to Christian armies, Cordova was to them. It had long been the capital of the Andalusian Moors:—a holy city, containing the venerated Mosque built by Abder-Rahman. Their first onset was terrible, as is that of all fanatic troops. A breach was made, and for an instant the black banners of Islam waved over the walls. All appeared lost, when the women, with frantic shrieks and bitter reproaches, rushed through the streets, calling on their husbands and brothers to save them from slavery and brutal violence. The Christians rallied, and the victorious Moslems were driven back to their very tents. Once repulsed, the Moors could not be induced to renew the attack. 'Allah,' they said, 'will not restore to us the holy city.' Within a few days, the whole Moorish army, amounting to 30,000 foot and

500 horse, was disbanded. Pedro, forsaken by his allies, was obliged to raise the siege; but not before he had sent a herald to proclaim at the gates of the city, that when he returned, it would be to give it up to flames and to pass the plough over its foundations. This league with the infidels against his Christian subjects raised a universal cry of indignation; which knew no bounds when he retired to Seville, leaving Andalusia to the Moors. Towns were sacked by them, and whole populations destroyed;—11,000 persons, it is said, were carried off to slavery from the territory of Utrera alone, within a few leagues of Seville.

While Pedro, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, was concentrating his forces before Cordova, his rival was on the banks of the Tagus, besieging Toledo, reputed the strongest fortress of all Castile. During ten months the town had been subjected to a strict blockade, and famine was beginning to be cruelly felt. All the horses of the garrison had been killed to feed the soldiers. In this extremity a warning message was despatched by the Toledans to their king. A short time before, Logroño, Vittoria, and some other small royalist towns in the north which were isolated in the midst of revolted provinces, had informed him of their situation, and requested his permission (as he was unable to assist them) to open their gates to the King of Navarre, instead of surrendering to Don Enrique; by which concession, they thought it possible they might purchase the intervention of the Navarrese. Pedro's reply was such as few princes in his situation would have made; and it exhibits conspicuously the one redeeming trait of his character. After urging them to hold out as long as possible, he concluded with the recommendation that, if Fortune betrayed him, and he could not come to their relief, they should make their surrender to Don Enrique: 'Remember, above all things, that the crown 'of Castile must remain entire.' But Toledo could not be given up in this manner. Honour and even policy forbade it. Pedro, therefore, quitted Seville with all the troops he could command, and taking with him an auxiliary corps of Moorish cavalry, determined to offer battle to his rival beneath its walls.

While he was marching towards Toledo, its besieging army had received an important reinforcement. Du Guesclin, whose ransom had been again paid by the King of France, with the same object as before, rejoined Don Enrique with 600 men-at-arms. Du Guesclin was a host in himself, and his soldiers were all picked men. Don Enrique, emboldened by this accession, resolved, in spite of inferiority of numbers, not to await the arrival of the King, but to surprise him at the castle of

Montiel, where he was known to have encamped. Pedro, believing himself to be in perfect security, and his brother far away, had allowed his forces to disperse in different detachments in quest of provisions. In the dead of night, the commander of the castle of Montiel awakened him to tell him that fires were seen advancing at the distance of about two leagues in the direction of the mountains. These were the torches carried by Du Guesclin's vanguard. The King, still unconcerned, sent a few horsemen to reconnoitre, and retired to sleep again. His messengers soon returned in breathless haste, to say that the enemy was at their heels: at daybreak the whole of Don Enrique's army was in sight. The guard which had remained with the King, although surprised and in disorder, issued from the castle, and, rallying round his banner, fought desperately. But the struggle was too unequal. Overpowered by numbers, the guard gave way, and Pedro himself, with some other fugitives, took refuge in the castle, a temporary though a most dangerous asylum.

We must hurry on to the catastrophe. It soon became evident that the enemy were aware of the King's presence in the castle, and that escape was impossible. It would have been hopeless for Pedro to attempt a sally, and, sword in hand, force his way through soldiers, who were watching all the issues day and night. One only chance remained. Some of the captains of the mercenaries might be bribed. Men Rodriguez de Senabria, one of Pedro's most faithful servants, offered to undertake the negotiation. He had had some acquaintance with Du Guesclin, and, in consequence, addressed himself to the French knight. The offers of Pedro were proportioned to the occasion. The fee simple of six towns and 200,000 doubloons were to recompense Du Guesclin's services. At first the offers were received with indignation. He reminded Men Rodriguez that he was a subject of the king of France fighting against an ally of England, and wondered that he should be thought capable of acting against the interests of the chief to whom he was engaged. But when the Castilian became more pressing, Du Guesclin, with the same steady countenance which he had maintained throughout, requested time for reflection and for consultation with his captains. Men Rodriguez retired full of hope; for bribes which seemed to have shaken the honesty of Du Guesclin were not likely to be rejected by inferior captains of adventure.

But it was not on the expediency of accepting or refusing Pedro's offers that Du Guesclin sought advice. A casuistical doubt, characteristic of the times, had arisen in his mind,—Was he, or was he not, to divulge the King's offers to Don

Enrique? Such was the question he put to his counsellors. All were of opinion that Don Enrique should be informed. According to these military judges, treachery authorised treachery, and a knight who proposed to another what chivalry forbade, could not claim to be treated as a knight. Du Guesclin appears to have deferred to the authority of his captains, as a military man of the present day might abide by the decision of his brother officers. The worst remains to be told. Pedro was to be lured from the castle. We should like to think, for the credit of one of the most valiant soldiers even of France, so fertile in valour, that Du Guesclin, having communicated his information, stood aloof from all further part in the transaction. But this seems difficult: and one thing, at least, is certain, —the King was led to believe that he could depend on Du Guesclin, and was betrayed into his brother's hands.

On a dark night, Pedro, with a few followers, quitted the castle of Montiel. The horses of the little band had been shod with cloth, and every man walked in silence by the side of his steed. The sentinels, who had received their orders, allowed them to pass unchallenged, and they soon reached the dry wall which enclosed the camp, where Du Guesclin was waiting for them; 'To horse, Messire Bertrand,' whispered the King; 'it 'is time we were gone.' No reply was made, and the embarrassed countenances of the French knights showed the King he was betrayed. Before he could spring into his saddle, he was seized and led to a tent close by. His brother soon appeared. Fifteen years had elapsed since they last met, and at first they did not recognise each other. 'Where is the bastard, the Jew, that 'calls himself King of Castile?' exclaimed Don Enrique. A French squire pointed to the King, saying, 'There is your 'enemy.' 'Yes, I am he,' cried Pedro, 'I the King of Castile. 'Every man knows that I am the lawful son of the good King 'Alphonso,—thou art the bastard.' Our readers are aware of what followed;—so like a Grecian legend from under the walls of Thebes. Even those least acquainted with the events of this contest for the succession, know the catastrophe which terminated it, and gave the crown of Castile to the House of Trastamara, —how the brothers closed in mortal combat, and how the fratricide died at last by his brother's hand.

The spectators of this royal duel appear to have thought it a worthy sight, and tradition relates that one of the adventurers even called out for 'fair play.' Perhaps the feelings of the times in which they lived, might induce the greater part of them to consider the issue of the combat as the judgment of God, and that any interference on their part would be a presumptuous

opposition to the Divine Decree. Yet, according to the *Chronique de Du Guesclin*, Du Guesclin so far interfered, when the two brothers were struggling on the ground and Pedro uppermost, as to order the bastard of Anières to break in and set Don Enrique free.* Pedro was now thirty-six years old; and of these he had reigned twenty.

We have already carried this review to such a length, that we must forego more than one remark which we would fain have made. But there is one which we cannot omit in conscience. M. Mérimée has not, we think, been sufficiently on his guard against the seduction which almost all heroes, even the worst, exercise on their biographers. He has laid so much stress on the causes which produced the crimes of Pedro, that he seems involuntarily to come to the conclusion that these crimes were unavoidable, and that any other prince in the same situation would have acted as he did. To this we most absolutely demur. True it is, that three princes reigned at the same time in the Peninsula, all of whom obtained the surname of Cruel: yet Pedro had other contemporaries placed in circumstances scarcely less trying, whose virtues have been recorded by history. Our English Edward left a glorious memory. Of the two princes who successively filled the French throne during Pedro's reign, one is known as the Good, the other as the Wise. In vain are the barbarous manners of his time invoked as an excuse for a hateful tyrant; there is no carrying back the public conscience to any period, however remote, when the crimes we have been relating would have been looked upon with indifference. Cain is still as odious as the fratricide of yesterday. The reader of history should, we allow, strive to shade from his mind's eye the bright day of freedom and civilisation which may surround him, and endeavour to view past events as they appeared in the ages to which they historically belong. This voluntary assimilation of our position to that of the men whose deeds we are about to judge, will enable us to perceive much which would otherwise have remained obscure; as the eye which has been closed awhile, opens to a clearer perception even amid the darkest scene. Still, even then, guilt such as Pedro's — systematic treachery, perjury, and murder — would stand out in accusing blackness even in the moral twilight of the Middle Ages, or in the night of the foulest barbarism.

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* Another version attributes this interference to an Aragonese knight, named Rocaberti. The particulars are so obscure, that in the recent *Memoirs of the Queens of Spain*, written by Anita George, a Spanish lady, and edited by Miss Pardoe, the editor objects to her author's narrative, as too unfavourable to Du Guesclin.

One of Pedro's descendants, who more than a century later sat on the English throne, and in whom we can trace the fiery blood and vindictive temper of his Castilian ancestor, has also been represented by some modern historians, — especially by a lady, his professed biographer, — as having been calumniated by their predecessors. Yet we think that in spite of historical white-washers, the murderer of his infant nephews will be known to our children's children as the Bad King, Crook-back Richard; and that the name of Pedro — the threefold fratricide, who caused his innocent wife to die in prison, who burned women alive, and boiled men in oil, and spilled blood like water, — will be handed down to all posterity linked with his characteristic surname, whatever national advantages (and the constitutional annals of Spain compel us to rate them very low) may be set down to the credit of the most profitable of his crimes.

ART. V. — *The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus, translated into English Verse.* By J. S. BLACKIE. London: 1850.

THERE are few literary callings which have been more affected by the change of public taste than that of the translator. From the time of the Restoration, if not earlier, to the beginning of the present century, the achievement of a decently successful version of a classic author conferred on a man a species of immortality. Those who stood highest as original poets felt that their assurance of posthumous fame was doubly sure when they had associated their names with Homer or Virgil. It was a triumph to make the Greek or the Roman speak in poetical English, though that English might represent neither the form nor the spirit of the original, being, in fact, only characteristic of the translator and his age. Even where the translator had no individual merit whatever, he was able to gain something of a reputation by re-producing his author in flowing conventional verse. Hoole is still remembered for his 'Tasso,' though scarcely, we should imagine, read: and Potter for his 'Æschylus.' The new impulse given to English poetry about the time of the French Revolution marks the turning of the tide. Gifford's 'Juvenal' is the last instance of a translation of an ancient writer, which has been received with the honours due to an original work. After the public had once become accustomed to Byron and Scott, they began to care but little for translations; and the more recent influences of Shelley and Wordsworth have not been more favourable to these unfortunate attempts to entwine the old with the new. The number of translations may

not have diminished, but the general stamp of those produced has been lower,—a fact which, in the present state of our literature, cannot be pleaded as a proof of declining national ability, but merely shows that the work has devolved on an inferior class of workmen; while the few exceptions which have appeared of real excellence,—Frere's 'Aristophanes,' for example,—though acknowledged to exist, have not been singled out from the mass for special approbation, so as to encourage men of genuine talent to pursue that method of doing honour to their age. It is true that there is good reason to anticipate a considerable demand for translations of one kind or another, since country gentlemen are not much more conversant than heretofore with Greek and Latin as a pastime; and there is still a certain curiosity among the ladies to know something about those authors who are occasionally mentioned by their husbands and brothers. But the works required are mainly such as can easily be supplied to order by the trade; works which give more employment to the hands than to the head, and are executed nearly as speedily as the translations of foreign intelligence for the daily press.

There can be no doubt that one of the various causes which have contributed to this depreciation of the translator's office has been an increased perception of the difficulties he has to encounter. A translation executed on the principles, which would have satisfied competent authorities a century ago, is now declared, by a large section of those who occupy a corresponding place in the present day, to be comparatively worthless. In this province, at least, criticism has nearly succeeded in reaching what is conceived to be its most probable, if not most legitimate end,—that of destroying productive energy. As usual, its results have been almost entirely negative. It has started objections, without doing any thing to remove them. It has made some progress in showing what translation is not; but we have yet to learn what it is. The question is removed from the position which it held in the Caroline times, and those which succeeded them, into another, perhaps a higher Court; but, for hesitation and delay of justice, equal to the Court of Chancery itself, even in Lord Eldon's time. Dryden and his coadjutors are not now discussing with the public the difference between translation, paraphrase, and imitation, and the extent to which it is desirable to introduce allusions to modern life and manners in a version of an ancient piece. We now talk of an author's work as divided into form and matter, body and spirit, or words to that effect; and the point in dispute is, whether a translation ought to aim at

expressing the former as well as the latter, and, if so, in what way this is to be compassed. In the case of prose there is no real difficulty; every body is, more or less, agreed that the rendering should be tolerably faithful, fairly characteristic, and in good readable English. But in verse the mechanical requirements of composition force speculative questions into a formidably practical shape. In spite of the notable paradox enunciated by some modern philosophers, that prose is a nobler and more difficult kind of writing than verse,—in spite, too, of the sober judgment of those who know what composition is,—the majority of people, when they are once possessed of M. Jourdain's discovery, that they have been talking prose all their lives, seem to conclude, without delay, that so common a thing requires no special pains in order to be done well. Verse, however, is seen to be a different matter. Conventional usage —whether rightly or wrongly we leave Wordsworth's literary executors to discuss with the mass of mankind—has established a somewhat fluctuating dialect, which it calls poetical language; and though those who deal in this currency are becoming every day more and more numerous, they still feel that they are practising a species of art, and note its technical difficulties accordingly. In prose literature two nations may have nearly parallel developements; if the writers be alike in spirit, and similarly affected by their contemporaries, the only difference may be little more than the unavoidable one of a mere vocabulary; but in poetry the differences of form seem to multiply indefinitely, till it becomes really a task, demanding considerable insight, to establish any real resemblance between writers of different countries. We may easily compare an English historical work with a Greek or Roman masterpiece; but how can we parallel the Athenian drama with our own? The structure of the two — the presence of the lyric element in one, and its absence in the other, are alone sufficient to render the business of ascertaining similarities almost hopeless. Even when we come to weigh, not whole against whole, but part against part, we find the difference of metres so marked, as almost to preclude comparison. It cannot be denied that hitherto the respective metrical capabilities of Greece and Rome on the one hand, and England on the other, have shown themselves in very different shapes. Ours is a living language, and, as while there is life there is hope, writers of the present time may indulge the expectation that there are new possibilities yet to be called out; but the positive philosopher will pronounce that up to a very recent period, experience has run all one way, and that there is a consequent presumption that the facts of our monosyllables, our accents and rhythm will

be found inexorably unbending.* Still, it may be argued, the use of translations is different from that of original composition. Even granting that, in the latter, it would be vain to attempt the reproduction of classical metres; in the former we may feel a sterner sense of duty, commanding us to persevere against obstacles, as being bound to consult, not so much the prejudices and shrinking timidities of our own tongue, but the fixed demands of the author whom we undertake to translate. Admitting this, though the claim may well appear to be a little over stated, we have to ask whether these demands are to be satisfied by the attempted performance of a thing which is seen, under present circumstances, to be impracticable. English hexameters and English sapphics and alcaics, have been produced; but no experimentalist in metrical combinations, to the best of our knowledge, has ever had the patience to frame a regular fac-simile of a long and duly systematised Greek chorus. Such an achievement would be one of those difficulties which Dr. Johnson wished were impossibilities. But while the advocates of one view were thus driven into a corner, those on the other side have been scarcely more fortunate. They plead for analogy, and assert that a translation ought to be to English literature what the original work is to Latin or Greek. When pressed, however, they seem unable, as has been hinted, to furnish us with any precise measure by which to compare the relations existing in each case. They establish, perhaps, one or two obvious points, such as that Homer may be more naturally represented in ballad metre than in elaborate couplets, like Pope's or Sotheby's; but when they come to less unequivocal resemblances, they are rather at a loss. Ought a Greek ode to be rendered by an English ode absolutely?—and if so, what? In writing his lyrics, is the translator to choose some model already existing in the language—Dryden or Gray, Shelley or Coleridge—according as he may think any of them nearer his author than the rest? Reginald Heber thought Pindar could be thrown into the mould of Walter Scott. Or is he to strike into

* This might be expected from the difference between quantity and accent, however disregarded by us in our Greek and Latin pronunciation. 'There is,' says Lord Jeffrey, 'no fixed relation either of *number* 'or *measure* between syllables that are distinguished only by the pre-'sence or absence of accent; and therefore any system of versification 'which proceeds on the supposition that there is such a relation, and 'that it is identical with that of *long* syllables to *short*, must plainly 'proceed upon an intrinsic fallacy.'—*Laureate Hexameters:* Ed. Rev. xxxv. 426. The Greek professor, whom Mr. Aubray de Vere found at Corfu, made himself merry with our Greek prosody.—*Picturesque Sketches.*

a new strain, such as he fancies his author might have written, if placed under the same circumstances? Analogy seems almost instinctively to suggest that he should follow the old path rather than the new; and thus the utter vagueness of the principle comes out. It has been contended, with good reason, that the genius of English dramatic poetry has led to a diffusion over the whole play of that lyrical essence which the Grecian poets concentrated in their choral odes; whence it has been thought to follow that a translator, professing to embody the spirit of Greek art in the corresponding forms of his own country, in order to do so effectually, is bound to dismiss the chorus altogether, and throw its work on the dialogue. How this can be managed in a translation, is hard to understand. Some in despair are for falling back on prose; which Lessing compares to a drunken man dancing without music. When such obstacles to the solution of the problem are discovered by the increased powers of modern vision, who can wonder that few, with abilities for anything original, should devote themselves to the attempt? or that the public, seeing how little is likely to be realised, should bestow but a small share of its attention on this particular description of native industry?

It may easily be conceived that these general difficulties, applying to all translations of classical poetry, or, at least, of the classical drama, produce various special perplexities in each individual instance. Nor do we know any one who is likely to have the truth forced on his experience more painfully, than the translator of Æschylus. We are not speaking now of the hopelessness of the attempt fully to express, through a Teutonic-Christian medium, a spirit belonging to the earliest and least compromised developements of Greek Paganism, nor yet of that lonely unapproached sublimity which, one may well fancy, would refuse to be copied by any power inferior to itself; but, of the intractability arising from the peculiarities of the outward organism in which the poet's belief and the poet's mind have found their natural embodiment,—the language and the measure. Take only one example. Pending any authoritative judgment on the true theory of translation, which, as has been said, is rather to be wished for than to be looked for in the present state of the controversy, the rule of conformity, as between a work of art and a copy, would seem to point out that it is desirable, *ceteris paribus*, to keep the version within the same compass as the original which it professes to represent. Even the advocate of analogy must admit that in respect of brevity and diffuseness, all languages are pretty much on a par,—difficulty of expression in some cases being compensated by superior facility in others. There are passages of our own poetry which, in translation, task

the compressibility of the Greek language quite as much as the most pregnant expressions of Attic thought and feeling can task one who has to find English equivalents. Apparent conciseness can never be adequately represented by apparent redundancy: and something, at any rate, is due to the eye, which is peculiarly satisfied by the appearance of an interpaged translation, as in German books, running line for line with the original, like Wright's Dante and its corresponding stanza as compared with Cary's. In the dialogue, at least, it seems as if this might be managed; especially as one characteristic feature of a Greek play is the *στιχομυθία*, the conversation carried on in single lines, which must lose most of their effect in English if not exhibited in a similar form. Shakspeare himself has occasional *στιχομυθίαι*; and the mind which desires to receive the impression of terseness, will be content with nothing less, even though it were possible, without obvious and transparent prolixity, to make each Greek line into an English couplet. In spite of the unfortunate disparity between the Greek iambic trimeter and the English heroic,—which have nothing in common to the ear,—it is found that many passages will at once run off into English of the same compass; and as the object is so clearly desirable, little scruple is felt in extending the experiment to all, and forcing the more obstinate exceptions into conformity. We will suppose that a translator of Æschylus contrives to do this, as our own experience leads us to believe he may, without any great poetical detriment to the individual exceptions so controlled. His work is done, and he places it side by side with the original, expecting to be gratified by seeing partial if not entire success. Suddenly it strikes him that this very process has been the means of introducing a new and fatal difference between the copy and the original. In order to bring his thoughts within the range of ten syllables, he has used monosyllables to the utmost. He may not be liable to Pope's charge of making 'ten low words oft creep in one dull line.' On the contrary, his verses will probably be more than respectable in point of vigour and nerve. But he will see at once that they are totally unlike Æschylus. How can a passage be called Æschylean, however true it may be both to the sense and to the poetry of the Greek, which, so far from being heavy-laden with *ῥήματα ἱπποβάμονα*, has not even a fair allowance of dissyllables? The translator is driven to curse the monosyllabic tendencies of an uninflected language, and to despair of ever effecting a reconciliation between Greek and English, so long as the latter, which, not being dead, must be the one to give way, goes on marking cases by prepositions, and moods and tenses by parts of the verb substantive.

In the absence of the great regenerator who here, as in all other departments, is to come forward one day and realise incompatibilities, it would seem to be a translator's duty to do justice to those points within his reach which may appear to him the most important. Professor Blackie has plainly gone to work with this before his eyes. He has seen that one or two of the recent translations of the more celebrated plays, while adhering closely to the sense, and, in some degree, to the form of the original, may yet be fairly accused of watering down Æschylus, passing over his prominent characteristics, and enveloping the whole in a veil of modern poetical diction, such as would be more appropriately worn by an Anglicised Euripides. Accordingly he appears to have made it his main object to give something of an Æschylean colour to his style and phraseology, challenging and fixing every significant word and expression, without considering how far he may thus be led from his author's footprints, in which he does not care to walk with a weaker tread. There is much to commend in such a resolution, whatever may be the value of the advantages sacrificed in carrying it out. We cannot afford to let a translator take us through those chambers of antique imagery, as though it were an Exhibition of Art in the year 1850, with nothing peculiar or characteristic about it. In point of execution, too, Mr. Blackie is greatly in advance of that one of his predecessors who has paid most attention to the preservation of this special feature. Mr. Sewell, in a translation of the *Agamemnon*, published a few years ago, laboured especially to bring out all the forcible expressions of the original with corresponding force; but, besides that his scholarship was not equal to the effort, his independent spirit, so curiously in keeping with his ecclesiastical notions, led him to commit blunders which a merely modest ignorance would have avoided. Unhappily, too, he displayed throughout a want of taste in the choice of his poetical vocabulary, utterly unaccountable to those who, having had reason to admire the liveliness and grace of his prose, even when made the vehicle of the most extravagant and irrational opinions, were prepared to extract genuine pleasure from a work, where the thoughts were to be the thoughts of others, and only the language his own. It is an unfortunate thing when one who has undertaken to render into English a writer like Æschylus, contrives not only to produce, as Burke said, 'the nodosi-'ties of the oak without its strength, the contortions of the 'Sibyl without her inspirations,' but to accumulate fresh peculiarities gratuitously,—mistaking smooth places for nodosities, and untroubled looks for contortions. Yet this is precisely the error into which a man not sufficiently habituated to the *usus loquendi* of the classical authors is likely to fall: he sees that Æschylus

is frequently rugged and uncouth; and so as soon as he finds a word which appears to him at all out of the way he marks it as characteristic, and takes care that the English public shall have the full benefit of it. An instance occurs at the very opening of the play, in the second line;—Æschylus had spoken (or, rather, had been made to speak, for the word after all is only an unnecessary correction) of the cessation of a watchman's labour coming in as a *cure* for a year's watching—a very ordinary expression, easily paralleled, not only in Greek poetry, but in the poetry of any modern language; Mr. Sewell, confident that the word is, or ought to be, a strong and strange one, gives it extra strength and strangeness by calling it a *salve*, without the slightest warrant from the Greek for indulging in these details of the medicine-chest. Meantime, Mr. Blackie's scholarship is remarkably good; the introduction and notes which accompany his translation are a real acquisition to our means of studying the Greek Drama; while his taste has proved sufficient not only to keep him in general from any gratuitous uncouthness, but in various instances to entitle him to something more than mere negative praise. Thus in the play above referred to he has, we think, been happy in preserving the force of δρόσοι λεόντων, the young, literally the dew-drops, of lions, by calling them '*fresh-dropt* younglings,' and, again, in showing by a Shaksperian touch, 'kin but not kind,' the double sense in which Helen is said to be κῆδος ορθώνυμον, a marriage-connexion and a care. But it is time to quote longer specimens. This is the way in which he renders the opening of one of the choral odes in the *Agamemnon:*—

'Who gave her a name
So true to her fame?
Does a Providence rule in the fate of a word?
Sways there in heaven a viewless power
O'er the chance of the tongue in the naming hour?
Who gave her a name,
This daughter of strife, this daughter of shame,
The spear-wooed maid of Greece?
Helen the taker! 'tis plain to see,
A taker of ships, a taker of men,
A taker of cities is she.
From the soft-curtained chamber of Hymen she fled,
By the breath of giant Zephyr sped,
And shield-bearing throngs in marshalled array
Hounded her flight o'er the printless way,
Where the swift-plashing oar
The fair booty bore
To swirling Simois' leafy shore,
And stirred the crimson fray.'

This is good and spirited writing, though not as close to the Greek throughout as German exactness would desire, and, perhaps, not sufficiently polished for an English ode. Want of elaboration and delicate finish is, indeed, one of the principal faults with which we have to charge Mr. Blackie. He seems to think that a translator will be forgiven for carelessnesses which would not be tolerated in an original author; whereas the contrary is nearer the truth, as a translator ought rather to be doubly jealous, having the credit of two persons to keep up. A regular and careful attention to the claims of rhyme is, we venture to assert, indispensable to one who wishes to produce a pleasing impression as a lyrical writer, unless he have previously determined to dispense with rhyme altogether, and try his success in dithyrambic blank verse. In Milton's choruses to Samson Agonistes the rhyme is rather the exception than the rule, coming in with hardly more frequency than the occasional rhymed couplets in Shakspeare's dialogue. Mr. Blackie, unwisely as we think, sometimes wholly discards rhyme; in the strictly lyrical passages, however, he evidently means it to be his main feature. The passage just quoted has one or two of these blemishes, lines without any corresponding rhyme; but there are many instances in which the fault is much more observable. Immediately following it comes an antistrophe, which, by all rules of composition, ought to correspond to the strophe; here, however, though a general material resemblance is preserved, the arrangement of rhymes is not really the same, and the number of rhymeless lines is decidedly increased. And so going through the rest of the play we find, that where the measure is at all complicated, no pains have been taken to make the strophe and antistrophe exactly correspond. The task is indeed a hard one, but it is one which, in our judgment, a translator of a Greek play — a work of high poetical art — ought not to decline. We proceed to another of Mr. Blackie's more successful passages. This time we will give the whole ode; it seems to us well and boldly rendered; and the merit is greater as the original is almost unreadable as it stands, being the most corrupt part of the *Choephoræ*.

'O thou, o'er all Olympian gods that be
Supremely swaying,
With words of wisdom, when I pray to thee,
Inspire my praying.
We can but pray: to do, O Jove, is thine,
Thou great director;
Of him within, who works thy will divine,
Be thou protector! STROPHE 1.

Him raise, the orphan'd son, whom thou dost see
In sheer prostration;
Twofold and threefold he shall find from thee
Just compensation.
But hard the toil. Yoked to the car of Fate ANTISTROPHE 1.
When harshly driven,
O raise him thou! his goaded speed abate
Wisely from Heaven!
Jove tempers all, steadies all things that reel;
When wildly swerveth
From the safe line Life's burning chariot-wheel,
His hand preserveth.
Ye Gods, that guard these gold-stored halls, this day
Receive the claimant,
Who comes, that old Wrong to young Right may pay
A purple payment.
BLOOD BEGETS BLOOD; but, when this blow shall fall, STROPHE 2.
O thou, whose dwelling
Is Delphi's fuming throat, may this be all!
Of red blood, welling
From guilty veins, enough. Henceforth may joy
Look from the eyes of the Atridan boy,
Discerning clearly
From his ancestral halls the clouds unrolled,
That hung so drearly.
And thou, O Maia's son, fair breezes blow, ANTISTROPHE 2.
The full sail swelling!
Cunning art thou through murky ways to go,
To death's dim dwelling;
Dark are the doings of the gods; and we,
When they are clearest shown, but dimly see;
Yet Faith will follow
Where Hermes leads, the leader of the dead,
And thou, Apollo.
Crown ye the deed; then will I freely pour EPODE.
The blithe libation,
And with pure offerings cleanse the Atridan floor
From desecration!
Then with my prosperous hymn the lyre shall blend
Its kindly chorus,
And Argos shall be glad, and every friend
Rejoice before us!
Gird thee with manhood, boy; though hard to do,
It is thy father's work: to him be true.
And when she cries, Son, wilt thou kill thy MOTHER?
Cry FATHER, FATHER! and with that name smother
The rising oath. As Perseus, when he slew
The stony Driad, was stony-hearted, do
Thy mission stoutly;
For him below, and her above, pursue
This work devoutly.

The gods by thee, in righteous judgment, show
Their grace untender;
Thou to the man that dealt the deathful blow
Like death shalt render.'

An exact student of the Greek might complain that commentary is too much mixed up here with strict translation; but this, though undeniably one of Mr. Blackie's sins, is venial, and even laudable, in the present instance; where, though the sense of Æschylus is generally plain, hardly a single sentence appears to have come down to us as he wrote it: So that a little interpolation and adaptation are almost necessary to give a notion of the text as it should be — a fair stretch of the translator's privilege, since the mere English reader could have no interest in seeing a barren fac-simile of the text. Nor will we stop to indicate either the points where we differ from the sense given to the original, or the one or two expressions which strike us as out of taste. Our readers will have remarked that the passage is one requiring vigour of handling rather than delicacy of touch or ornamental skill; and consequently, if we have formed a right judgment of his peculiar merits and deficiencies, well adapted to Mr. Blackie's power. But it would be wrong to infer from this that he is not capable of giving effect to the more pathetic parts of his author; on the contrary, his native simplicity has enabled him, on more than one occasion, to do them justice. Let us turn to the conclusion of the *Persians*, which, as he rightly observes in his preface to the play, however ridiculous it may appear to the taste of Bishop Blomfield and other modern critics, must have been wonderfully effective to an ancient audience, the exhibition of national lamentation being brought to a climax in a grand antiphonal chant. We more readily choose the passage as coming from one of the less known dramas, not from the *Prometheus*, nor from any member of the great Trilogy: —

'*Xerxes.* Weep, and while the salt tears flow, STROPHE 6.
To the palace let us go!
Chorus. We weep, and while the salt tears flow,
To the palace with thee go.
Xerxes. Ring the peal both loud and shrill!
Chorus. An ill addition is ill to ill.
Xerxes. Swell the echo! high and higher,
Lift the wail to my desire!
Chorus. With echoing sorrow, high and higher,
We lift the wail to thy desire.
Xerxes. Heavy came the blow, and stunning;
Chorus. From my eyes the tears are running.
Xerxes. Lift thine arms, and sing them low, ANTISTROPHE 6.
Oaring with the oars of woe!

Chorus. Our arms we lift, dark woes deploring,
With the oars of sorrow oaring.
Xerxes. Ring the peal both loud and shrill!
Chorus. Grief to grief, and ill to ill.
Xerxes. With shrill melody, high and higher,
Lift the wail to my desire!
Chorus. With thrilling melody, high and higher
We lift the wail to thy desire.
Xerxes. Mingle, mingle sigh with sigh!
Chorus. Wail for wail, and cry for cry.
Xerxes. Beat your breasts; let sorrow surge, STROPHE I.
Like a Mysian wailer's dirge!
Chorus. Even as a dirge, a Mysian dirge.
Xerxes. From thy chin the honour tear,
Pluck thy beard of snowy hair.
Chorus. We tear, we tear the snowy hair.
Xerxes. Lift again the thrilling strain.
Chorus. Again, again ascends the strain.
Xerxes. From thy breast the white robe tear, ANTISTROPHE I.
Make thy wounded bosom bare!
Chorus. The purfled linen lo! I tear.
Xerxes. Pluck the honour from thy head,
Weep in baldness for the dead!
Chorus. I pluck my locks, and weep the dead.
Xerxes. Weep, weep, till thine eyes be dim!
Chorus. With streaming woe they swim, they swim.
Xerxes. Ring the peal, both loud and shrill!
Chorus. Grief to grief, and ill to ill! EPODE.
Xerxes. Go to the palace: go in sadness!
Chorus. I tread the ground here not with gladness.
Xerxes. Let sorrow echo through the city.
Chorus. From street to street the wailing ditty.
Xerxes. Sons of Susa, with delicate feet,
Gently, gently tread the street!
Chorus. Gently we tread the grief-sown soil.
Xerxes. The ships, the ships by Ajax' isle,
The triremes worked our ruin sheer.
Chorus. Go! thy convoy be a tear!'

Before we quit the lyrical part of the work, we would express our regret that Mr. Blackie (save in the opening of the *Persians*, which he will himself admit to be an exceptional case) has not availed himself of the English anapæstic measure as a natural equivalent to the systems of anapæsts in which Æschylus, more than either of the other two tragedians, seems to delight. As we hinted above, we are no advocates for forcing classical metres upon an uncongenial language; but where such a metre does exist as a plant of indigenous growth, it is surely well to take advantage of it. Mr. Blackie may question its appropriateness,

remembering the numberless instances in which it has been used for lighter strains, or, at least, for pieces of mere sentiment, like the Irish Melodies. But we think one such example as Wolfe's lines on Sir John Moore — a regular set of anapæsts after the Greek model, each dimeter being followed by a parœmiac, as in the Aristophanic parabasis — ought to prove that the measure is capable of moving to the most solemn and stately music. The trochees, sometimes rhymed, more frequently unrhymed, which Mr. Blackie adopts instead, do not seem to us a very happy substitution; while their composition betrays a sort of interminable facility, which renders them unfit representatives of such splendid pieces of measured recitative as those which introduce the chorus in the *Suppliants* and in the *Agamemnon*.

In the dialogue Mr. Blackie, as was to be expected, has abandoned the 'line-for-line' principle, which we saw a few pages back to be so desirable in itself, yet so fatal in its actual working. We cannot but think the surrender especially unfortunate in his case; for it tends to foster his particular failings, — that of an occasional redundancy of style, which requires to be bound by the strictest restraints of form and metre, and a tendency to incorporate explanatory matter into the text, instead of reserving it for a note. This last propensity is, indeed, one which, if very sparingly used, may deserve the name of a virtue, as it may happen that the peculiar stringency of the Greek actually requires a little relaxation to make it endurable in English. The mere position of the words in a Greek sentence may convey an effect which our own language, even if it could always tolerate similar collocations, can only transmit adequately by breaking up the arrangement, and putting the more emphatic words into a separate clause. Besides, there is a wonderful power of expressive reticence in the Greek particles, which it is frequently impossible to attain in literal translation, so that the reticence must be infringed, in order to preserve the expressiveness. But this, when it is done, should be done very slightly, not as though a licence were thereby given to expatiate freely, and bring out the whole of the latent meaning without any chance of mistake. Much may often be done merely by the judicious modulation of a passage, the stress being made to fall on the emphatic words, and the remainder being left to the discrimination of a practised reader, who will bear in mind the fact that the Greek was written expressly for acting. Mr. Blackie is less cautious, allowing himself not uncommonly to introduce whole sentences, in order to put the supposed force of the passage in the clearest light. In this there is the further disadvantage, that the force of the passage may possibly be misapprehended, in which case

the addition becomes something worse than useless. It may be right for the Herald in the Agamemnon to open his self-congratulatory speech (*εὖ γὰρ πέπρακται κ.τ.λ.*), 'Die now, an thou 'wilt, for joy!' or for Clytemnæstra, announcing her husband's murder, to begin with a more marked reference to her previous speeches than appears on the face of the Greek (*πολλῶν πάροιθε καιρίως εἰρημένων*), 'I spoke to you before;' but to make the Chorus in their altercation with Ægisthus, instead of bursting out with the question, *τί δῆτα τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδ' ἀπὸ ψυχῆς κακῆς Οὐκ αὐτὸς ἠνάριζες*, first entreat to be heard,—'Hear me yet once!' appears to us a singularly unfortunate use of a questionable privilege. Akin to this is a fancy, entertained by some translators (we remember particularly Mr. Hayward in the preface to his Faust), that where there are two possible meanings to a passage it is the perfection of success to shadow out both. Mr. Blackie in one instance seems inclined to extend this rule even to the case of two possible readings—an application which, though perfectly legitimate, ought, we should think, to prove at once the incongruity of the practice contended for. Where the same word was clearly intended by the poet to have more than one meaning (as in the instance quoted above from the *Agamemnon*), it is of course right that the translator, if possible, should compass *both.* Again, where two meanings are possible, though only one can be true, there can be no harm if the translator's ingenuity should come to the help of his judgment, and relieve him from the responsibility of making a choice by presenting him with a word, or set of words, which may equally stand for *either.* But, failing this, it is not only not laudable, but most unjustifiable, to give two renderings, where one, if true, does not at once exclude the other, but remains amicably side by side with it. The laws of translation do not allow what in sporting phrase is called *hedging;* the venture made must be a *bonâ fide* one, or at least one which does not buy off failure by sacrificing the possibility of complete success. We are detaining ourselves, however, from our last quotation, which shall be a specimen of Mr. Blackie's power in managing the dialogue. It will be seen that in departing from strict conformity to the Greek he has nevertheless preserved in no inconsiderable degree the tone and temper of his original. The passage is that fine one where Orestes is about to murder his mother:—

'*Clytemnestra.* I nursed thy childhood, and in peace would die.
Orestes. Spare thee to live with me—my father's murderer?
Clytemnestra. Not I; say rather Fate ordained his death.
Orestes. The self-same Fate ordains thee now to die.

Clytemnestra. My curse beware, the mother's curse that bore thee.
Orestes. That cast me homeless from my father's house.
Clytemnestra. Nay, to a friendly house I lent thee, boy.
Orestes. Being free-born, I like a slave was sold.
Clytemnestra. I trafficked not with thee. I gat no gold.
Orestes. Worse—worse than gold: a thing too foul to name!
Clytemnestra. Name all my faults; but had thy father none?
Orestes. Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber.
Judge not the man that goes abroad and labours.
Clytemnestra. Hard was my lot, my child; alone, uncherished.
Orestes. Alone by the fire, while for thy gentle ease
Thy husband toiled.
Clytemnestra. Thou wilt not kill me, son?
Orestes. I kill thee not. Thyself dost kill thyself.
Clytemnestra. Beware thy mother's anger-whetted hounds—
Orestes. My father's hounds have hunted me to thee.
Clytemnestra. The stone that sepulchres the dead art thou,
And I the tear on't.
Orestes. Cease! I voyaged here
With a fair breeze: my father's murder brought me.
Clytemnestra. Ah me! I nursed a serpent on my breast.
Orestes. Thou hadst a prophet in thy dream last night;
And since thou kill'dst the man thou should'st have spared,
The man, that now should spare thee, can but kill.'

In the foregoing remarks our object has been to introduce Mr. Blackie's volumes to our readers, by giving adequate specimens of the merits which will be found in them on an independent perusal. The faults of the work we have sought to indicate in a manner which shall be intelligible to the author himself, and to those who, having examined his labours carefully, are not likely to derive a false impression from the strictures of a reviewer. To mention thus generally the defects which occurred to us was due not only to the public but to Mr. Blackie, who, having allowed them to remain, must be presumed to be unconscious of them; and, should he coincide with our judgment, in whole or in part, will of course be glad to remove them in a future edition. It must not be forgotten, however, that the work was one which in its very conception involved an unusual liability to error, not merely from the causes specified before, themselves amply sufficient to extenuate considerable lapses in execution, but from the extent of its scope as a complete English translation of Æschylus—a thing which but one or two writers have had the courage to undertake. A man who girds himself to so arduous a task is no more to be compared with a translator of a single play, than the latter is to be measured against the holiday performer, who in a happy moment hits off a solitary

chorus. If Mr. Blackie is occasionally surpassed by others in the *Agamemnon* or the *Prometheus*, he may justly reply that he has done what they have not even attempted — he has produced a readable and spirited version of the *Suppliants*. It is, in fact, not against Symmons or Chapman that he ought to be weighed, but against Potter; and how much nearer he comes to his author than Potter, it would be a waste of time to show. If he should not enjoy all the reputation which Potter has enjoyed in his day — if he should not be republished in Family Classical Libraries, or stored up with Flaxman's Outlines in Popular English Specimens — the fault is not his own, but belongs to the change of circumstances. And even though the change of circumstances of which we have spoken is unfavourable to the popularity of a translator on the former scale, yet is his occupation only reduced, it will never be entirely gone. He stands on the same ground as the poet himself, giving expression to what others feel but cannot utter. The most ardent classical student, if he appreciate the poetry of his author, will represent it to himself through some English medium, for English it must be in order to be his personal thought and feeling; and to make this medium visible and palpable, — to digest the glorious chaos of images and musical sounds into a new and living creation, — is an endeavour which, though it can be never more than partially successful, must be always gratefully received.

The love of Greek has been supposed to have died out in Scotland. The reproach is, we hope, exaggerated. If not, Professor Blackie and Colonel Mure must be great exceptions.

ART. VI. — 1. *Das Göthefeier zu Berlin im Jahre* 1849. Berlin: 1849.

2. *Goethe in Berlin. Erinnerungs-Blätter zur Feier seines hundertjährigen Geburtsfestes.* Berlin: 1849.

3. *Zu Goethe's Jubelfeier. Studien zu Goethe's Werken.* Von HEINRICH DÜNZER. Elberfeld: 1849.

4. *Goethe's Briefe an Frau von Stein.* 2 vols. Weimar: 1848.

ON August 28. 1849, and the following days, Germany celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of her greatest writer. All the literary capitals of that land of literature vied with each other in inventing ceremonial observances for the national jubilee. In accordance with the prevailing musical tendencies of the people, operatic representations formed the lead-

ing features of the several festivals. The dramatic *chefs d'œuvre* of the poet were produced with every accompaniment which modern skill in music and decoration could supply; his lyrics,—solemn, festive, and satirical,—were performed in the most brilliant manner by mixed chorusses of professionals and amateurs: Schumann, Mendelsohn Bartholdy, and the other living or recent composers of Germany, furnished their sweetest strains for the great occasion. All the literary and philosophical celebrities of the day contributed their quota of odes, speeches, and sentiments. The veteran Alexander von Humboldt officiated as Coryphæus at Berlin, and led the way in an address full of his own brilliant generalisations, of which the most characteristic specimen that we can find is a comparison of the lives of men of genius to 'the appearance of those everlasting lights of celestial 'space of which the greater orbs are sometimes dispersed like 'sporadic existences in the measureless ocean, sometimes united 'in brilliant groups.' Nor were the proper attractions wanting for the inferior orders of the cultivated world. There were triumphal arches, fountains, scenic decorations, transparencies of Göthe surrounded by every attribute of allegory,—Göthe as 'Dichterkind' on a griffin, Göthe as 'Dichterjüngling' on a Pegasus,—dinners, polkas, illuminations, and fireworks.

Yet it seems that the celebration, everywhere alike, was regarded as a failure. No corresponding inspiration was kindled in the audiences by the laborious enthusiasm of the stage-managers. They listened, dull, spiritless, and uninterested; or, at best, they applauded the music, and gazed on the show, as they might on any other occasion; but without any notice of the peculiar significance of the day. The Fates themselves appeared to take a pleasure in mocking the solemnity. It was marred everywhere by cross accidents. At Berlin the contractor for the banquet miscalculated the number of his guests, and the assembled votaries had to endure four mortal hours of a dinner which was little better than nominal, the intervals between the speeches not being duly enlivened by courses of more substantial diet. At Weimar, so long the poet's residence, his own family refused to take any part in the business; owing, it was said, to some quarrel with the municipality about the property in his relics. At Frankfort, his birthplace, the burghers were insolvent, and out of humour; the populace savage and sore from the recent chastisement of their neighbour radicals of Baden by the Prussian bayonets. They voted the whole affair a piece of aristocratic impertinence; and when the managers got up a nocturnal serenade in front of the old house

of the Göthes, the mob interrupted it, and put the performers to flight with a chorus of 'Katzenmusik.'

No doubt the period at which the jubilee fell was an unfortunate one. Men's minds, reeking with political excitement, were little disposed to take interest in the payment of a somewhat pedantic homage to mere literary greatness. The failure of so many cherished schemes of German freedom and union had engendered among the more enthusiastic a spirit of fierce disappointment, which was ready enough to vent itself in bitterness against the memory of the idols of the last generation. The attacks of Börne and his school had, moreover, indisposed the sentiments of many of the younger class towards Göthe. The cherished author of the higher cultivated circles had been represented — with very little reason — as opposed to the political rights of the lower orders; and — with a good deal more — as having laboured to repress that spirit of hopeful activity out of which alone political reforms could arise. His reputation, in short, had become a kind of battle-field between democrats and conservatives; and the former, although for the moment the defeated party, were as yet the loudest. But, beyond all these temporary obstacles to the success of the commemoration, it cannot be denied that a sense of unreality, a blank dissatisfaction, weighed on minds capable of calmer and more elevated judgment. The worship which was once paid, sincerely if blindly, to the living man, had become, they felt, mere conventional idolatry of the dead. Göthe was no longer what he had been, nor was his Germany the same. It was not the fame of the 'Artist' which was in question: that was established. In that character, 'nothing could touch him farther;' the Book of Fate had closed on the page which recorded his name. But Göthe had been much more than this to Germany. For many years he had been regarded as the first practical philosopher of his day — the Liberator of the age from prejudice and barbarism; — the great Teacher, from whom men were to learn how to direct their energies aright, how to achieve that perfect balance or harmony of the faculties and passions in which he placed the supreme good of his system. It was in this capacity that he had been reverenced with an enthusiasm unparalleled in modern days, and which nothing but its honesty preserved from absolute ridicule. Each of his greater works had been overlaid with multiplied gloss and commentary, in which critics vied with each other in extracting from their subject the greatest amount of recondite learning. Every trivial saying which he chose, after his half-solemn half-mystifying fashion, to propound as oracular, had been treasured and expanded as a relic of in-

spiration. Where was all this glory now? Where was the vaunted 'world-philosophy' of the accomplished Epicurean? Had it not become as vain and wearisome as the systems of those former schools which it had been held to supersede? Was not there a painful suspicion that much of the weakness and degeneracy of the higher classes — much of their impotence to resist the torrent of those false principles and exaggerated sentiments in which they had long ceased to share — was owing to the enervating influence of doctrines once admired as exalting man to the ethereal serenity of angelic natures?

All these were unsettled questions at best. The world had not yet arrived at that point in its progress from which it might survey with judicial clearness the character of the mighty deceased; and his spirit, evoked untimely from its recent grave for this solemnity, was viewed by numbers as a spectre of questionable shape — a crowned phantom, the legitimacy of whose title was still under just debate.

The time has assuredly not arrived for a full appreciation of Göthe. The peculiar spirit of that age in which his mind was formed as yet clings too much to our generation, to render us truly competent and impartial judges. But the time *has* arrived, we think, when it behoves us to question ourselves as to the results of that long and brilliant career on modern society. It is time to examine what Göthe has done for us, what is the nature and tendency of the train of thought which he has left behind him, what school he has founded, what is the general bearing of his philosophy on those which preceded it and on those which are yet to come. These, no doubt, may seem questions of more immediate importance in Germany, and on the Continent generally, than for our solitary and self-sufficing society. But the contagion of a genius so searching as his, is to be kept out by no quarantine of English prejudices and indifference. The subject is not disposed of by the mere statement that English people read little of Göthe; if, indeed, the fact be so. They read him at second or third hand; they meet with some portion of his spirit alike in the abstruser speculations of modern religion and ethical philosophy, and in the common literature of the day. No one can well over-estimate the influence which a single mind, possessed of great original powers, and turning them in a popular direction, exercises in our day of rapid interchange of thought; or the speed with which that influence is conveyed, by a thousand ramifying channels, to the very extremities of the educated community.

And this must be the apology for foreigners, like ourselves, when we venture to pass criticisms on great names like his,

apparently so far removed from our judgments by peculiarities of language and habits of thought. It is an apology, which conveys at the same time a far higher compliment than any which literary flattery could devise. When we are told that we cannot understand Göthe, our answer is, that he has made himself understood. Line upon line, precept upon precept, his writings have forced their way into our own literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth. We are not only entitled, but bound, to examine and to judge of him, and to say for ourselves, with whatever consciousness of uncertainty in our judgments, what is the nature and extent of this power which is at work among us, and how far its operation is for good or for evil.

And a similar apology is perhaps due to our readers, for calling their attention from topics of more immediate interest to some which may appear a little trite and inappropriate to the time. This journal has on various occasions, and when the subjects were more recent, taken part in critical controversies about Göthe's literary fame, and has sometimes incurred thereby the indignant animadversions of those who claimed for the object of their admiration the somewhat inconsistent honours, as they always appeared to us, of being at once the universal genius whom all the world was bound to worship, and the peculiar genius whom few could understand besides themselves. But we have no wish to go again over that beaten ground. It is less with Göthe as the mere author than as the moral philosopher that we are now concerned. For that Göthe's writings do involve a peculiar view of life, its duties, and its objects,—that he has furnished mankind, not only with new subjects of thought, but with new ways of thinking and feeling,—is declared at once by his multitudinous admirers, and by the determined band of opponents who in later years have been raised up against him in his own country. And we must still farther trespass on our reader's indulgence for somewhat antiquated criticism, if, in order to estimate still more fully the position from which he started, the ground which he traversed, and the direction which he has given to those who are to continue the race, we go still farther back, and concern ourselves awhile with celebrities still more out of date. For as three great names—Voltaire, Rousseau, and Göthe—represent, in succession, the different phases of the social philosophy of an entire century, so the three owners of the names are connected, not solely by the law of literary dependence, but by those of re-action and contrast. It is impossible in any degree to understand the functions exercised by

Göthe in the European Commonwealth, without taking into view those performed by his predecessors; not merely because his mind was of course in great measure formed by theirs, but also because his philosophy is just what was looked for by a generation which, like his, had been taught by Voltaire and Rousseau, and had become dissatisfied with its teachers—partly a complement of their doctrines, partly a protest against them.

It scarcely seems necessary to go higher than to Voltaire in tracing, for popular purposes, the parentage of modern continental philosophy. For his most extraordinary gift was that of assimilating, combining, and reproducing the thoughts of others; so that, with little originality of his own, he was able to pass off his second-hand inspiration as genuine. Clear, subtle, daring, with every quality but depth, he obtained all that sway over the public mind which is seldom acquired by the real originator of thought — too conscious, in general, of the inadequacy of his own views to be able to impose them with the tone of a sovereign. Few indeed looked through Voltaire, at Bayle and Pascal, who stood behind him. He seemed to France, and Europe in general, to occupy the extremity of the visible horizon — the father of authorship — the oracle alike of politics, philosophy, and literature — the living 'We' of journalism before journalism had acquired its present substantial existence. He deserves, therefore, to rank as the first of the great priests of the modern creed of Negation. There were poets before Homer, and sceptics before Voltaire; and it may be a profitable as well as curious research to inquire after both: but for us, whose object is only to trace in some degree the course of popular thought and writing in later days, Voltaire is the beginning of all things.

To many, indeed, the examination of peculiarities in his character seems superfluous. Voltaire was an infidel and an arch-teacher of infidelity; and as such to be cast aside with one general mark of reprobation. We would willingly remain at peace with critics such as these, for we respect their feelings, nay, sympathise with them, far too sincerely to condemn or sneer at them: we travel by a more arduous and doubtful road than they; but it is to meet at the same point, if possible, at last. But we would, nevertheless, ask those who imagine that the mere fact of his infidelity dispenses with all serious inquiry into his tenets and motives, by implying utter perversity and worthlessness of judgment, what else they would have had him but an infidel? He was endowed with a clear spirit and a penetrating genius: he could not have remained among the nameless millions who live and die in nominal belief. Was he

to be a zealous Romanist of his own time and country? Was he to acquiesce in the religion *à la* Maintenon which was in fashion in his young years, that lowest and worst of hypocrisies, — when coarse, deliberate vice, unexcused by passion, was not only varnished over by outward decency, but actually intruded among religious observances, with the respectful acquiescence, at least, of the prelates and saints of an age which the Duc de Noailles, a Christian writer, is not ashamed to indicate, in his recent 'Life of Madame de Maintenon,' as a model for ours? Would they have had him reverence Christianity under the cardinal's hat of Dubois, or Alberoni, or Fleury? or in the wretched series of low intrigues, craven tempers, and obscure ambitions, which characterised the last years of the company of Jesuits before their dissolution? Was he to join one half of the sincere believers of Paris in persecuting the other half, in the affair of the Jansenists? or was he to side with the martyrs in their one-sided orthodoxy, mingled as it was with credulity of the most contemptible order? All this was impossible. There was, no doubt, an alternative. There was then, in Romanist France, as there has been, and ever is, in Christian countries of whatever persuasion, the small company of God's chosen servants — of those to whom it is given to extract truth even from the midst of bewildering errors — of those who are rarely known to the world, and can but seldom even know and recognise each other in it. But to say of any one that he was not a member of this invisible Church is scarcely a reproach; and between this and unbelief there was no resting-place for a mind like Voltaire's, and in his day.

The open and literal character of his unbelief, wherein he differs from all other really great men, was a consequence of a certain necessity both of his moral and intellectual nature. He could never utter half his thought. If he could have done so, he might have avoided his thirty years of exile, or have spent them under the shadow of royalty at Berlin. And his thought went always directly to its point. When once the apparent logical truth was reached, he had no conception of the possibility of error from too wide generalisation in the premises, and entertained the greatest contempt for all who suggested it. It was utterly impossible that he should frame for himself any of those more or less hazy atmospheres of mixed sentiment and reasoning — mixed faith and incredulity — in which so many minds of a different, perhaps a superior order, have been and are involved. In attacking the letter of the Bible, he had no doubt whatever that he was dealing direct blows at the foundation of all revealed religion. His reasoning on the one side was as concise as the

popular reasoning of that day, and of ours, on the other. There is a revelation from God, says the common syllogism: therefore every word of the Bible is true in its literal sense. Much of the Bible is demonstrably false in its literal sense, says Voltaire, therefore there is no revealed religion. His judgment needed no further proof than this: his conscience never awakened to the void which so many feel whose judgment has been led astray. He had no shrinking whatever from the abyss of negation, which opens on most men when revealed truth is discarded. It was filled up to his perfect satisfaction by natural religion. There was no doubt, no mystery, about his God of Nature. A few trivial deductions from design and contrivance — a few probabilities turned into axioms — were quite enough to satisfy him. It might be said of him, as Heine says of his offspring, the 'Genevese School;' 'They made of the Deity an able artist, 'who has constructed the world much as their fathers manu-'factured watches.' The being of God was in his view, if not quite as strictly demonstrated as the falsehood of the Bible, at least firmly established on the basis of convenience; and an Atheist was quite as absurd a person as a priest. Whatever may have been his occasional fits of complaisance towards thorough-going friends who outstripped him in their unbelief, his own judgment always repudiated Atheism. He also dreaded it. 'If,' said he in 1765, in one of those moments of almost prophetic *clairvoyance* which distinguished him, 'the world were ever to be 'governed by Atheists, we might as well be under the empire of 'those infernal beings who are represented to us as savagely 'tormenting their victims.'

But Voltaire is commonly called an immoral as well as an irreligious writer; and the saying is true of course, but not true in the sense, or to the extent, usually intended. Immoral he was, as a writer, as far as an imagination as lively as it was depraved, great regardlessness of truth, much jealousy and much arrogance, and these all obtruded on the world with an utter absence of self-restraint, could make him. But immoral in the sense of an impugner of the laws of morality he was not; herein, again, differing from the great men who followed him. He never attacked those laws directly: never indirectly on purpose, whatever may have been the effect of his reckless ridicule. On the contrary, he upheld them, even ostentatiously, as the foundations of his system; which had only the defect, quite imperceptible to his eyes, of containing nothing on which the foundations themselves might rest. It was enough for him that the excessive inconvenience of a world without morality was demonstrable. 'The Supreme Intelligence which

'has formed us willed that there should be justice on the earth, 'in order that we might be able to live on it a certain number 'of years.' 'La morale vient de Dieu, comme la lumière.' Thou shalt not do murder, like the Dominicans; nor be ambitious, like the Jesuits; nor licentious, like the Capuchins: such were his daily edicts. Why not? Because the God of Nature has willed it: and I, Voltaire, am his prophet: and if you preach aught to the contrary, you are a Lamétrie, a 'Velche,' a barbarian.

The same hard clearness in his outlines of thought equally distinguishes Voltaire in other points, in which he comes closely within range of the thoughts and feelings of his readers. His very egotism is of this description. It is as superficial as his ethics and his religion. Egotism, which is the greatest attraction of other leading writers with whom he is commonly compared and contrasted, in him only provokes our propensity to ridicule. He is no self-anatomiser. He never dreams of bringing before you the man Voltaire, with his intimate thoughts and sympathies. He introduces you to Voltaire the historian, the tragedian, the literary oracle of his age. He drapes himself, and poses before you in every variety of attitude: but you never for a moment imagine yourself Voltaire, or enter with him into that deep communion of spirit which turns books into living men. His whole life was representation, and he never seems to have conceived life under any other aspect. And this is the reason why, unlike almost all other great men, he is perhaps less himself in his familiar correspondence than anywhere else. Nothing makes the reader less intimate with Voltaire than his letters. They have spirit enough, but no body. They disclose nothing, because their author had no secrets, and put his soul, such as it was, quite as much into his Philosophical Dictionary, or his fugitive criticisms, as into his closest correspondence. It was an odd compliment paid by an Austrian empress to Voltaire's familiar verses, that, addressed as they often are to the highest correspondents, and playing with the most delicate subjects, she never detected an expression in them contrary to etiquette.

Such was Voltaire in some of his most salient features; and being such, it may be matter of surprise with some that his influence should have been, not only so extensive in his own day, but so permanent with later generations. Qualities of style, and the other faculties of the 'artist,' will not account for this. His wit, unrivalled as it is, might maintain his popularity, but could not perpetuate his empire. The unequalled conversational beauty of his style, by which the reader is carried,

as in a pleasant journey on an easy road, over, or past, all the difficulties at which deeper reasoning would stumble, is also a quality rather to excite pleasure than to ensure admiration. Nor has the good which Voltaire really worked in his own time much to do with his present position. As a destroyer of past abuses he may be entitled to gratitude; but so are the impugners of witchcraft, and other respected but forgotten benefactors. We must therefore seek for the real ground of his supremacy elsewhere; and we find it in the close adaptation of his philosophy to the requirements of a large portion of mankind. How many are there — and especially men whose business makes them much conversant with the world, statesmen, men of business, and the like,—to whose minds scepticism like that of Voltaire is not only a natural element, but one in which they feel contented, and out of which they seek not for escape! Dogmatism has no attractions for them; but mysticism is even more adverse to their dispositions. The first will not satisfy their shrewd and cautious natures; but the second always produces on them the effect of imbecility, or cheatery. They find the world full of problems, and compel themselves to take the first and simplest practical solution. 'Il 'faut prendre un parti' (the motto of Voltaire's latest defence of natural religion, 1772,) is the principle on which they choose their line: but criticism, not faith, is their natural element. They have a clear perception, if not a keen sense, of moral right and wrong; and none of the sophistry by which minds of a different class seek daily to obscure it has any effect upon them. Such men are true Voltairians; and it matters not whether they are sceptics in the ordinary sense of the word, or whether they have deliberately chosen a religion, rather by an act of the will than of the intellect,—rather as a thing to be received than believed. While such men exist, and have, as they must have, a marked share in the conduct of the affairs of mankind, their great master, whether his influence be felt direct or at second-hand, will remain one of the literary sovereigns of the world.

But such minds will always constitute a minority, however important a one, among thinking and feeling men. The multitude of those to whom faith is a necessity is far greater. It would far exceed the present purpose to examine, how the Voltairian influence required and called into existence by inevitable reaction a counterbalancing power; and how this was furnished by a spirit of a very different character, one far inferior in those points wherein Voltaire's supremacy lay, but as infinitely superior in others, and great above all in his own weaknesses:—one too who resembled Voltaire at least in this, that he adopted

and attracted, and effaced by the splendour of his own genius, the converging tendencies of many minds anterior to his own. With none of Voltaire's advantages—low in origin, coarse in tastes, repulsing the intimacy and outraging the self-opinion of literary folks, wayward in heart and understanding, to a degree which amounted to unquestionable insanity—Rousseau swayed the world by two prevailing qualities. He was the great poet of the universal passion—love. He was the great prophet of the doctrine most universally seductive to the human intellect—the perfectibility of man. He introduced man to a new guide—a guide who might serve either as a substitute for revelation or a companion to it; teaching, that every man was indeed a law unto himself. If not absolutely the first to proclaim this doctrine, he was the first to clothe it sometimes with the seductive graces of refined voluptuousness, sometimes with the still more powerful attractions of asceticism and self-denial, borrowed from a severer creed; oftener still, with the charms of philanthropy. This was, in truth, as has been often observed, a consummation for which the world had been long preparing. The practical sense of man's corruption through original sin, the moving principle of so many religious reformations, had long been dying away. Rome had preserved it dogmatically; but, mingled as it was in the view of Romanists with the tenets of a denounced and unpopular school, it was daily more and more lost sight of in their general teaching. Polite Calvinism was thrusting it into the background as fanatical, the Church of England as methodistical. The principles of Rousseau had at the utmost to break down, or rather to sap, the fence of a few traditionary dogmas, and appeared to numbers of unsuspicious believers fit to take their place side by side with such diluted Christianity as they possessed.

Accordingly, the influence of the 'Gospel of Rousseau,' as it has been called with greater force than is often contained in a mere sarcasm, spread with electric rapidity over Europe and America. It became at once the sole religion of multitudes, the subsidiary religion of multitudes more. Christianity itself,—that is, the Christianity of the world,—seemed, as we have said, to embrace and admit it; much as Christianity had in early times appeared to admit the popular infusion of Platonism; less, no doubt, in England than elsewhere; but to an extent we seldom realise, even among our own insulated and unsentimental people. If it entered most powerfully into the new Catholicism of the Stolbergs, Schlegel, and the rest, on the Continent; if it penetrated among the Pietists of Protestant Germany, where, as Göthe himself says, 'as soon as the belief in good works and

'their merit ceased, sentimentalism took its place; it was not less distinctly traceable in the tendencies of many popular religionists among ourselves. It insinuated itself among the Quakers and Unitarians; it made way even among the children of Knox and Cameron; nay, the very names of our Howards and Wilberforces, of which Religion is so justly proud, cannot be altogether disengaged from the ties of partial allegiance to that of Rousseau. Anglicanism alone—strong in its calmness, perhaps its coldness—seems to have rejected the specious importation almost wholly, and from the beginning.

The time of that intermixture has nearly passed by. The two streams, apparently commingled for a period, have run themselves clear again. The adherents of Revelation, taught by the brief duration and shameful fall of that palace of self-righteousness and vain-glory which Rousseau and his followers raised, have returned in great measure under the severer discipline of ancient belief. Among all the conflicts of modern religious schools, this, at least, seems to us discernible, notwithstanding some recent and partial appearances to the contrary, that the sense of the corruption of human nature, the strong Anti-Pelagian view of man and the world, however various the shapes which its conclusions may assume among Catholics and Protestants, gains ground, and becomes more and more characteristic; that the sects and shades of thinkers which hold by the more indulgent doctrine, become more and more distinctly marked off from the body of believers, and thrown into affinity with those who reject Revelation. But the system of Rousseau, though no longer the reigning one either in philosophy or religion, is still, perhaps, the most generally popular of all. Examine throughout Europe the life of courts and cities, the most commonly read literature of the day, the received social theories of the middle classes, and the feelings of women in particular, and wherever strict religious views do not prevail, it will be found that the ordinary substitute is still the 'Gospel of 'Rousseau.'

To compare the influence exercised by these two on European thought would be an endless task. So far as Englishmen may venture to pass judgment on such a point, we should say, that in a mere literary point of view, the influence of Voltaire had been almost wholly for good, that of Rousseau simply mischievous. Nor is this difficult to account for. The best points of Voltaire were precisely those in which it was most easy to follow him. His wit was eminently national, and differed only in degree from that possessed by numbers of his compatriots. His clearness of expression, his critical acuteness, and the

charms of his narrative, are all qualities in which he leaves a model more or less easily imitable. And accordingly most of the better class of French historical and philosophical works, written since Voltaire's day, savours of Voltaire in every line. Rousseau, on the contrary, is a writer for whom the Horatian phrase—*exemplar vitiis imitabile*—appears to have been invented. His worst points are those most easily seized, and most tempting to the imitator. His peculiar genius, which redeems them, is unapproachable. Men of lively but shallow fancy, ready rhetorical talent, and a superficial warmth of feeling, catch and exaggerate the tone of Rousseau with fatal facility; and thus are produced the popular sentimental writers whose fashion culminates, declines, and vanishes almost within a generation—the Saint Pierres, Chateaubriands, Lamartines, and the like.

But if we turn from the world of letters to that of life, as exhibited in modern political history, we shall meet with a very different result. Among those whose mental character and culture carry us back to Voltaire, we shall find many distinguished men; but all occupiers of second-rate, though eminent situations. This is the school which furnishes society with such leaders as Condorcet, Talleyrand, Metternich, Thiers; but the real masters of men, those who have moved millions by the force of a contagious enthusiasm, have always had a touch of the spirit of Rousseau: such men as Mirabeau, Robespierre, Napoleon, Nelson—however startling the juxta-position may appear.

As, in the history of a single human life, relaxation of energies is sure to follow their unnatural tension; as, with men of intellectual character, a youth of enthusiasm, full of strong purposes and exaggerated impulses, is commonly followed by a gradual disenchantment, until the care of self and its interests seems to become the only reality; as such men learn to smile at their past delusions—to look with an indulgence, half contemptuous and half tender, on their younger companions who are possessed with those longings of which they have proved the vanity; as they gradually retreat from one advanced position to another, until understanding, and wit, and cultivated sensibilities, and all the powers which once 'wandered through eter-'nity,' are tamed and disciplined to the household business of smoothing their owner's progress through the troubles of the world; such were the changes which came over the philosophical mind of Europe when Rousseau was dethroned, with the fall of his extravagant child, the Republic. Thenceforward the spirit which he had aroused passed to the outer multitude of thinkers and readers, the ordinary preservers of the last by-gone fashion. Among the more advanced class, the pretensions of his imitators

were received only with ridicule. Something new was wanted. Voltaire had exhausted for the time intellectual scepticism, and Rousseau sentiment. Voltaire had mocked at ordinary human nature; Rousseau had deified it. What was left, for those who had witnessed the decline of both, except the philosophy which turns from the unsolved enigmas of man's general nature and destinies to the cultivation of self, which strives to eliminate, as far as possible, the various impulses which lead to extravagance — which passes by religion with a bow, and philanthropy with a sneer, and teaches men that the real aim of his existence in this world is refined enjoyment of it? When the time for a new religion has arrived, a prophet has never been wanting to place himself at the head of it; and that eminence, in the present instance, was reserved for Göthe.

Göthe was born in 1749, consequently ten years earlier than Schiller and the others whom we commonly regard as his contemporaries. The habit of attaching himself more closely to younger men was one of his characteristics, as we shall see presently; and this circumstance, together with others, tends to make us forget his actual age, and rank him lower down in his century than his proper place. Nor is the distinction without importance; for Göthe being ten years older than his companions of whom we speak, received the full tide of the irruption of Rousseau into Germany in a soberer and less impressionable mood than they. His early youth passed away under the dominion of Voltaire; and he has recorded in his conversations with Eckermann the deep impression which the philosophy of that school made on him. He says himself that he resisted its influence successfully. It is probable that he was scarcely so much exposed to its contagion as he imagined. There were Teutonic faculties and deficiencies about him with which Voltairianism was incompatible: too much real depth of thought and feeling; an appetite for mysticism, though rather intellectual than of the heart; a wonderful penetration into the mental condition of other men, and power of seeing with other's eyes, such as no Frenchman ever possessed, and Voltairian Frenchmen least of all; a deficiency, we cannot but add, in the quality of wit — whatever his countrymen may think of the matter — most strange in a mind so richly furnished with other gifts. We are apt, therefore, on the whole, to interpret those passages in which he attributes so much of his own mental cultivation to Voltaire, as savouring a little of the common perversity of men of genius in judging of themselves; the same which made Byron vilipend the romantic school, and pronounce himself the follower of Pope; a slight affectation of contemning the qualities in which they

excel, and praising those in which they fall short. Thus far, however, is true, that some results of Encyclopedic teaching, combined with some natural coldness of disposition, and with a certain pride in superiority to mere enthusiasm, such as that of Schiller, enabled Göthe to resist the pressure of the 'Sturm und 'Drang Zeit,' and the more powerful seductions of the Theophilanthropic social philosophy, which made conquest of Germany in the years immediately preceding the French Revolution.

At a later period, Göthe's literary and personal friendship with Schiller became one of the warmest feelings of a heart not much addicted to expansive sympathies, at least with the masculine division of humankind. Yet it is difficult to suppose that his admiration of the younger poet, as an author, however sincere, was of any very high order. As a man of the world, and a courtier, Göthe had always something of a Byronic contempt for mere men of letters; and Schiller was one of the most childlike of the species. Both as a critic and a keen observer of life, he was thoroughly alive to the unreality of Schiller's poetical world, and the defects of dramatic studies elaborated from books, not from life. Moreover, the impartial judge must plainly admit that there was no sympathy in Göthe's heart with that singular purity of feeling, that unsuspecting romance of character, which, with the unsophisticated and uncritical, is Schiller's greatest charm.

In fact, the connexion of Göthe with Schiller is one of the passages in the elder poet's life which we dwell on at once with pleasure and with regret. Nothing can be more attractive than the honest admiration of the established favourite for the rising one;—the elder brother's fondness with which he at once cautions him against error, and defends him against attacks;—their chivalrous union against hostile criticism, dulness, and 'Philisterheit.' Schiller's popularity for a time eclipsed Göthe's; yet appears to have been as thoroughly enjoyed by Göthe as if it had been his own. The early death of the former alone put an end to a literary friendship which, under the circumstances, may almost be termed unexampled.

And yet all the time we feel a painful consciousness that the men were divided from each other by a 'monstrous gulf' in Schiller's own words; a more 'dreary gulf' than that of literary jealousy. We do not speak of mere inequality of powers, although Schiller's place, as it appears to us, is at best only an elevated one among the Dî minores of literature; Göthe's, perhaps, a low one among the superior Divinities; but from the lowest of these last to the highest of the second-rates, the distance is greater than —

'From the centre thrice to the utmost pole.'

But their moral aims and instincts were wholly opposite. It may be said emphatically of Schiller, that he was the only great writer of a cultivated age who ever dared to burst through the restraints which worldly philosophy casts around us, and to appeal freely and without reserve to the common sympathies of the honest part of man's nature, — the love of the beautiful, the love of glory, virtue, patriotism, devotion, — all the impulses with which we sympathise in the young, even when our own hearts have become chilled by advancing years, our judgment warped by long familiarity with the habitual sarcasm and irony of the cultivated world. 'Virginibus puerisque' is the fitting epigraph of all the works of his maturer age; and he had courage enough to show men that, in order to appreciate and enjoy him, they must become as children, and put on afresh the natural simplicity which they had cast aside as the garment of their boyhood. And he succeeded, with more than mere literary success. 'The mighty charm of his song not only touched 'the imaginations of men, but also their consciences.' He made, indeed, no durable impression on his age; the glow excited by his popularity was faint and transient: yet, such as it was, it seemed for a moment to produce a superficial thaw on the ice of a thousand years, and to bring men back to the times of which we dream rather than read, when genius, and virtue, and crime itself, wore the colouring of romance.

To Göthe all this transparent singleness of enthusiasm was as foreign as to his own Mephistopheles. Even in his best moods, his feeling for it was only that of an artist for a beautiful model. His disposition was not, indeed, mocking, nor had he the turn for burlesque and ridicule; his efforts in this line being among the least happy of his compositions. But he had attained a higher degree in the science of negation than Mephistopheles himself. He had attained to that profounder sophistry by which men, instead of acting the common part of devils' advocates, to pull down ordinary sainthood, create artificial virtues out of the weaknesses of humanity, and canonise saints of a new and questionable order. He studied by preference the foibles and shortcomings of his fellow-mortals; varnished them over with the brilliancy of style and sentiment; and, while professing all respect for ordinary doctrines and ethics, sought to prove that the real religion of man's heart, and the real end of his existence, lie in the refined cultivation of the mind and affections, and in subjecting all irregular impulses to a course of disciplined self-indulgence.

To Göthe, therefore, Schiller's heroes and heroines were mere unrealities, — creatures of the poet's fancy. Schiller, he saw, was

no observer of nature, and never depicted either human life or things external as he found them. He was conscious, on the other hand, of his own extraordinary powers of observing both. And this fundamental difference between their two habits of mind appears to us to be what he originally meant to express by the phrase, that 'Schiller's genius was "subjective," his own '"objective."' A phrase which had also some apparent foundation in Schiller's Kantian notions; and which Göthe's supremacy has absolutely imposed on German criticism, until the epithets 'ob-'jective,' 'many-sided,' and such like Teutonicisms, have become almost as inseparably attached to the name of Göthe, as 'ju-'dicious' to that of Hooker, or 'venerable' to that of Bede. It is a bold thing to controvert such received canons; but less bold than it would be if Göthe himself had not been the original propounder of them,—Göthe, who, like many others, was never so little infallible as when he judged of himself. We cannot but think that if the two epithets had been reversed, they would more accurately have described their subjects.

That Schiller never reproduced Nature is true; but he never reproduced himself. He saw Nature at second-hand—through books. He studied the classics till he raised for himself a new Olympus, with all its starry deities. He studied history until its characters arose before his fancy like living beings, only in that glorified state in which—

> 'Strength was gigantic, valour high,
> And wisdom soared beyond the sky.'

All his creations, therefore, were drawn from an imaginary world; but still it was a world wholly external to himself. His characters may be brilliant phantoms, if you will, but assuredly they are not so many Schillers. They are no mere reflections from his own individual being. Schiller's personality scarcely enters more into his poetry than Shakspeare's or Scott's.

We believe, on the other hand, that those who are in earnest in their love of Göthe, will generally agree with us as to the great source of *his* power; namely, that it is strictly subjective, in the most intelligible sense of that word. It has its origin in that strong predominance of the egotistical and self-analytic tendencies, which at once tempted and enabled him to transfer his own personality to the characters with which his imagination was dealing, and to call forth, in doing so, the corresponding egotism of the reader. If Göthe's situations are often dramatic, his characters are seldom so. When called on to exhibit energy or passion, they are apt to respond either with weakness or ranting. It is with the incomplete, the vague, the purposeless in human

nature, that he seems by preference to concern himself; and for this very reason he addresses himself directly to the large majority of the educated classes of mankind. What Shakspeare has done in one or two characters only, and as an exception, Göthe does with all those in which his genius delights itself. Truly did Hazlitt remark, that the charm of the character of Hamlet lies neither in dramatic power, nor in external resemblance to Nature, but in the strange manner in which its working and peculiarities correspond with our own, — 'It is we who are 'Hamlet.' How thoroughly this saying is applicable to Göthe, every day's additional study of his works will reveal to his admirer. None of his best remembered impersonations have the force of will, the power of action, which are commonly exhibited by dramatic artists in their leading characters. They are capricious, dreamy, and for the most part even unimpassioned creatures, — acted upon, rather than acting, meditating on life rather than taking part in it. But they are ourselves. It is the reader who is Faust, who is (or was, alas!) Werter — who is the real Wilhelm Meister. And it is impossible not to feel that the reason why the poet succeeds in so wonderful a manner in thus delineating us to ourselves, is because the features are in reality drawn, not from observation but from self-inspection; that he has brought forth the secrets of his own heart in order to elicit those of ours, and to make us conscious of a thousand hidden tendencies and feelings in ourselves, of which we had only a dim perception, until they were thus evoked by the representation of their shadows.

This main characteristic of Göthe's genius is obvious enough. It is not so easy to detect (but the examination well repays itself) the singular manner in which it mingles with, and gives completeness and strength to, the other powers which he so largely possessed. No one contests his wonderful acuteness of observation both of human nature and also of the external world. And yet, even with respect to the latter, and much more the former, his observation is comparatively cold — his description inanimate — unless he can, in a manner, project himself into them, and insinuate his own heart and mind into his analysis of those of others — his own way of perceiving Nature into his portraits of Nature herself. According to his own confession, and the researches of his admirers, there is scarcely one of his stories of life which is not founded on real incident. Those inserted in Wilhelm Meister are said to be all examples. Power of inventing a plot he seems to have had little or none. His way was either to take one from books, or, still more commonly, from actual occurrences. Characters which struck him, and ad-

ventures of which he was cognisant personally or from hearsay, make up the staple of his narratives. And yet he rarely appears to be painting character simply, and as external to himself. Take certain circumstances of life, certain qualities of mind and heart, to form an imaginary person — how would the individual Göthe think and feel, were he that person? This seems to be the invariable problem which he sets himself to solve. Nay, we must apply the same test even to his descriptions of outward nature and events, if we wish to appreciate them thoroughly. The forests of the Harz, the gorgeous cloud-land of the high Alps in winter, the lakes of Lombardy, the bay of Naples, the march of an invading army, the vicissitudes of a siege — few have represented these, even as mere pictures, with greater skill and fidelity. But the pictures lose the greater part of their charm unless the reader has made himself familiar with the mind of the author, and can see them with the eyes of Göthe himself, and partake in his sensations. Wieland saw this thoroughly, when the herd of German critics were praising Göthe's supposed 'objectivity' and 'realism.' 'The specialty' (says he, speaking of the 'Swiss Travels') 'which here, as in almost all his 'works, distinguishes him from Homer and Shakspeare, is that 'the "I," the "Ille Ego," glimmers through everywhere, 'although without ostentation and with consummate delicacy.' Göthe himself was at the bottom no less aware of it. It was (no doubt) a real perception of this leading peculiarity of his own genius, though he often affected to disguise it from himself and others, which made him sometimes recognise that the bulk of his writings were in truth addressed to particular classes only. 'My works,' he said to Eckermann, 'never can be popular: they 'are not written for the multitude, but only for individual men 'whose pursuits and aims are like my own.'

A curious exemplification of this leading peculiarity will be found in the history of the composition of the 'Sorrows of Werter,' about which many stories have been told; but the latest and most authentic seems to be given by Herr Dünzer in a separate chapter of one of the works before us. After Göthe's disappointment of the heart in the matter of his fair Alsatian, Friederike, he fell into one of those states of tender melancholy, in which a youth of twenty-three generally resorts to the society of the first fair sympathizer whom he can find, purely for friendly consolation. Such a comforter he soon found in a somewhat *bourgeoise* young lady, whose paternal appellation now appears to have been Miss Charlotte Buff. To her he confided his sorrows, and from her he exacted sympathy and advice, at such unwarrantable length, that poor Charlotte, who had no objection to a bit of

romance, provided it ended in the orthodox form of a proposal, grew tired, and entered into a matter-of-fact engagement with a very matter-of-fact friend of both parties, Christian Kestner. The discovery of this treason made Göthe quite certain that he was actually in love with the lady to whom he had never chosen to communicate his feelings, and threw him into all the despair of rejected and betrayed attachment. Just at this crisis of his history happened the tragic adventure of young Jerusalem—him of the buff waistcoat and yellow breeches—whose fatal passion is recounted in the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' The two events combined—his own disappointment and Jerusalem's—engendered the 'Sorrows of Werter.' Werter is Jerusalem and Göthe at once; he wears the costume, he undergoes the sufferings, he talks in many instances the very language (borrowed from his posthumous papers) of that too fascinating foreign-office clerk; but he is throughout what Göthe would have been, had he been Jerusalem; the imaginary transposition of the poet into the perplexities and distresses of his acquaintance. And thus a work which, let critics speak of it as they may, has excited the fancy and controlled the hearts of numbers of mankind, is spun out of the brain of a poet from materials which consist simply of his own heart and imagination, placed in circumstances of idealised truth; for 'Jerusalem' seems, after all, to have been only a young attaché of considerable solemnity and self-respect,—his flame, the real Charlotte—according to the testimony of the Prince de Ligne,—was not worth knowing; and her *double*, Charlotte Kestner, *née* Buff, must have been little better, judging from the cold manner in which Göthe speaks of her, whom he occasionally met in after life.*

* See Dünzer, p. 89, &c. It seems that Herr Kestner was not particularly pleased with the part of the philosophic husband, assigned to him in 'Werter,' and that Göthe was forced to retouch the character considerably in the second edition, without succeeding in thoroughly pacifying him; but Göthe was by this time deep in his new passion for the fashionable Frankfort belle, Miss Schönmann, and 'Werter' had become weariness and vexation to him. It must have been with some malicious pleasure in mystifying his admirers, that Göthe emerged from the gloom of 'Werter' into the graceful pleasantry of his various poems to 'Lili:' such as those exquisite lines in which he complains of her tyranny in drawing him from the dreamy voluptuousness of a poet's study into her favourite evening parties:—

'Warum ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich,
Ach! in jene Pracht?
War ich guter Junge nicht so selig
In der öden Nacht?

But if the real tendency of Göthe's genius was thus thoroughly subjective or egotistical, so much the less was he a dramatist in the peculiar sense of the word. Portraiture of character, independent of self, he has really little enough. This the reader can best appreciate by reflecting how few of the secondary figures in Göthe's plays or novels he can realize to himself, or regard with the smallest interest. The only exception of which we are aware proves the rule in the strongest possible manner. He is said to be particularly successful in the delineation of a certain class of female characters, in which he has met with many imitators; beings whose attraction lies in their simple and trustful dependence on man as a superior, — Mignon, Clara, Margaret. But the true charm of these imaginary beings lies less in themselves than in their relation to us — in the feelings of protection and supremacy to which they appeal — in the flattery they administer to masculine vanity and self-glorification.

We will only add, in order to dispose of an objection to our view which might be taken, that it is by no means inconsistent with what has been already said, to recognise Göthe's great excellence in one peculiarly dramatic point, — that accuracy of keeping which represents everything as seen and felt by the party introduced, not as seen and felt by the describer. It is, in fact, not difficult to see the real connexion between this quality and that strong personality which we have already attributed to him. It was precisely because Göthe projected so much of himself into the characters and scenes of his writings, that he made the events described develope themselves from the point of view of his own *dramatis personæ*, never as they would be perceived by a third party observing from without. This is a point on which great objective talent — great power of picturesque description, for instance, — is apt to lead its possessor astray, unless balanced by predominant egotism. A criticism of Göthe's on a passage of Walter Scott, though it relates in terms only to a matter of pictorial effect, will illustrate our general meaning also. It relates to the scene in 'Ivanhoe,'

'Heimlich in mein Zimmerchen verschlossen
Lag im Mondenschein,
Ganz von seinem Schauerlicht durchflossen,
Und Ich dämmert' ein.

'Bin Ich's noch, den du bei so viel Lichtern
An den Spieltisch hältst?
Oft so unerträglichen Gesichtern
Gegenüber stellst?' &c. &c.

where the Jew of York enters Cedric's hall. The costume of the Jew is minutely described, and, among the rest, the dress of his legs and feet. Now this, says Göthe, is wrong; for you are to suppose yourself in the position of Cedric and his guests: they are sitting at a table, with lights; and by persons so placed the details of the lower limbs of one who enters the room are not remarked, and, in fact, are hardly distinguishable. A similar instance of forgetfulness, more glaring because the narrative is thrown into the first person, occurs in 'Mazeppa.'

> 'The sky was cold, and dull, and gray,
> And a low breeze crept moaning by.'

The breeze was perceptible enough to Byron's muse, no doubt; but how could it possibly be felt by a man carried through the air, at full gallop, on horseback? Similar errors, in relation to things of more importance than pictorial effect — the developement of thought or passion — will constantly be found in writers of the highest order of what is commonly called dramatic power. The poet is substituted for his subject. We should be surprised at meeting with such instances in Göthe. Not only are they contrary to his careful touch, but he transforms himself, for the time, far too completely into the person whom he introduces, — whether as an agent or a mere observer, — to forget that imaginary existence which is become, for the time, his own.

In thus endeavouring to delineate some of the strongest literary characteristics of this great writer, we are conscious of having made a long digression from our immediate purpose, which was to regard him as a social philosopher, and with reference to his moral influence on the European mind. But, in truth, the one subject bears materially and directly on the other. If we have laboured, perhaps at unnecessary length, to show that an intense and refined egotism was among the principal elements of Göthe's literary genius, it was in order to illustrate his philosophic character; with the view of showing how his very excellencies, considered from the point of view of literary art, fitted him for the distinction of being the ablest and most successful of modern teachers in the school of Epicurus. Nor were the peculiarities of his temper and habits different from what his writings would lead the reader to anticipate. His whole history shows how abundantly he practised what he preached: how Self was the single divinity worshipped by him, with a refined and chastened worship, no doubt, during his long eighty years of life and activity.

'Göthe,' says Menzel, with much the same meaning as ours,

'adhered, in his writings, to nature; to the nearest nature; to 'his own. His own nature stood in exactest harmony with that 'which had become the reigning character of the modern world. 'He was the clearest mirror of modern life in his own life, as 'well as in his poetry. He needed only to delineate himself in 'order to delineate the modern world, its turn of sentiment, its 'inclinations, its worth, and its worthlessness. . . . . The 'talent of outward life, the arts of convenience, ease, and refine-'ment, daintiness of enjoyment, were his talisman in reality, 'and, again, appeared to him the worthiest object of poetry; 'inasmuch as he only mirrored the advantages which his own 'life and person represented.'

Menzel's splenetic tone and coarse inflation of style have detracted from the real value of his criticisms; but the justice of this sentence will scarcely admit of dispute. Not that Göthe was a selfish man in the vulgar sense. His disposition was, in the main, amiable and tolerant, and widely different in these respects from that of his French predecessors, with whom we have associated him. He was averse from giving pain, as well as peculiarly averse from encountering it himself. But all this was consistent in him, as it is in many others, with habits of mental self-indulgence carried even to the extreme. From his youth upward, he loved to live in an atmosphere of his own, and found himself most at his ease in the company of those whose position, in respect of age, talents, or sex, induced them to look up to him as a superior. He remarks, in his own memoirs, on the peculiarity which led him to surround himself with younger dependents, often to his ultimate inconvenience, as they became burdens to him, like Mignon to Wilhelm. Nor was this unconnected with a manner of affected importance and superiority which, notwithstanding his popularity, always placed a kind of barrier between him and men of his own age and social position. Kestner remarked of him when only twenty-four: 'Göthe is a 'genius; yet he has in his disposition a good deal which may 'make him a disagreeable man. But among children and 'women he is always well received.' Farther acquaintance with life, and a strong determination to succeed in the world, modified to a considerable extent these peculiarities of his youth; and he was never so popular or so successful, personally, as during the years which intervened between his establishment at Weimar and his Italian journey (1775—1787). Those were happy years. Few poets have ever enjoyed so much of life. There was all the excitement of winning his way into the favour, the confidence, the intimate friendship, of the young Grand Duke and Duchess. There was the easy rivalry with

the other literary heroes of the time, whom he could beat at their own weapons as an author, while in all the qualities which ensure social success he was incomparably their superior. There was the endless round of court life, as practised by the free and easy sovereigns of that day who had thrown aside German etiquette;—the life to which Catharine now and then imperially condescended, which poor Marie Antoinette tasted with timid and stealthy delight, but in which the potentates of Weimar might revel without fear of strangling or decapitation;—hunting parties, gipsy excursions, serenades, picnics, theatricals, from January to December. There was just the show of State-business for him as the Grand Duke's intimate privy councillor, which might serve either as a diversion from courtly dissipation, or an excuse for it. There was all that refinement of the social circle which Göthe prized so highly; a little, perhaps, in the spirit of a *parvenu*, but also with a poet's admiration for external elegance and beauty; which he carried to a strange extent, according to his disciple, Varnhagen von Ense, who remarks that in later life Göthe's principal associates were all tall and handsome men, like himself, and that he had a decided antipathy to plain people. There was, above all, full leisure for the developement of his growing genius, and his surpassing mental activity: while his bodily and mental health alike profited by the opportunity.

But this enjoyment palled upon him from its very excess, and also from the want of what Byron called, 'something 'craggy to break upon;'—some one powerful and engrossing occupation of the mind. For his literary pursuits were up to this time singularly broken and inconsequent. When the world of Weimar was conquered—when his own position was fairly attained, and there was no longer any object to be gained by exerting himself to please others, the tendency to insulation came back upon him with redoubled force. The restraints of Weimar life, the ties of society and office, became intolerable. It was in order to get rid of them at once and definitively, that he planned and executed his Italian journey, in that strange manner which he has himself related so well; partly also (we suppose we must add, since the publication of his correspondence with Frau von Stein) to break through the trammels of one of those tender friendships, of antediluvian prolixity, in which the *literati* of the last century were apt to involve themselves. This journey was, in many respects, the turning point of his life. For him, as for most men, the river Lethe flowed on the other side of the Alps. He forgot his former sense and being on the farther shore. During his

eighteen months in Italy, he satisfied one great want of his existence, by the acquisition of a permanent object; for it was then he conceived, or at least matured, those peculiar views of natural philosophy which occupied him so much and so happily during the remainder of his days. But how far his genius gained in its higher qualities by the change which it then underwent is a question on which critics are widely at issue. Meantime, however this may be, it is certain that the habits which he acquired tended in no degree to efface the moral weaknesses of his character. Freed from the restraints imposed on him by the usages of the Weimar literary republic, and left much to himself, or to the company of one or two artists and travellers, he relapsed into habits of self-contemplation and self-worship, until they became unconquerable. Even one of his greatest admirers, Chancellor von Müller (the author of 'Göthe in seiner praktischen Wirksamkeit'), is forced to confess that he came back from Italy a man altered for the worse; colder, less expansive, more self-important. Nor did he ever get rid of these defects, and return to the more attractive self of his earlier days, notwithstanding the beneficial results produced on his nature for a time, as already said, by contact with that of Schiller: a nature assuredly far more generous and unworldly than Göthe's own, although the latter has chosen to say, with that singular affectation, or paradoxical turn, which so often disconcerts his readers: — 'Schiller had far more knowledge of the world and tact than 'I had!'

On the later years of Göthe's life we confess that, for our own parts, we dwell with little pleasure. We do not complain of his biographers, when they naturally dilate on the glories of his venerable old age, — his exalted position as the living oracle of German intelligence,—the honour, love, obedience, and troops of friends that waited on him to the last. All this is externally true; and yet, to us, his friends, with a few grand exceptions, seem chiefly to have belonged to the class of flatterers, Boswells, and 'correspondents of leading literary journals:' his oracular dignity to have degenerated into a trick of mysteriousness, involving the most trivial commonplaces in solemn affectation of importance; and the chief pleasure of his life to have lain in the conduct of semi-sentimental correspondences with women for whom he cared not an iota, but whom it was his delight to lead on, by flattering mutually their vanity and his own, until the consummation was reached of involving them in something like a romantic passion for the great unapproachable.

It is a true remark of Menzel's — and connected with much that we have said above — that in almost all Göthe's works that

peculiar view of the relations between the sexes, under which man is the courted party, and woman the submissive worshipper, is brought out in the principal characters. Whether, in the odd vicissitudes of the world, the element introduced by chivalry into these relations has expended itself, and later refinement is likely to bring us back from adoring Gloriana and Angelica, to being adored by Chryseis and Briseis, we will not undertake to foretell; though the popularity of such writers as Göthe and Byron would certainly seem to point that way. His 'Faust,' 'Egmont,' 'Edward' in the Wahlverwandtschaften, 'Wilhelm 'Meister,' are all either condescending divinities, or mere male coquettes; and his most attractive female characters seem all to belong to poor Helena's sect: —

'Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.'

Nay, the curious reader may even remark, in connexion with this subject, on the fondness of his heroines, particularly in 'Wilhelm Meister,' for assuming male attire — a topic on which Varnhagen von Ense has a luculent dissertation, showing that it is connected with some of the deepest historical meanings of the eighteenth century, the Reformation, and the Revolution; but which may also be, in part, an expression of the same prevailing view of the female nature as imitative and dependent. And we may pursue the same pervading thread of imagination in the most dramatic specimens of Göthe's ballad poetry, such as the 'Bride of Corinth,' and the 'God and the Bayadere.'

Such, in some of the more important points of his character, was the man for whom Destiny had reserved so marked a place, in an age when the fiercest passions and wildest enthusiasm were at work in the European world, recasting its social institutions and remodelling the temper of its inhabitants. 'The 'greatest men,' saith the fair blue-stocking of the Wahlverwandtschaften, Ottilia, in her Diary, 'are always connected with 'their age through some one weakness.' If this can be predicated of Göthe, his weakness rather lay in an intense desire to shrink from its violent emotions — to combat in himself all tendency to share in its passions — to let the storm pass by, and avoid meddling with those who attempted to direct it. And this it is, more than any other quality, which has rendered him, not unjustly, unpopular with great part of the living generation. It is felt that he owed a corresponding debt to the country which worshipped him, and that he died without discharging it. It was not through mere accident, or the force of mere scholastic causes,

that the sect of the Epicureans prevailed at Rome during the last agitated century of its Republic, while Stoicism became the reigning intellectual fashion under the empire. For refined and cultivated minds, when looking for shelter from the evils of the times in a world of their own, naturally try to make that world as unlike as possible to the external one. They seek refuge in philosophic self-indulgence from the furious passions, the exaggerated sentiments of an age of civil turmoil; while, on the same principle of contrast, they court, at least in imagination, the excitements of ascetic virtue, amidst the corrupt stagnation of despotism. To preserve the tranquillity of Epicurus in the busy political times on which he had fallen, was Göthe's constant and patient endeavour. The French Revolution came to disturb the dreams of art and imaginative science, in which his Italian sojourn had lapped him. He had no sympathy with its principles, and hated its agents. But to call out another enthusiasm to oppose it was utterly alien from his feelings. His trumpet sounded, indeed, a note of defiance — but a very faint one — in Herman and Dorothea. But what is the moral of the poem, as summed up in the energetic lines which close it? Seek steadfastness during days of political trial in self-reliance, and take good care of your property: —

> 'Desto fester sey bei der allgemeinen Erschüttrung,
> Dorothea, der Muth. Wir wollen halten und dauern,
> Fest uns halten, und fest der schönen Güter Besitzthum.'

But when the tumult of revolution had ended in military supremacy, and Germany lay prostrate under the armed might of its conqueror, then it was, in the hour of his country's greatest need, that he most deeply disappointed the hopes of the ardent and pure-minded portion of its people. Not a generous sentiment escaped him; hardly even an exhortation to resolute and high-minded endurance. Keep to yourselves, was the answer of the oracle to inquiring millions; let the evil days pass by; use whatever of æsthetic and social enjoyment the conqueror has left you. Even the oppressions which the gallant German spirit of his intimate friend, the Grand Duke of Weimar, had to endure from Napoleon, called forth from him scarcely a feeble spark of indignation. In his 'Tag und Jahres Hefte,' his skeleton memoirs of his life during all this period, there is a studied abstinence from all allusion to political events; an affectedly exclusive attention to the trivial vicissitudes of the stage and criticism at Weimar. He never concealed his admiration for the tyrant himself, whom he professed to venerate as one of the 'Dämonische Männer,'—the Genii of the earth, and encouraged

a kind of worship of Napoleon in his own family;—Napoleon, who had done him the honour of suggesting some corrections in a forthcoming edition of Werter!—'How could I have taken 'up arms without hate?' was his defence of himself to Eckermann, 'and I never hated the French. How could I, to whom 'nothing is of importance except cultivation and barbarism, 'hate one of the most cultivated nations in the world, and one 'to which I owe so large a portion of my own developement!' It is really a relief to reflect on the Nemesis which followed—on the sense of weariness and self-abasement with which the poet must have come forward in 1815, as the old hack laureate of Germany, to dedicate odes of courtly patriotism to the Allied Sovereigns, and compliment the nation on the 'waking of Epimenides.'

Such Göthe remained during the less violent but more deeply-seated disturbances of political society in his later years. We are not among those who quarrel with him for not having been a democrat, or a German-Unionist, from 1815 to 1830,—reproaches which, however popular some years ago, have lost some of their force, at least with thinking men, in the year 1850. Nor do we think it necessary to assume the indignation with which German liberalism regarded his conduct in the matter of the prosecution of Oken, the editor of the Isis, and his opposition to the freedom of the press. In this, as on the occasion of Fichte's expulsion from Weimar in 1798, Göthe, probably, did no more than his official duty, although he certainly seems to have done it with no reluctance. His real offence consisted, not in adopting this or that class of opinions, but in repressing all political faith whatever; in encouraging, as far as in him lay, men of thoughtful disposition to keep aloof from all public movement as unworthy of them, or, at best, to substitute for political activity a kind of dilettante meddling with the organization of labour—(a notion, by the way, into which entered a good deal of Socialism, according to Göthe's particular manner of conceiving it); and in teaching them to consider this, as well as all other concerns, far subordinate to the grand object of developing their own powers of enjoyment, and so turning up the soil of the heart and intellect as to enable it to receive to the best advantage all the genial influences of life. It was the popularity of this doctrine, more, perhaps, than any other cause, which kept back talent and honesty from state affairs, handed over the multitudes of the German population exclusively to the control of fanatical or interested demagogues, and leaves the country even now without the formation of any strong and massive public opinion, between democracy on one hand and bayonets on the other.

Göthe's unpatriotic spirit has been severely commented on in

later times by his enemies, and scarcely defended by his admirers. Nothing but the amiable simplicity of a biographer could find in it an overflow of feeling, too big to vent itself in words, or could extend the same apology to his coldness on subjects of religion and ethics. 'In the depths of his heart,' says Dünzer, 'there pulsated the warmest feelings for a free, united, 'and powerful Germany. That he did not display this senti-'ment ostentatiously to the world, but kept it close within him-'self, as fearing to desecrate it by any publicity, is to be ex-'plained by the same reservedness of disposition which hindered 'him from giving outward expression to all his other holiest 'feelings — belief in God, hope of immortality, love of his wife, '— whence malicious misunderstanding has often enough been 'pleased to deny him these feelings altogether; and in particu-'lar his profound respect for the sanctity of the connubial tie; 'as to which (to the astonishment of Oberhofprediger Reinhard) 'he held the severest principles.'

It is not, however, in respect of his connexion with the mere political movements of the time that Göthe has to render before the tribunal of posterity a serious account for the good and evil use made of his extraordinary genius. His is a far heavier responsibility. It is on the interior relations of society, and on the moral progress of man, that the peculiar and fatal characteristic of his philosophy, the deification of Self, has had far more extensive and enduring effect. No one, well acquainted with his writings, and uninfluenced by that strong delusion which he contrived to throw round those who entered within his Castle of Indolence, can be misled by the deceitful show of virtuous feeling with which he invests the merest selfishness; the Pantheistic colouring which he gives to the merest irreligion; or his own pompous assertions of his virtuous tendencies, and declamations on the beauty of those ethical laws of which he was, consciously or not, sapping the very foundations. What is 'Wilhelm Meister,' — purposeless, unmeaning as it is as a simple work of art, a collection of stories ill strung together by a disjointed narrative, and of *dramatis personæ* without plot or action, — this 'menagerie of tame animals,' as Niebuhr called it, — but an elaborate exposition of the vanity of all aspirations of the soul beyond itself: a long lecture on the duty of cultivated and rational enjoyment, of subjecting every irregular impulse to the grand object of harmoniously blending sensual and intellectual delights in the nicest proportions? 'Wilhelm Meister,' (such was the oracle which Göthe delivered to Eckermann) 'is a 'most incalculable production! I myself can scarcely be said 'to have the key! The critic seeks a central point, which is in

'truth hard to find!' Others, guided by very simple instincts, thought they 'found the key' without difficulty. Some religious men (Leopold Stolberg, and Göthe's own brother-in-law, Schlosser,) were weak enough to deem it worthy of an Auto-da-Fé; Stolberg, however, excepting from the flames the sixth book, which he bound by itself as a manual of Pietism. Other admirers of the poet have taken similar pains to find out a moral tendency in the 'Wahlverwandtschaften'; Göthe himself was pleased to say (to the astonishment of others besides Oberhofprediger Reinhard), that it was an 'act of homage to the sanc-'tity of the conjugal tie;' but sounder-hearted readers will probably pronounce with Vilmar ('Geschichte der Deutschen 'classischen Literatur,' vol. ii. p. 231.), that its leading thought merely is, that 'subordination to duty is mental disease, 'obedience to sentiment is mental health;' a 'leading thought,' of which, since Göthe's death, eminent female writers, both French and German, have been the chief propounders.

From such moral absurdities as these, when thus exhibited as mere fragments of a system, many minds of the purer class will turn away, not only with aversion, but without even that kind of interest which bolder profligacy inspires. But to judge of the real power of Göthe in this respect, the reader must be familiar with his writings in general, and impregnated with that peculiar sympathy which genius such as his will, in the long run, elicit in those who become familiar with it. Then it will be felt that of all false religions, his is the most subtle, the most tempting, the most attractive, from its very approximation to the truth: It flatters the evil nature of man, not, primarily, through appeals to his passion, or his intellect, or his generous feelings, but to that which is dearer than either,—his pride: the pride of conquest, to be achieved over himself and the world alike: the pride of exclusiveness, like that felt by the initiated of those ancient mysteries from which the dull in mind and the feeble in courage were contemptuously excluded: the pride of becoming, in imagination, as a God, knowing good and evil.

Your victory, says this philosophy to its catechumen, must first be over yourself. You are beset by the temptations of the world and the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. These are not of themselves evil; nor is the utmost enjoyment of them in itself inconsistent with that transcendent tranquillity, the chief good and object of our earthly pilgrimage. All evil lies in the opposition between our own natures, imperfect as we are in our perceptions, capricious in our longings, unreasonable in our expectations, and that orderly reality which, under

manifold appearances of contradiction, prevails in things without.

'Denn alle Kraft dringt vorwärts in die Weite,
Zu leben und zu wirken hier und dort:
Dagegen engt und hemmt von jeder Seite
Der Strom der Welt und reisst uns mit sich fort.
In diesem innern Sturm und aüssern Streite
Vernimmt der Mensch ein schwer verstanden Wort:
Von der Gewalt, die alle Wesen bindet,
Befreit der Mensch sich, der sich überwindet.'

Sobriety, watchfulness, discipline, above all a thorough understanding of ourselves, a knowledge of what we can do and wherein we must fall short of our aims,—these are the true means of victory which Nature has placed within the reach of all. But few there are who learn to use them. Few are they who, like the candidates for knighthood of old, can endure the long hours of fasting and prayer within the nightly chapel, though morning is to welcome them to all the bright and joyous activity of their new vocation.

But this once achieved, the world is thine. Thine are all the blandishments of sense; for thou canst use without abusing them. Thine the gratifications of the intellect; for thou knowest the limits of its functions, and canst therefore enjoy its fullest exercise, without that blank disappointment which the sense of unsatisfied aims brings to less chastised minds. Thine the delights of sentiment, by whatever name it be called,—love, enthusiasm, generosity; nay, the sterner pleasures of asceticism and self-discipline; for thou canst separate the true from the seeming, the reality of the sentiment from the falsehood of the idolatry which underlies it, and canst savour the one without chewing the bitter ashes of the other. All that Pagan philosophies have imagined of their sages and adepts, all that esoteric Christian sects have held of the state of the spiritually emancipated,—all these things in their inmost sense are true of thee. Thus fortified, life will be to thee one uninterrupted career of advance and of progressive happiness; and as for death, who must come at last—

'O selig der, dem Er im Siegesglanze
Die blutigen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
Den Er, nach rasch durchrastem Tanze,
In eines Mädchen's Armen findet.'

But happier than either, he who passes, fully prepared and fearless, into that state of existence, which, unless our deepest

sympathies deceive us, can but afford the wise a sphere for widening exertion, and more comprehensive enjoyment.

This, we are well aware, is a very imperfect exposition of the general tendency of Göthe's view of life; yet we think that most readers—most English readers at all events—will accept it as not an unjust one; and the more so in proportion to their familiarity with the author. And, if so, they will assuredly agree with us, that genius of the highest order was never employed in developing a system more seductive to human weakness, nor one which more forcibly reminds us of the ominous words with which Bunyan concludes his allegory;—'Then 'saw I that there is a way to Hell even from the gates of 'Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction.'

And its effects have been proportionally great. Considering the sphere of Göthe's operations from a mere literary point of view, it can, indeed, scarcely be said that he has formed a school of imitators, like his predecessors Voltaire and Rousseau. As a poet his followers of note have not been numerous, nor (with the exception of Rückert and one or two more) very successful. His peculiar tone as a novelist seems, as we have already remarked, to have been chiefly caught by female writers; and we have no wish on the present occasion to break lances with the admirers of sundry countesses and citoyennes, who enjoy a very respectable amount of popularity. But in his more important functions as a moral philosopher there can be no doubt that his labours have fructified abundantly, and that his system, if so it may be called, is continuing to make its conquests at the expense of the mechanical Deism, and the unreal but generous Sentimentalism of a former generation.

That there has been a great reaction against it is also true; but the reaction of bitterness, of wild and impotent disappointment, not of sound faith or solid principle. The school of Börne is quite as destitute of either as that of Göthe himself. Nay, some of the latter's successors and antagonists have endeavoured to place humanity, if possible, on a still lower stage than he did. He only taught us, at the worst, to cherish and cultivate those middle impulses of our nature which seem to occupy a doubtful place between the divine and the bestial; some of these seem bent on persuading us that our grossest animal appetites are equally sacred with any other portions of our deified selves.

From such a chaos as this—the hitherto final result from a century's labour of those great sovereigns who have thus successively reigned in moral philosophy and literature—the mind turns anxiously towards a future which must assuredly arrive, although

as yet there are no signs of its approach. The pride of false system must be thoroughly mortified, ingenious sophistry must have exhausted its last shifts, disappointed aspirations after super-human greatness must have ended in utter self-abasement, before men will deign to retrace their steps, and submit to the humiliating but inevitable palinode, 'Incende quod adorasti, adora quod incen-'disti.' Many a revolution, social and political, must first pass over the European world. In religion, in ethics, in mental science, men's minds must long continue to oscillate, as they do now, between the most abject superstitions and the wildest infidelities, and find scanty resting-place in the intervals. So it must be, until some voice of one speaking with authority shall rouse them once more, by collecting all that is true in modern moral philosophy, and incorporating it with the one leading principle of man's relation to God — not as a portion to a whole, a fraction of spirit to some great Anima Mundi in which it originates, but as creature to Creator, subject to Sovereign, responsible agent to his Master, weak and imperfect nature to Him who can purify and exalt it. But the hour is not yet come, nor the man.

ART. VII. — 1. *Pourquoi la Révolution d'Angleterre a-t-elle réussi? Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. GUIZOT. Paris: 1850.

2. *On the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution of* 1640—1688. By M. GUIZOT. London: 1850.

A SUBSTANTIAL part of our duty has been saved by the delay which has accidentally attended our notice of the publication before us. Three months' circulation of such writings as those of M. Guizot is sufficient to familiarise the great body of English readers with the thoughts and words of the author; nor need we preface our intended remarks with any introduction of the subject immediately under review. Indeed, the character of M. Guizot's Essay is so peculiar, that its matter calls less for notice than its object. Proceeding from an ordinary pen, or published at an ordinary season, a *Discourse upon the History of the English Revolution* would not be likely to command, either by its novelty or its disclosures, the interest of a critical public. Even M. Guizot's own views of the subject have long been common property. His history of our civil wars, his conceptions of our cavaliers and republicans, and his estimate of our political decisions, have been known to England and Europe for nearly a

quarter of a century. A *résumé* of such topics from his mouth, arranged with that perspicuity which he can so effectually communicate, and imbued with that spirit of philosophy so distinctive of his conclusions, might indeed contribute to the gratification of a learned audience, but would scarcely supply more occasion for public comment than a lecture on the Middle Ages by Mr. Hallam. M. Guizot's impressions of the scenes in question have undergone no material change. He thinks as he used to think of Charles and Cromwell, of Fairfax and Laud; and though he has now extended his review to a later period, in order to complete the outline of his panorama, the supplementary sketch is necessarily too light and cursory to be treated as a piece of independent history. To say that the 'Discourse' is admirably composed would be no more than announcing a fact which all readers would be prepared to anticipate, and which most have already ascertained for themselves. For an instructive topic we must proceed somewhat farther. M. Guizot had a purpose in delivering and publishing the discourse before us, and in this purpose resides the especial interest attaching to the production.

England and France have undergone their respective revolutions, and, as we need scarcely observe, with certain analogies of incident almost unparalleled in the curiosities of History. In each kingdom a government of great renown and antiquity was violently overthrown, the reigning sovereign brought to the block, and a Republic constructed upon the ruins of the State-fabric. In each kingdom the Republic was superseded first by the dictatorship of a successful soldier, and ultimately by the restoration of the proscribed dynasty. These perhaps may be considered as too commonly or naturally the incidents of a revolutionary drama, to excite any particular surprise; but the parallel may be extended further still. In each kingdom the restored family committed itself, after a short interval, to a renewal of the contest with its subjects; in each it was again dethroned, and in each a 'constitutional monarchy' was established by the free action of popular will in favour of a younger branch of the stem-royal. This parallel might be rendered more striking if our immediate purpose permitted such digression into details. Though the civil wars of the 17th century form rather a popular chapter of English History, yet there may perhaps be some readers unaware of the close resemblance borne by the French Revolution to its prototype, even in many of those particulars which we are accustomed to think peculiarly Parisian. The tumultuous *attroupemens* of the populace, the clamorous deputations, the admission of infuriated mobs to parliamentary debates, the inflammatory placards in denunciation of aristocrats

and royalists, the violent outcry against the Queen, the coarse and brutal conduct of State-Trials, the rumours of plots, especially as hatched in the royal army, the wholesale manufacture and administration of oaths, and the yearning for unity and indivisibility, are all symptoms discoverable in one convulsion as well as the other. These resemblances, however, were only superficial, while, on the other hand, the points of difference are essential. We need mention but two — the overpowering influence of religious spirit in one case, and its total absence in the other, together with the omnipotence of street mobs in France, while in England the actual instrumentality of changes devolved ultimately upon classes removed from the temptations incident to ignorance and want. As more directly to our purpose we may add, that — whereas the restoration of the dethroned line in England was effected after a short interval of eleven years, by a consent as unanimous as in so vast a constituency could ever be conceived possible, and in absolute default of any other pretenders either to the Crown or to the Government, — the like result was only effected in France by the arms of coalized Europe, to the prejudice of claims which had gained every thing but legitimacy from a generation of conquests and glories. The essential difference, indeed, of the two histories has just received a conclusive exemplification. Up to the point above mentioned the parallel held good; but it has now been abruptly terminated. England, after her career of change and confusion acquiesced in a constitutional monarchy, as in the form of polity to which her Revolution tended. France, after eighteen years' experience of a similar government, has destroyed even this consummation of its revolutionary work, and has renewed its political experiments with a purpose which it would be somewhat presumptuous to define, and with a success which it would be certainly premature to characterise. M. Guizot presumes, however, as will be seen, that a 'constitutional monarchy' was the proper scope of both Revolutions; and inasmuch as this settlement has endured in England while it has been overthrown in France, he considers one experiment to have borne its fruit, and the other to have proved barren. Judiciously abstaining from the more delicate topic of discussion, M. Guizot avails himself of the opportunities presented by its counterpart; and inquires in the Essay before us, not why the French Revolution has failed, but why the English Revolution has succeeded.

It is in this point of view that the publication before us acquires so signal an interest. Instead of being merely an eloquent chapter of English History, it is an investigation of the causes through which our great Revolution became successful—

the inquiry being conducted throughout with direct reference to a certain contrast, on which the eyes of Europe are still uneasily fixed. It may be conceived, perhaps, that in assuming 'constitutional monarchy' to be the legitimate term of *all* revolutions, M. Guizot has been somewhat too arbitrary in his conclusions; since it may undoubtedly happen that other forms of government may consist more readily with the national genius, past history, or existing conditions of a people. Against this objection, however, the author has guarded himself; for the republican institutions of the United States and the English constitution are accepted by him, as equally 'successful' developements of the principles on which he considers the revolutions of these two countries to have proceeded. No attentive reader of the Essay will be slow to discover that constitutional monarchy is indeed the principal scope of M. Guizot's propositions, but his general conclusions are not shaped by this assumption. He traces the 'success' of a political revolution in the order and stability characterising the Government constituted by the experiment. About the form of polity he is indifferent. He appears to require, as the conditions of his acknowledgment, simply that the Government shall be effective and durable, strong for action, and competent, through its hold on the affections of the people, to control those irregular assaults from which no government is free. If these conditions are satisfied he will recognise the result of a successful revolution in either a monarchy or a republic.

We see, therefore, what M. Guizot implies by the term 'success,' nor will there be any more difficulty in ascertaining what he means by the word 'revolution.' He does not apply this term simply to the constitutional convulsion by which the government of a country is overthrown, but to the whole course of events comprehended in the interval elapsing before the final recognition of some new form of polity. Thus the 'English 'Revolution' here discussed is that which, according to his own specification, commenced in 1640 and terminated in 1688, extending therefore over a period of forty-eight years. By parity of reasoning, the French Revolution to be compared with it is that which commenced in 1789, and *should* have terminated in 1830, after running a course of forty-one years. It did not, however, so terminate, and herein consists its want of 'success;' so that M. Guizot's exposition of the failure of the parallel at this point will tend materially to elucidate his own conceptions of the catastrophe of February. The 'causes of the success of 'the English Revolution' must indicate those of the failure of its counterpart; and these, again, are none other than the very

causes of the last insurrectionary triumph,—for it was M. Louis Blanc's success which constituted M. Guizot's failure, and whatever arguments explain the one will go far towards explaining the other. But it must be here observed, that though the active course of a revolution may be measured according to the definitions above given, its 'success' has still to be determined in a subsequent period of probation. For example, the English Revolution terminated in 1688; that is to say, certain political principles received at that time a recognition which proved to be final, and a constitutional monarchy was established which has ever since endured. But the durability, or, in other words, the success of this settlement was subjected to a severe and protracted trial, extending, in fact, over a period of no less than seventy years. Not to mention the conspiracies of William's reign, the intrigues of Anne's, and the chances of both, the Government of the Revolution was twice brought to the actual issue of the sword; and appears on one of these occasions, though then in the fifty-seventh year of its foundation, to have hung upon a thread. For, it is obvious, if the Pretender had advanced from Derby, and with the results which have since been described in that case as inevitable, that the 'success of 'the English Revolution' must have been depicted in colours very different from those now employed by M. Guizot. A time, however, usually arrives for the expiration of these liabilities on the part of a new Government, and it is at this point that the success of the experiment admits of conclusive appreciation. The period in question has been fixed, for our Revolution, at the accession of George III., or, by a more cautious estimate, at the year 1767, when the reigning family, for the first time since the abdication of James, were acknowledged in the prayers of Roman Catholic congregations. Such dates must, of course, be somewhat arbitrarily determined; but a new reign distinguishes an epoch so conveniently, and the accession of George III. was, in itself, so directly influential in consummating the transaction under discussion, that we may fairly take the year 1760 as the limit of our revolutionary troubles. On these assumptions, therefore, it will follow that the English Revolution of 1640—1688 was not entitled to be termed absolutely successful, till seventy-two years had elapsed from the great political convulsion by which the change was effected, and sixty from that formal act which fixed the succession to the 'constitutional' throne.

It is plain from these considerations that what is called 'the 'last French Revolution,' that is to say, the event of February, 1848, taken alone, admits at present of no estimate in respect of its success, beyond such conclusions as may be suggested by the

foresight of statesmen or the analogies of political experience. It may or may not be successful. We may investigate the symptoms of stability or the elements of decay discoverable in its origin or conduct, and found an opinion upon our observations; but, as a matter of fact, its course has yet to be run. To judge it by its present works would be like judging the great French Revolution in 1791, or the English in 1690. Its significance in our present inquiry is chiefly derived from its effects in superseding the constitutional monarchy, and disturbing a settlement imagined to be conclusive by the revival of forms and opinions of polity before condemned. But *the* revolution which has *not* succeeded is, as we have observed, that of 1789—1830, and it is by the catastrophe of February that its failure has been proclaimed. It may be urged, perhaps, that as the settlement of the English Crown required sixty years for its uncontested establishment, it is premature to pronounce upon the course of French history before the lapse of a similar period. There is this distinction, however, between the cases, that the Government of the English Revolution, though often vigorously attacked, was never prevailed against, and therefore lost no way in its growth; whereas the corresponding settlement in France has been actually overthrown, so that all must be commenced anew, and under conditions far less favourable than before to speedy or permanent success. The position of France, *mutatis mutandis*, is that which our own would have been had one of the countless plots against the House of Hanover taken absolute effect in the reign of George I.

An inquiry into the causes of the success of the English Revolution would doubtless be primarily concerned with the political and religious principles in which the struggle originated, and which were finally established; since it is by these that the character, and probably the fortunes, of its subsequent course would be mainly determined. This is the view taken by M. Guizot, who traces the success of our Revolution to the sincerity of motives and to the moderation in their objects evinced throughout the conflict by those who brought it to a triumphant issue. That there should have been excesses was unavoidable, but these and their consequences vanished together, and what endured was the constitutional monarchy and the religious freedom, for which the battle had been really fought. We now subjoin the chief passage into which M. Guizot compresses his reply to the question — Why has the English Revolution succeeded? He had before remarked, that the two great points to which, through all the changes of the struggle, the nation tenaciously clung were, first, government by parliaments; and, next, the preponderance

in these parliaments of the House of Commons; Protestantism being incidentally recognised as the undoubted religion of the State:—

'It is the glory of the revolution of 1688, and the main cause of its success, that it was an act of mere defence, and of necessary defence. Whilst this revolution was defensive in principle, it aimed at precise and limited objects. In great political and social convulsions, a fevered, boundless, and impious ambition sometimes seizes on society; men think themselves entitled to lay hands upon every thing, and to remodel the world at their will. These vague and presumptuous schemes of human creatures, treating the great and complex system in which their place is marked out as if it were a chaos, and striving to exalt themselves into creators, are as impotent as they are insane; the utmost that they can do is to throw all that they touch into the confusion of their own delirious dreams. England did not fall into this wild error. Instead of aspiring to alter the foundation of society and the destinies of mankind, she asserted and maintained her religion, and her positive laws and rights; and did not carry her claims, or even her desires, beyond the limits which they prescribed. With a singular mixture of magnanimity and discretion, she accomplished a revolution which gave to the country a new head and new guarantees, but which stopped short with the attainment of those objects. This great change was not brought about by popular risings, but by political parties, organised long before the revolution, with a view to the settlement of a regular government, and not in a revolutionary spirit. Neither the Tory party nor that of the Whigs (spite of the revolutionary elements which mingled in it) had been formed for the purpose of overthrowing established institutions. They were parties occupied with constitutional politics, not with conspiracy and revolt. Although they were led by imperious circumstances to change the Government of their country, the design was foreign to their character and principles,—and they returned—with little effort—to those habits of order and obedience which they had abandoned for a moment, not from taste or levity, but from necessity. Nor was the merit or burden of the Revolution limited to either of the great parties which had been so long opposed in opinion. They brought it about in concert, and by mutual concessions. It was imposed on both by a common necessity, and was not to either a victory or a defeat. Though watching its approach with widely different opinions, both saw it to be inevitable, and shared its accomplishment.'

As these sentences contain the only direct reply to the question which the pages before us profess to elucidate, their proportion to the general substance of the dissertation may perhaps appear somewhat inadequate. But no one will have perused M. Guizot's discourse without discerning the method of his argument. He hints much more than he asserts. His conclusions are throughout rather suggested by implication than expressed in terms. He specifies in minute and particular detail the phases successively assumed by the English Revolution in

its origin and progress, and distinguishes, in the true spirit of historical inquiry, the causes which conduced to its fortunate issue. The contrasts supplied by these several points he leaves to be drawn by his readers, who will not experience much difficulty in the task. If certain political and social conditions secure success, it is to the absence of such conditions that we must attribute failure, and thus one result is explained or suggested by the same illustrations which account for the other. We think it apparent from the peculiar tone of the discourse, and, indeed, it is evident enough in the particular passage quoted above, that the conditions tacitly contrasted with the fortunate circumstances of the English Revolution are not generally those of its proper historical parallel; and that the Republic of 1848 rather than the Constitutional Monarchy of 1830 has furnished M. Guizot, not only with his most natural reflections, but with his principal points of comparison. To some extent, as we have said, this line of argument was undoubtedly open to the illustrator; since, if the success of revolutions can be shown to depend upon certain conditions generally invariable, to certify these conditions will be to supply the means of testing the prospects of a revolution at any period of its course. M. Guizot's moral, therefore, may be judiciously pointed by such suggestions; but the true subject of historical contrast lies in the fortunes of that Constitutional Government which he himself assisted to establish twenty years ago. The English Revolution which was successful was that of 1640—1688, of which the results endure to this day. The French Revolution which failed was that of 1789—1830, the fabric of which was destroyed in the convulsions of February, 1848. The question, therefore, to be solved is simply this—What were the respective causes which, on the one hand, secured the stability of the English Constitution, and on the other permitted the overthrow of its counterpart in France? How has it happened, that the fortunes of the House of Orleans have so fatally differed from the fortunes of the House of Hanover? The reserve imposed upon M. Guizot in the discussion of these points requires little comment; but, as no such obligations are incumbent on ourselves, we can examine the question with greater freedom, though circumstances hereafter to be mentioned almost preclude such a course of argument as would best conduct to a conclusion.

There can, of course, be no doubt that the success, or, in other words, the duration of the Government established by the English Revolution, was due in a most material degree to the moderation and practicability of the principles promoted, and to

the character and position of the parties by whose agency the changes were wrought. Still it must be remembered that the immediate consequences of the Revolution were by no means such as would seem promised by the favourable conditions which M. Guizot so elaborately depicts. However remarkable might have been the concert of parties, or the moderation of leaders, yet neither plenteousness nor peace fell to the lot of the nation. The fortunes of England were for a subsequent period in a state of such unparalleled depression, that the year 1696 has been represented as the very *nadir* of English prosperity, while, as regards domestic concord, the attacks upon the new settlement were so frequent and resolute as to argue, apparently, a feeling of hostility at least as great as any heretofore manifested in France against the monarchy of July. Neither will it, we presume, be disputed, that if any of the numerous conspiracies against the throne of 1688 had chanced to be successful, the great charm would have been broken, the Crown of England would have again been considered an open stake, and with the durability of the settlement would have vanished the success of the Revolution and the hopes of the country. It was because the Constitutional Monarchy *did* withstand all assaults, that the increase of its stability was so continuous. A single reverse would have thrown things back to the confusion of 1688, and rendered the position of parties in England somewhat similar to what it now is in France. Since, then, the British nation, however cordially it might have welcomed the Bill of Rights, was certainly not unanimous in accepting the Act of Settlement, it becomes, as we have intimated, a question of some interest to ascertain such secondary causes as may have conduced in our own case to a success so favourably contrasted with the issue elsewhere of similar experiments. Taking the first period of ten years from and after the Revolutions in the two countries, and judging from appearances merely, it certainly might have been thought that the prospects of France in 1840 were very far more promising than those of England in 1698. At that period it would really not have been unreasonable to infer that the settlement of 1830 must have been accomplished under conditions even more favourable than the settlement of 1688, inasmuch as in the former case the prosperity of the country seemed greater, the position of the new government more assured, the honesty of statesmen more general, and the relations of parties less inveterately hostile. Where, then, are we to search for that essential distinction between the two cases which produced such a contrast in the end? Was it solely owing to the character of the men and

principles of 1688 that Bolingbroke and Lochiel were unsuccessful, and Walpole and Pelham held their own?

The principal difference, as far as the secondary points are concerned, will be found, we believe, in the state of political opinion in the two countries at the time when their constitutional monarchies were respectively established. In France, when the crown was settled on the House of Orleans, there were three distinct parties opposed to the arrangement:—the Legitimists, the Imperialists, and the Republicans. The first of these appeared at that moment incomparably the strongest; it had all the prestige of recent supremacy, and its second defeat merely suggested the parallel of a second restoration. After the vicissitudes of the thirty years previous, no party in France could suffer any permanent injury from this kind of discomfiture. The Imperialists seemed materially weaker and the Republicans less considerable still; but they nevertheless formed cognizable factions, and experience has now shown that the vitality and strength of both had been somewhat underrated. At all events there were thus three parties — two depending on family or dynastic traditions and one on political theory. But what was the case in England?

The Legitimist, that is to say the Jacobite party, was indeed powerful, as we shall presently more particularly observe. The counterpart, if such it can be called, to the French Imperialists, is supplied by the adherents of the Cromwell family — a family which, it has been plausibly argued, might, at one moment, have been firmly established on the English throne; but of which the power and influence had so completely disappeared at the time of the Restoration, that the two Bonapartes of that day dropped unheeded into the ranks of private gentlemen and passed their days in such obscurity that it is possible we may surprise some reader by observing that the eldest son of the Protector was alive in 1713—almost in the reign of George I. The extinction of the Republican party was no less complete; and this fact stands in such remarkable contrast to the vitality of republican principles as now represented, that it suggests some further inquiry. In France Republicanism has survived to supersede the constitutional monarchy; in England it died without sign, trace, or credit. How came such diversities to pass? No doubt, as M. Guizot observes, the name and form of a 'Republic' offended the traditions and instincts of the people of England; but the phenomenon at its first appearance must have been at least equally offensive to the people of France. Surely the subjects of the *Grand Monarque* were as little predisposed to such conclusions as the countrymen of Cromwell.

Yet Republicanism struck root in France, while in England it withered in an hour.

The truth is, that the things here spoken of have nothing in common but the name. The Republicanism of 1648 bore no resemblance whatever to the Republicanism of 1793. Neither as a theory nor as a form of practical polity did it possess any seductiveness in the eyes of the people. A republic, in the seventeenth century, when no substantial influence had been acquired by political theories, meant simply a particular form of State Government, enjoying fewer distinctions than a monarchy, but not professing to promote democratic interests in any peculiar degree. Some vague notions of popular independence might perhaps be associated with the history of the Swiss cantons, but the two models from which the prevailing conceptions of Republicanism were derived, were the States of Venice and Holland, — oligarchies rather than republics, and certainly not exhibiting in their action any characteristic deference to popular will. In fact a republican form of government appears to have been established, rather of necessity than choice; and to have been considered to partake of the inferiority attached to municipal associations or leagues as distinguishable from sovereign States. Venice herself occasionally appealed to her sovereignty of Cyprus as conferring privileges not due to her in her ancient capacity; and a republic was only proclaimed in the Netherlands when it had been found impossible, after much search and solicitation, to procure a prince for the newly created State. As for any necessary increase of popular freedom under these institutions, no such conclusions had been found to follow. There was unusual toleration in Holland, and reasonably good government, but nothing more; while in England the first acts of the republican council went to restrict the freedom of the subject within limits never before known. It is not to our purpose to enter upon these ordinances further than by calling attention to the spirit in which they were received. Whatever ideas might have prevailed respecting a republic, it was clearly never conceived on the part either of rulers or people that such a form of government presupposed any material extension of political privileges or any enfranchisement of classes previously excluded from power.

The republicanism, therefore, of the English Revolution presented nothing attractive or flattering to the minds of the people. It never even pretended to make them freer than before. It was not based upon any new political theory or devised in accordance with any ideas of social regeneration. It consisted merely in the substitution of one form of administrative machinery for another; its chief characteristic being the

exclusion of a single hereditary magistrate, and its practical operation, to deprive the people of much of the liberty they had enjoyed under the monarchy. Close as was the French Chamber of Deputies under King Louis Philippe, it may be termed a free and truly popular assembly, when compared with the English parliament under Cromwell. It can be no subject of surprise, then, that Republicanism, so understood and developed, took no hold upon the English nation. In their eyes it merely assimilated the ancient monarchy of Britain to a Dutch oligarchy, and depressed them to the level of a State on which, at that time, they looked with anything but admiration or kindness. It was associated, in their recollections, with military government, oppressive taxation, severe restrictions on personal freedom, and a total change of the old spirit of the country. It found no advocates or adherents except among a few speculative admirers of the Venetian polity, or fanatics indoctrinated during exile or travel with the discipline of Holland. Accordingly the republican party, if party it can be called, was wholly insignificant in numbers and strength even in the year of the Restoration, and was virtually without representatives at the establishment of the constitutional monarchy.

In this way was the new government left without any opposition, except that proceeding, if we may use the term, from *above.* It was subject to no pressure from *below.* There was no party endeavouring to force its doctrines into notice, as more liberal or popular than those avowed by the party in power; nor was there any quarter from which more was promised or expected in furtherance of civil liberty. No source of danger remained excepting in the prejudices of the Legitimists. From one of those liabilities, which attend all such convulsions, the English Revolution became thus exempt,—inasmuch as no class of any weight or influence wished to push its principles further than they had been actually carried. The spirit of revolution was satisfied, and the spirit of reaction alone existed to cause trouble or fear. This, it is obvious, was by far the less perilous spirit of the two; for whereas revolutionary ideas might have gained strength from the progress of the age and the march of political theories, the same causes evidently tended to weaken and exhaust the sentiments on which alone the reactionists could rely. Dynastic attachments and traditions were liable to perpetual impairment, from the misconduct of the exiled family, from that forgetfulness which absence always brings, from the new associations inevitably formed under a new government, and from the natural effects of weariness and despair. The Jacobite feeling was, in its very nature, terminable, nor would

it ever have survived so long, or manifested itself in such strength, but for the support derived from the accidental relations of the Scottish kingdom — the old patrimony of the exiles — to the crown of England.

Even this opposition, however, simply constituted as it was, was amply sufficient to test the success of the English Revolution and put in peril the durability of the new government. Nor would it be easy to explain the ultimate triumph of the constitutional monarchy by reference to any palpable causes. No doubt the nation would have held fast through any dynastic changes to those great principles which M. Guizot enunciates as established by the Revolution — parliamentary government, the preponderance of the Commons' House, and the recognition of a Protestant Church. But in so far as these principles were symbolised by the maintenance of the House of Hanover on the throne, it is difficult to trace their uninterrupted security to any causes excluding great good fortune. The English insurrections which failed were better based and better supported than the French insurrections which succeeded. It has been usual, and certainly not otherwise than justifiable, to appeal to the indifference shown by the French people to the fate of their constitutional monarchy, as evidence that the government was both ill-administered and destitute of any sure foundation in the opinion or convictions of the country. But we doubt much whether this state of unconcern surpassed the apathy repeatedly manifested by the English under similar circumstances, as testified by the writers of the time. To take only one instance out of many: Marshal Wade reported, in 1745, that 'England 'was for the first comer;' and a member of the administration, in repeating this opinion for the information of a correspondent, observes, that if 5000 French had landed (in the Pretender's interest) in any part of the island during the previous week, the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle. This, it must be remembered, was nearly sixty years after the Revolution; and yet the English people are represented as at that time absolutely indifferent to the fate of the dynasty which they had themselves so deliberately called to the throne. Perhaps they conceived the constitution safe in any event, or possibly they attached too little importance to the insurrection. Stories are told which show that even when the Highlanders were actually at Derby, the prevailing sentiment in some respectable classes of society was merely a stupid curiosity. But whatever may have been the motives at work, it is perfectly clear that the success of the English Revolution was not due in any considerable degree to the vigilance,

promptitude, or determination of the people at large in defence of the powers established.

It deserves, however, to be considered that at this period insurrections, though not domesticated in the minds of citizens as legitimate incidents of political life, were reckoned among the natural resources of foreign cabinets; and, as disputed successions were then common in Europe, the encouragement of a pretender to a hostile crown became a recognised expedient with belligerent States. Our Jacobitism owed as much perhaps to French intrigues as to Scottish traditions; and the hopes of malcontents often turned less on popular tumults than on the apparition of a score of battalions from Dunkirk or Cadiz. In this way not only was the revolutionary spirit kept alive, but a character was communicated to party struggles wholly different from any thing visible in our own days. The English Legitimists were prompted by the Alberonis and Fleurys of the Continent; and the ministers of our first Georges had to attend not less to the intrigues of Versailles and Madrid, than to the menaces of domestic conspirators.

But when these several points have been taken into candid consideration, it will, we think, be evident that the constitutional monarchy as established by the English Revolution was exposed to fewer hazards than the corresponding settlement in France, and demanded, therefore, proportionately less skill and fortune for its maintenance. The Legitimist opposition was indeed strong — so strong, in fact, owing to circumstances already mentioned, that the probabilities, fairly estimated, were perhaps in favour of its prevailing, at some time or other, over the constituted authorities. Nothing indicates these risks more clearly than the extreme inconstancy of the statesmen and politicians of the day. As far as we can judge, the House of Hanover, at starting, had no such steadfast support as was possessed by the House of Orleans. We do not hear of parleys between Louis Philippe's ministers and Charles X. Whereas there was scarcely an adviser of Anne or George I. who was not suspected, with more or less reason, of correspondence with the court of the Pretender. Common charity compels us to suppose that a question so treated by such characters must have been considered an open one; and that the success of the English Revolution, in so far as it was represented by the security of the new dynasty, was for many years doubtful indeed.

The contrast of French history on these points is sufficiently remarkable as to account for much of the difference exhibited by the ultimate results. In the first place, the settlement of July was not effected under circumstances any way similar to

those, which are described by M. Guizot as having been so favourable to the settlement of 1688. Omitting, however, these particular considerations, we may pass to others of more obvious importance. Indeed it would have been difficult to infer, from the respective histories of the two periods, that the constitutional monarchy of France had been originally established under less fortunate auspices than that of England; since, as we have before remarked, the stability of the former settlement was, to all appearance, the better secured of the two. In 1840, the success of the French Revolution, that is to say of the great series of experiments between 1789 to 1830, seemed to be assured; in 1698, that of the English Revolution seemed scarcely probable. But it was not because the provisions of the new *Charte* were intemperate or ill-conceived, or because the change had been effected by violence and against the feelings of any large section of the French people, that the constitutional settlement of 1830, and therein the Revolution which it had been thought to consummate, proved unsuccessful. Its fabric has not been overthrown by any of the parties which opposed the construction. As far as the catastrophe of February can be regarded at all in the light of an ordinary contingency, it is due to the operation of a spirit from the influence of which the English settlement was wholly exempt. Louis Philippe's government had to contend against the spirit of revolution as well as that of reaction. The latter was successfully opposed; and indeed the Legitimist party by which it was represented is the only party which has never been uppermost throughout the recent vicissitudes; but the former prevailed — not perhaps in the fair course of events, but still with a clear indication of its line of operations.

There were, as we have said, three parties dissenting from the constitutional settlement of 1830 — the Legitimists, the Imperialists, and the Republicans. At that moment, perhaps, the first of these was the only one from which serious opposition was to be apprehended. No great consideration seemed due to the second; but in the third were contained the real elements of danger. The principles of this party rested, not on traditions or attachments, but solely on the conclusions of political theories; and it is in this most important particular that the position of the French constitutional monarchy differed so essentially from that of its English prototype. The government of Louis Philippe had not only to contend—which it did successfully—against a spirit analogous to that of Jacobitism, but also against a spirit most unlike the former both in its origin and tendency. We seem here, in fact, to be approaching the true point of distinc-

tion between the two cases; but, unhappily, it is at this very conjuncture that our materials suddenly fail us, and preclude, as we before hinted, any continuation of the argument to its proper conclusion. For, in point of fact, the triumph of the Republican party in 1848 was an event so anomalous — so little depending on adequate causes, and so little indicative, as the sequel has shown, of the genuine sentiments of the nation, that no prediction can be hazarded of the course which affairs might have taken, apart from that extraordinary disturbance. If we could consider that MM. Lamartine and Louis Blanc represented the real opinions of the French people, and that to the irresistible preponderance of these opinions the catastrophe of February was fairly due, we should then be enabled to conclude at once that the constitutional monarchy of France was superseded by a more advanced developement of liberalism, and that the French Revolution failed because it had not proceeded far enough to satisfy the nation. But we are now perfectly aware that this is not the case; and that any conclusion founded on the assumption that France deliberately preferred Republicanism to Monarchy, would be altogether unsound. All argument is extinguished by a state of things, in which the established institutions are notoriously no indications of the sentiments of the people. The French Revolution has certainly failed — so much is clear and undeniable; and we have endeavoured to show why such a result was more likely in this case than in that of our own country. But it is impossible to determine the causes of this failure, until we can ascertain the political principles to which those of the constitutional monarchy have been compelled to give way. When we can discover what France really wanted, we can speculate on the inadequacy of Louis Philippe's government to satisfy these desires. When we have ascertained what the opinions of Frenchmen really are, we can compare them with those which have been superseded. At present we have no means of knowing whether the nation wished to go backwards or forwards — to recall the dynasty dismissed in 1830, or to rid itself of all dynasties whatever. There is certainly no more reason for presuming France to be Republican than Legitimist. Nay, from what we have now seen, we are fairly entitled to doubt whether even the settlement last overthrown was positively objectionable in the eyes of the country at the time of its fall. It would be one step gained towards a conclusion if we could assume that, whatever France desired it certainly did not desire an Orleanist monarchy. But we can venture on no such assumption. There is reason, on the contrary, to suppose, that if the suffrages of the nation could have been fairly taken on the 1st of March, 1848, they would have been in favour of resuming

the position abandoned on the 24th of February. Ordinarily speaking, when we discuss a successful revolution, we are considering a violent but genuine expression of popular will. In the case of France, there is no such evidence before us; and all argument falls consequently to the ground.

It has, however, been urged, that the indifference which permitted a political club to subvert a powerful government, was of itself evidence that the constitutional monarchy as represented by the House of Orleans was unacceptable to the majority of the nation; and that though it has certainly not been proved that France desired a Republic, it may be inferred that she did *not* want King Louis Philippe. We have already observed that these apathetic symptoms were not peculiar to France in 1848; and if we insist on the inference above mentioned, we must acknowledge at the same time that the House of Hanover was exposed to the same liabilities as the House of Orleans; or, in other words, that but for the fortune of accidents, our revolution would have been just as 'unsuccessful' as the French. The most cursory reference to histories of the time, will, as we have said, satisfy any reader in a very few moments that the indifference of the English nation to the tumults of the Jacobites was at least as marked as that of the French to the insurrections of the republicans. But we suspect that too much has been made of a fact which can be explained upon suppositions less arbitrary that that of a national indifference to the fate of a dynasty chosen by the voice of the people only fifteen years before. The unpopularity of an administration, or the accidents of a political crisis, supply causes amply sufficient to bring about such a momentary result.

Yet it cannot be denied that in one important respect the institutions of France under the constitutional monarchy did appear inadequate to the legitimate wants of the nation. They showed no expansibility. They provided no regular means of expression for the popular will; nor any machinery by which such will could acquire force and effect. Whatever judgment might have dictated the original constitution of the Chamber of Deputies, it obviously was not, in 1848, any representation of the people deserving the name. It has been the great merit of our own institutions, that they not only answered their original purpose, but readily admitted of adaptation to the wants of successive generations. Whether the principal credit be due to the Long Parliament or to the Convention, whether our civil and political privileges are to be dated from 1641 or 1688, we will not attempt to decide; but the present prosperity of England is certainly owing not more to what the Bill of Rights did, than to what it permitted. More has been done since our Revolution than before it, nor is the difference much less between 1850 and

1750, than between 1750 and 1650.* Compared with the popular claims now recognised, we may almost say that, in King George the First's reign, the people could not control the taxation of the country, or pretend to equality in the eyes of the law. If we could be carried back to the times immediately succeeding our Revolution, we should be puzzled, with our present ideas, to appreciate the liberties which had been won by the struggle. Class privileges, which would now be deemed intolerable, long survived the landing of William of Orange and the Act of Settlement. These gradually disappeared in accordance with the natural growth of political ideas, acting through the political machinery which the Revolution had established;—and thus we have become what we are. But in France the constitution appeared unsusceptible of any accommodation to the wants of a people proverbially precocious and changeable. It was almost laid down as a maxim that no Parliamentary reform could take place; although, under existing circumstances, the Parliamentary representation of the people was a palpable farce. It may perhaps be thought, therefore, that the true cause of failure in the French Revolution lay either in the unelastic character of the institutions as introduced, or the inflexible tenacity of those by whom the government was administered. In fact, it is to the secauses that the catastrophe of February has been sometimes emphatically attributed.

Some truth is probably contained in the argument, but a little reflection will suggest considerations on the other side. It will not be denied that one of the first duties of Louis Philippe's ministers was to maintain Louis Philippe on the throne; and it is, we think, questionable whether this primary condition was compatible with the concession of those electoral reforms which were demanded by their adversaries. Owing to that division of parties which we have described, and to the strength and animation possessed by each, Louis Philippe's ministers found themselves, on those questions, in a position of remarkable difficulty. Measured against any party singly the Orleanists were the stronger, and, under the existing constitution, were a match even for any probable parliamentary combination. But they were not numerous enough to supply, like the Hanoverian party in England, a ministry and an opposition from their own body; nor was it by any means certain that the desired extension of the franchise at that moment would leave their relative superiority unimpaired. M. Odillon Barrot had no means of forming a government on principles consistent with the maintenance

* Yet Blackstone (iv. 439.) put the theoretical perfection of the English Constitution in the reign of Charles II. A. D. 1679!

of the monarchy or of the succession to the throne; and if Louis Philippe's ministers had yielded to his instances, they might very possibly have placed parliamentary power in the hands of parties who would have used it as a mere substitute for insurrection in subverting the established government. Thus we seem again to be brought back to the cause of failure already specified — the plurality of dissentients from the existing order of things. Had there been no Legitimists, the Orleanists might have made head against the Republicans; had there been no Republicans they might have outlasted the Legitimists; but they were not the exclusive representatives of either liberal or conservative opinions, and were thus too weak to resist parties both above and below them, excepting by a course of policy which contained the seeds of danger within itself.

The chief difficulty in the question before us consists in the ambiguous and indefinite character of the proposition to be discussed. The French Revolution, — or in other words, the political experiment which France, as M. Guizot expresses it, entered upon sixty years ago — has certainly proved unsuccessful; by which we mean that it has produced no result in which the nation has been found permanently to acquiesce. France has tried and abandoned an absolute monarchy, a republic, an empire, and, finally, that constitutional government which in other countries was proved to be the true form of polity required. But what were the causes of this ill success as indicated by the catastrophe of February? What kind of institutions or opinions did the French nation wish to substitute for those actually existing, in so far as we can infer from the result? To such inquiry we can make no reply, and every day's experience serves to increase our perplexity and confusion. That France desired a Republic is what her citizens lose no opportunity of practically denying; that she desires a Legitimate Monarchy is what has not yet been proved. We need take no shame to ourselves for our embarrassment on this point, for the French people are not a whit less bewildered than ourselves. The other day it was positively proposed in the Assembly to take the opinions of the nation upon this question in some fashion or other, and ascertain, if possible, by direct evidence, that particular form of government to which the wishes of the country really pointed. To judge by events we can only conclude that the ideas of the majority of the French nation remain much what they were before the change. The same men (and in absolute default, too, of newer competitors) direct the Assembly and virtually administer the government; the same tone characterises its policy, and the same language is spoken by its organs. Even the indifference, which was manifested in

the days of February towards the monarchy of July has been since compensated by a concern looking very much like regret. Yet if we adopt the supposition, and it is by no means an unreasonable one, that the veritable sentiments of the French people remain substantially unaltered since 1847, the inevitable conclusion is, that the last 'revolution,' considered in the sense we are now attaching to such phenomena, was no revolution at all. It was no genuine expression of national sentiment, and can therefore supply no materials for argument or deduction. In succumbing to such an assault, the French constitutional monarchy underwent no fair condemnation. The calamity which laid it prostrate was altogether without precedent, nor is there much reason for supposing that even a stronger fabric could have withstood so extraordinary a shock. If it is argued that other governments have been more successful, we must remember that all turned upon the effects of a surprise, and that a surprise occurs only once. The mistakes of a night are not likely to be repeated. In fact the proof is before our eyes. The very party which prevailed against Louis Philippe's government has since exerted itself in trebled strength against those who are virtually the same antagonists, and has wholly failed.

These considerations, though they materially affect such an argument as we have been endeavouring to institute, and, indeed, almost debar us, as we have said, from any satisfactory conclusion, have by no means a like influence upon those deductions which it was apparently M. Guizot's intention to exhibit. The 'Revolution' which he has had before his eyes is especially that of 1848. It was the last in which his countrymen had been engaged; and it was that on the results of which depended the present fortunes of France. Under these circumstances he delivered his reflections upon revolutions in general; and, as the most obvious method of pointing his moral and confirming his conclusions, he took the most remarkable example of a successful revolution as a text for his discourse. By a few brief paragraphs and by a thousand incidental suggestions, he showed what, in so far as experience could teach, were the conditions of success in these momentous experiments. That no one of these conditions had been observed in the revolution of February, and that if successful, therefore, it must owe its good fortune to some insensible change in human nature, was what none of his readers could well fail to perceive. Of course M. Louis Blanc would promptly join issue with his adversary, and avow at once that the revolutions of his making were no more to be conducted on old principles than directed to old objects. When the design was merely to substitute one recognised form of government for another, the agency of recognised parties might, perhaps, serve

the turn; but not so when society was to be regenerated, and all mortal things to be changed. In fact there is no more especial object of M. Blanc's abomination than this selfsame English Revolution which M. Guizot displays as a model; so that the disputants have no common ground. But there is only one kind of proof in these questions; and while M. Guizot points to England, M. Louis Blanc must needs point to France. The Socialist historian will, indeed, say that we have only 'succeeded' in establishing what he has termed, in so many words, 'the most execrable tyranny which ever existed:' But what has he established himself? At any rate we may appeal to his own practical estimate of the two revolutions. In selecting London for his residence, M. Louis Blanc plainly confesses that constitutional England has advantages of some kind, for himself at least at present, beyond those of republican France.

On the whole subject our conclusion, perhaps, may be briefly this: that the catastrophe of February was too exceptional an incident to justify any certain inference as to the comparative character of the institutions overthrown or the merits of those who suffered by the change; but that if we consider it, for argument's sake, as a genuine republican manifestation, suggested and enforced by the real national will, such assumption will exempt the vanquished party from serious culpability. Louis Philippe's ministers were not in the same position as those of our George I. Had they been so, or, in other words, had the whole strength of the *revolutionary* party,—that is to say, of the party which prevailed against Charles X.,—been at their service in resisting the assaults of the reactionary party, there is every reason to presume that M. Guizot might have been still performing the part of Walpole, and the House of Orleans have been established on the constitutional throne of France, with fewer dangers and troubles than attended the establishment of the House of Hanover in England. But they encountered obstacles of a character altogether novel. They were attacked, not by regular adversaries, not by a party bent on recovering power, but by the votaries of doctrines heretofore unheard of; by men who grounded a right of perpetual insurrection upon the conclusions of political theories, and who, in the silence of their abodes and on the strength of their private speculations, turned into the streets to subvert a government for no other reason than that it was not the government of their own imaginings. The critical question is, whether these extraordinary assaults could ever have thus succeeded against a government founded on the general consent and affection of the people? To this we can only reply that no government had

ever before been subjected to the trial; and we may, perhaps, venture upon adding that the feelings evinced by the French nation in its hours of reflection furnish something like a proof that the constitutional monarchy was not really so destitute of popular good-will as to have lain, under ordinary circumstances, at the mercy of a mob. Whether, however, from accident or some more controllable cause, it is undeniable that the French Revolution of 1789–1830 has failed; but it is likewise evident, in contrasting this failure with the success of our own experiment, that the failure had its origin in liabilities from which we were preserved. Even if the monarchy of July had been the very counterpart of the monarchy of 1688 in every single condition attending its establishment, it would not thereby have been insured against such a shock as that which actually laid it low. We cannot, indeed, think that it was altogether unfavourably constituted; nor do we conceive that it is to *this* revolution that M. Guizot's well-pointed contrasts are meant to apply. In any case, however, the settlement of 1830 would have been equally unacceptable to those sectaries who recognised no essential difference between one monarchy and another, or between any governments which did not happen to represent their own conceptions. Being unacceptable, it would, according to the doctrines and practice of the sect, have been incessantly attacked; whether with less success or not, we cannot affirm. France, as its statesmen and representatives now manfully acknowledge, was 'surprised'; and against such an unparalleled incident in the political life of a nation it might, perhaps, have been difficult to guard. After the event, wisdom is learnt easily enough, nor do the French people seem very reluctant to acknowledge the truth.

ART. VIII.—*Reports on the Slave Trade from Lords and Commons*, 1848—49.

AMONG the political problems of the present day, there are few that have been more embarrassed by the various causes, good and evil, which turn discussion into controversy, than the question,—whether it be wise and right for England to continue her armed opposition to the Slave Trade.

The fact that the Committees of the Lords and Commons came to opposite conclusions upon it, has been made the most of; but, the fact, that whilst the Lords were unanimous, all the principal resolutions of the Commons, condemnatory of the squadron, were carried only by the casting vote of the chairman, has been all but overlooked. As far as we can rely on the autho-

rity of the Committees, it must be admitted, that though differences of opinion do exist, the balance is nevertheless sufficiently decisive, and is adverse to the abandonment of our measures of repression. The unequivocal vote of the House of Commons in the present session, and the disinterested and characteristic courage with which Lord John Russell and his colleagues have staked their political existence in support of the same opinion, speak still more positively. They prove distinctly that the feelings of the representatives of the people, and the experience of the responsible Government, have led them to one result.

It has indeed been argued that England can ill afford to continue any considerable expense for the purpose of counteracting evils, however great, which do not immediately affect her own citizens. Our most severe economists insist that it is of such essential importance, that the nation should not expend out of taxes raised from the people one farthing beyond what is absolutely needful, that more support has been obtained for their views in the present instance, than zealous philanthropists were prepared for. But we are for this reason only the more bound to examine the case carefully on every side; and see whether such advantages, economical as well as social, may not accrue from our warfare on the slave trade, as will still make it, from whatever point we look at it, a justifiable part of our national policy.

As there are points on which we have felt some hesitation in forming our own judgment, we cannot but sincerely regret the violence of invective into which both parties have been betrayed. The question involves too many mingled considerations of humanity and prudence; so much evil is likely to ensue from a false step; the past and the future as well as the present enter so largely into the question, that we are little inclined to indulge in any dogmatism on it. At the same time, we have taken some pains to be right; and we confidently place before our readers the grounds upon which our opinion rests.

Last year when Mr. Milner Gibson proposed to repeal the Brazilian Act, Sir R. Peel answered, that 'to repeal the existing 'Bill would be to substantially proclaim to the world that all 'the efforts made to prevent the slave trade, or to mitigate its 'horrors, were now at an end; and if that should be done, his 'advice was, that the next thing the House should do, should 'be to determine how best to encourage and sanction it, per-'mitting Cuba and Brazil to carry it on to their hearts' con-'tent.' This remonstrance goes to the root of the matter. And it applies, at least with equal force, to propositions for tampering with the African squadron. Every one at all familiar with the subject will laugh at the notion, that any real im-

pression can be made upon Brazil, merely by treaties or by moral influence. Sir C. Hotham considers the Brazilian government to be powerless for this purpose. To pretend the contrary, would be to add the scandal of hypocrisy to our other scandals.

We could wish that this question had been more accurately understood as well as more logically argued. By many, the history of the case is misrepresented; by the great majority, the expenses to which the country is subject in maintaining the squadron are greatly exaggerated. Another class, in despite of the clearest evidence, persist in considering the coast of Africa as the grave of our officers and seamen. Let us take a rapid view of the real facts of the case. Sir W. Dolben's Act was passed in 1788, but the British slave trade was not abolished till 1807. During that interval, whilst we were ourselves participators in guilt, no efforts were or could be made at repression. But even after the Abolition Act, from 1807 to 1815, we continued inactive; and when we first put forth our strength, we must confess that we lacked wisdom as much as we lacked experience. Five or six ships, ill-selected and unsuited for the duty, were ordered to cruise off the African coast for the suppression of the slave trade. Till 1824, the smaller vessels were all removed from their stations during several months of the year, to avoid the rainy season. It cannot excite much surprise that the officer in command, on returning annually to England should report an enormous and undiminished slave trade. But even had the squadron been more efficient, its duties could but have been most imperfectly performed. Our treaties with foreign powers restricted all our operations. One flag or another was never wanting, under which the slaver was enabled to carry on his deadly trade. Diplomacy was compelled to exert itself to the utmost in the cause of humanity. Not only at Vienna, but at Verona and the other 'abouchemens des rois,' the honest feelings of the people of England, and the voice of their representatives, won step by step their honourable victories. It is, however, since 1830, (and principally through the untiring perseverance of Lord Palmerston) that our Foreign Office has become the successful instrument of engrafting into the international code of Europe the necessary enactments for giving life to the abstract resolutions of the Congress of Vienna; enactments which, if they were carried out with as much good faith by other nations as by ourselves, would by this time have rendered our labours no less easy than effectual. These steps, though uniformly progressive, could not be otherwise than gradual; nor was it till 1839 that we obtained authority to deal generally with slave-equipped ships, — that the protection of the Portuguese flag

was swept away,—and that we were enabled to act with decision south of the line. The efficacy of our squadron was then also rendered more complete, not only from the amount of force employed, and the quality of our ships and of their armament (though Lord Aberdeen is justly proud of having left the armament 3000 strong, which he had found only consisting of 700), but from the strength which the squadron obtained through the treaty obligations which other countries had contracted with us. Our success promised to be complete. How far it was checked by the doubts suggested as to our legal powers during Lord Aberdeen's administration,—how far it has been lamentably disturbed by our alteration of the duties on sugar in 1842, and still more in 1846, it would delay us too long at present to examine. It is sufficient for our present purpose to show, by this reference to dates,—that so far is it from being true, as has been loudly asserted, that the experiment of forcible repression has had a trial of a quarter of a century—that on the contrary, the experiment should be considered as confined within the limited period of seven or eight years. During those years we unhesitatingly affirm its success to have surpassed the expectation of the most sanguine.

Great as has been the misrepresentation of the duration of the experiment, equally great has been the exaggeration of its cost. The annual expense has often been stated as above a million in 'round numbers;' and very 'round numbers' indeed they are, as the following table from the Admiralty office will prove:—

Estimate of the Expense of the Ships of War employed for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, so as to exhibit the Aggregate Charge to the Country for their Support in the Year 1846–47.

Description of Charge.	*Charge.*
Estimate of the expense of the wages and victuals of the crews of Her Majesty's ships of war employed in the suppression of the slave trade, in 1846–7 - -	£ 220,233
Estimate of the expense of wear and tear of the hulls, masts, yards, rigging, and stores supplied for the use of Her Majesty's ships employed in the above service, according to the statement received from the Surveyor's Department - - - - - -	49,313
Estimate of the expense of wear and tear of the machinery of Her Majesty's steam vessels employed as above, according to the statement received from the department of the comptroller of steam machinery - -	17,790
Estimate of the value of coals provided for the use of the above steam vessels, according to the statement received from the storekeeper-general's department - -	14,287
Aggregate charge -	£ 301,623

Admiralty, 13th Dec. 1847.

If we allow 200,000*l.* more for the incidental expenses, including the charge of the Mixed Commission Courts, which cost about 25,000*l.* per annum (a sum which probably might be considerably reduced)—yet, even thus, we only reach one half the amount usually stated as the annual cost of the squadron. And with regard to its alleged unhealthiness, so nearly have European skill, science, and care baffled the climate, that the African station is now as healthy as the rest of our naval stations in the tropics. The second Resolution of the Lords affirms, 'that all the evidence goes to prove that the prevalent impression 'as to the general unhealthiness of the cruising squadron is 'without foundation.'

The argument pertinaciously advanced against the maintenance of the African squadron declares, that it entails an immense cost on the nation without any result—the slave trade still raging the same as ever. We beg our readers to follow us through a brief investigation of the whole matter, when we shall submit to them the following conclusions:—

I. The squadron has not been a failure, inasmuch as it has materially diminished both slavery and the slave trade: were it withdrawn, these evils would enormously increase: and such increase would prove most disastrous to the human race, both in Africa and in Cuba and Brazil; condemning Africa to ruin and devastation, and filling Cuba and Brazil with a greatly augmented slave population, more cruelly treated than at present; while not only would the horrors of the middle passage continue as fearful as ever, but thousands of additional victims would have to undergo them.

II. The cost of our naval armament is not more than these great objects are worth. For, in the first place, the expense, as we have just proved, scarcely exceeds one half of what has been represented. Whilst, further, were the squadron withdrawn, England would suffer from the destruction of her legitimate commerce with Africa, and from the total ruin of her West Indian Colonies, pecuniary losses far more than sufficient, even in a pecuniary point of view, to make her bitterly repent of her short-sighted economy.

We now proceed to the facts and reasonings, which have led us to each of these conclusions: and, we will begin with the inquiry whether the squadron has or has not effected a material diminution in the slave trade?—And further, whether that trade would not largely increase, if our vessels were withdrawn?

The clearest solution of this question is to be found in the risks run, and in the gambling nature of the profits made, by the parties now engaged in the slave trade. The price of a full-grown male

slave, in Cuba, at the present time, is 100*l.*, and has been 125*l.*; while in Africa he would have cost from 10*l.* to 20*l.*,—the cost of transit being from 3*l.* to 4*l.* more. In Brazil we believe that the price is generally lower than in Cuba; but our late envoy, Lord Howden, (one of the opponents of the squadron) states that a cargo, which is worth 5,000*l.* in Africa, fetches 25,000*l.* in Brazil, making 500 per cent. profit. This has been urged as an argument against the squadron, on the ground that so profitable a trade can hardly be exterminated by any measures whatever. But, a little reflection will show that these enormous profits evince the real efficiency of the squadron. For how comes it that the profit on one successful venture in the slave trade is so enormous? Only because there are many cases of failure to set off against one instance of success. It is the success of the preventive system which has so greatly reduced the supply, that the price is proportionally enhanced. As it is obvious, then, that our system has thus artificially enhanced the price, it is equally obvious that, were we to give up that system, the price would fall to its natural level. Assuming this to be one-third of its present rate, there are solid grounds for believing that the demand, at that rate, would be almost boundless. The gulf opened for the absorption of human victims would widen year by year.

In the first place, the rapid consumption of human life on sugar plantations at all times secures a vast yearly demand for fresh importations. Even in the English West Indies, before emancipation, the slave population, amounting to 558,000 in 1818, diminished in twelve years by sixty thousand.* Now, in our West Indies, the women exceeded the men in number—there was no slave trade to fill up the vacancies—the masters were Englishmen, —and therefore English public opinion had its weight; also various mitigating measures had been introduced; yet even there, the population perished thus rapidly. How much more swift must be the mortality in Cuba and Brazil, where the women are infinitely less numerous than the men (on many plantations there are no women at all); and where the slave trade enables the planter, when he has wrung the last possible amount of profit from the muscles of his slave, to get a new one in his place. So frightfully does the system of 'using up' the slaves prevail even now, that, though the imported Africans are generally lads and young men, yet, on an average, they only survive eight years!

Since the slaves in Cuba and Brazil thus die off 'like rotten

* The manumissions are, of course, not included in this account.

sheep' (to use an expression formerly applied to our own slaves in Demerara), and since their numbers can only be renewed by importation, the demand for fresh slaves from Africa, already very large, must be incalculably quickened, on the trade being once more thrown open. At present even, though slaves are so dear, were a million imported, within about eight years a million more would be required, to replace them. Were slaves cheapened by the removal of the squadron, the planters would of course be more reckless in the use of an instrument rendered less costly. More work would be forced from the miserable negro, while his lessened value would lead to more brutal treatment. The sick, the aged, would be neglected. The young would not be considered to pay the cost of rearing, nor the old the cost of support, and the extinction of life would proceed with unexampled velocity. Of course the yearly vacuum thus created represents a proportionally brisker slave trade.

Another consideration corroborates the conviction, that the removal of the cruisers would open a steady and almost unlimited demand. It is well known that vast tracts of land in Brazil, well suited for the cultivation of sugar, are at present unoccupied, solely because labourers cannot be purchased at a rate cheap enough for profit. Mr. Macqueen makes the following statement: — 'My belief is, unquestionably, from a deep consideration of the subject, and from my acquaintance with the 'Western world, that the removal of the cruisers would extend 'the slave trade without bounds. There would be no bounds 'to it: I do not see where the bounds would be. For instance, 'Brazil contains three or four millions of square miles of the 'finest soil in the world; it would take a population of '240,000,000 to people it half as densely as Barbadoes.'* Were the slave trade left to itself, sufficient labour would be transported by degrees from Africa to bring this immense extent of territory into cultivation.† The slave market would never be glutted till this new and apparently insatiable demand had been supplied; and unless some miracle should suspend the usual laws of slave labour, the slave population on these

* Dr. Cliffe (himself a planter and slave-dealer) notices that 'if 'slaves were more freely introduced, the coffee plantations would mul-'tiply . . . . . therefore, many people who have large holdings say, "I '"hope the squadron will continue," *simply because it will prevent* '*such a great increase in the quantity of coffee.*'

† It may be asked where the capital can be found for the purpose? But it is proved that English capital is already largely embarked in the Brazilian mines and plantations; this painful fact furnishes a conclusive reply.

new territories would diminish so rapidly that it would require to be replenished yearly from Africa. In this way a vast additional stimulus would be given to slavery and the slave trade.

It seems, then, to be clear, both from all we know of the usual laws of commerce, and of the demands of Cuba and Brazil, that were the slave trade relieved from the weight of our repressive system, it must inevitably spring up with redoubled force and elasticity. This conclusion is so irresistible, that it hardly seems necessary to support it by evidence; and we may observe, that scarcely a single witness of any authority has thrown a doubt upon it. Among those who have spoken of the services of the squadron, we may mention Capt. Watson, who says that, were the cruisers removed, 'the slave 'trade would export a much greater amount than two to one 'of the present number of negroes;' Capt. Wyvill, R. N. (Q. 3,507.); Capt. Denman (Q. 305.); Capt. Forsham (a trader) (Q. 4,586.;) Capt. Mansell, an avowed sceptic on the efficiency of the squadron, but who nevertheless acknowledges (Q. 4,636.) 'I have no doubt that there would be a very great extension of 'the slave trade temporarily, if the squadron were removed.' He explains the word 'temporarily' by adding, that the limit to the time would be 'when the trade was perfectly satiated.' Mr. Joseph Smith, a native African, states, that 'the pressure 'of the English cruisers has a very great effect upon the 'people: were it not for that, the amount of the slave trade 'would be much increased.' Mr. Hutton, an African merchant of thirty-five years' experience in the trade, thinks * 'that if the 'squadron were withdrawn, the slave trade would increase 'throughout the coast of Africa.' The Rev. James Schön, whose acquaintance with Africa extends over a period of sixteen years, has † 'no hesitation in saying that the slave trade would 'rapidly increase as a matter of course.' Mr. Macgregor Laird ‡; Mr. Duncan §, the African traveller; Mr. W. Smith ‖, formerly Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone; Mr. Horsefall ¶, an African merchant; Mr. Moore **, a Brazilian merchant; the Rev. E. Jones (who states that the slave trade would be tripled by it); the Rev. H. Townsend, missionary at Abbeokouta; the Rev. H. Waddell, missionary at Calabar; the Rev. C. Gollmer, missionary at Sierra Leone, all more or less concur in stating, — that the cruisers hold back the slave trade, and that were they removed it would receive an almost incalculable increase. So,

* Q. 2,595. † Q. 2,771. ‡ Q. 2,980. § Q. 3,142.
‖ Q. 3,830. ¶ Q. 4,790. ** Q. 5,521.

too, Mr. Hook, Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone; Capt. Riley, R. N.*; Dr. Keogh†; Capt. Chads, R. N. Capt. Chads told the Lords' Committee that 'at first there would be an 'immense export; after that time, there would be a constant 'and regular demand.' Mr. Kennedy, Commissary Judge at 'Havannah, was of opinion that the trade would be renewed to 'as frightful an extent as ever;'‡ while Mr. Carr, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, declared, with only more particularity, 'I think that from 200,000 to 300,000 persons would be 'shipped from the coast annually, if the slave trade were left 'open altogether to the Brazilians.'

Surely there is now no escaping from the conclusion, that, were the squadron withdrawn, the slave trade must receive a large and permanent increase. To what extent it may be difficult even to conjecture; but, judging from the evidence we have referred to, there seems too much reason to fear that within a few years it might rise to twice or thrice its present amount. We must remember that England has reduced the duties on all foreign, as well as on our own colonial, sugar; and that in proportion as facilities are given for replacing negroes when 'used up' by excessive labour, we are left to the ordeal of an experiment which has not as yet been tried,—namely, the experiment how far free labour in tropical climates can compete, not with slavery alone, but with slavery resting upon a slave trade freed from all restraint. Should this combination afford the means of cheaper production, we must be prepared to see Europe in great measure supplied with sugar from slave-trading States;—while, as the demand for the produce of slave labour may be expected to enlarge year by year, so too will the demand for slaves enlarge, depriving Africa of all hope of future improvement, and condemning those vast regions for ever to misery and desolation.

This brings us to consider the probable results of that increase of the slave trade, which must follow the removal of the squadron: and, first, its results within the limits of Africa.

Many persons are deceived by their half knowledge on the subject of the Slave Trade. Its most obvious feature being the sufferings of the Middle Passage, upon this they exclusively fix their eye. But those more conversant with the subject know well, that the Middle Passage is but one act in a long drama of wickedness. That drama, ending with the cruelties of the planter in Cuba and Brazil, begins with scenes of horror in Africa, of which one or two pictures will sufficiently show what the slave trade is at its commencement.

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* Q. 147. † Q. 2,012. ‡ Q. 27.

Mr. Ashmun, agent of the American Colonial Society, writing from Liberia, mentions that a neighbouring chief had engaged to provide a cargo for a slaver: — 'For this purpose, from the peaceable tribes around him, he singled out 'the Queahs, a small agricultural and trading people of most inoffensive character. His warriors were skilfully directed against 'the different hamlets; and, by making a simultaneous assault on 'the sleeping occupants in the dead of the night, they accomplished, without difficulty or resistance, in one hour, the annihilation of the tribe; every adult man and woman being murdered — every hut fired! Very young children generally 'shared the fate of their parents; the boys and girls alone 'were reserved to supply the slaver.' He thus describes a part of the territory of Liberia, when first purchased by him many years ago: — 'Along this beautiful river (the St. Paul's) 'were formerly scattered, in Africa's better days, innumerable 'native hamlets; and till within the last twenty years nearly 'the whole banks of the river, for one or two miles inland, were 'brought under that slight culture which obtains among the 'natives of the country. But the population has been wasted 'by the rage for trading in slaves, with which the constant 'presence of slave vessels and the introduction of foreign luxuries have inspired them. The south bank of this river, and 'all the intervening country between it and the Mesurado, 'have been from this cause nearly desolated of inhabitants; a 'few detached and solitary plantations scattered at long intervals through the tract, just serve to interrupt the silence 'and relieve the gloom, which reigns over the whole region.' Volumes might be filled with similar pictures of the desolation produced in Africa by the slave trade; but we will only add the description given by Laird of the slave-collecting system as it was carried on near the confluence of the Niger and the Tschadda in 1832. He is giving an account of the incursions of the Felatahs: — 'Scarcely a night passed but we heard the screams of some 'unfortunate beings that were carried off into slavery by these 'villanous depredators. The inhabitants of the towns in the 'route of the Felatahs fled across the river on the approach of 'the enemy. A few days after the arrival of the fugitives, a 'column of smoke rising in the air, about five miles above the 'confluence of the rivers, marked the advance of the Felatahs; 'and, in two days afterwards, the whole of the towns, six or 'seven in number, were in a blaze. The shrieks of the unfortunate captives were answered by the loud wailings and 'lamentations of their friends and relations from the opposite 'bank of the river; and the destruction of their habitations

'produced a scene, which, though common in this miserable 'country, had seldom, if ever before, been witnessed by Eu-'ropean eyes, and which showed me, in a striking light, the 'horrors attendant upon the slave trade.' In weighing the consequence of a removal of the squadron, we assuredly ought to bear in mind not only the increased miseries of the slave trade where it now exists, but also the devastation which its introduction must also cause in parts of Africa, at present comparatively tranquil. 'It is my firm belief,' says Mr. Hook, Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone, 'that, in nine or ten 'months after the withdrawal of the squadron, the whole of 'Western Africa, from Cape Verde to Benguela, would present 'a scene of cruelty and devastation too fearful to contemplate. 'All the progress of Christianity, civilisation, and commerce 'would be annihilated; in a word, Western Africa would, in 'the course of a year or two, be rolled back to its worst pristine 'savage condition.'

If the removal of the cruisers would thus spread wider, and render more intense, the misery of Africa, it tends no less grievously to enhance the sufferings of the slaves in Cuba and Brazil. We have already shown that it must greatly aggravate their average mortality, by enabling the planters to 'use them 'up' with a higher profit than at present. And what an amount of human agony is involved in this process! It is well known that even now, when they are so much higher priced than usual, that the temptation to abridge their lives by excessive labour has been found irresistible in Cuba—that during the five months of crop time, they are worked for eighteen or twenty hours in the day —that the whip is in constant exercise—and that after the toil of the day, they are generally put at night into pens, and guarded like wild beasts. How much more rapidly would they be consumed, were their value lessened by two-thirds! 'I think,' says Capt. Mansell, speaking of the Brazils, 'that were the 'slave trade unrestricted, the life of a slave in Brazil would be 'scarcely worth a year's purchase.'

Now as regards the Middle Passage itself. While the augmented slave trade would become answerable for these additional cruelties on both the east and west sides of the Atlantic, there are strong grounds for believing that at least the same amount of suffering as at present would continue to be endured in the Middle Passage.

We may be expected, in the first place, upon this part of the case to answer the inferences drawn from the statistical table contained in Mr. Hutt's Report. We consider that table to a great extent to answer itself. When the yearly average of

casualties during the voyage is worked out to one uniform rate of 14 per cent. between 1788 and 1815, and to a rate equally uniform of 25 per cent. from 1815 to 1847, we simply say that this uniformity is so impossible, as at once to shake the credit of the table. When we discover further that this increased rate of casualties from 14 to 25 per cent., which it is endeavoured to connect with the repressive measures, is made to date from a period two years antecedent to the *first* employment of the squadron, our mistrust is greatly augmented. When it is compared with the evidence of others, and more especially with the evidence of Sir C. Hotham, and when we inquire from what sources this goodly array of figures has been compiled, our astonishment is great at Mr. Hutt's credulity, and our respect for the authority of his table vanishes altogether. Sir C. Hotham (*Q.* 2676.) states, that the mortality under the worst measures, (which he considers to be whilst the slaves are under our control,) only amounts to 9 per cent. He shows that, on 14,000 slaves captured, the mortality up to the date of adjudication did not rise so high, and that the mortality in the vessels that escape may be computed at 5 per cent. But the data on which these tables are formed come from no better source than Dr. Cliffe, the American slave dealer, from whom Sir C. Hotham separates himself with a most justifiable disgust: 'I have no concern,' says the gallant officer, 'with 'Mr. Cliffe's evidence.' It would perhaps have shown as much wisdom as good feeling if Mr. Hutt had agreed in this respect with Sir C. Hotham; more especially when he found that these returns were rejected even by their worthy author, the slave trader and pirate, who declared the amount of deaths to have been erroneously copied by Mr. Bandinel, or erroneously described by himself. Yet it is on the authority of these tables, that Mr. Hutt obtained his miserable majority of one in the Committee; and it is by these tables that the public have been misled, and that we are called on to believe that our squadron has increased the extent and the suffering of the slave trade. Although we have the admission of Sir C. Hotham himself, 'that if all re-'strictions were removed, and the squadron taken entirely away, 'small speculators would spring up, and undersell those now in 'the market; the slave trade would be greatly increased in its 'horrors, and it would be impossible to calculate the calamities 'that would ensue; pirates would abound, and it would be im-'possible for a legitimate trader to conduct his operations on the 'coast.' We only wish that it were as easy to repress these crimes of the slavers as to shiver Dr. Cliffe's 'lot of statistics,' as he himself somewhat contemptuously calls them. But for

either purpose a more efficient commander is required than Mr. Hutt, and a better crew than his majority of one; — of which we heard so much, — till its authority was destroyed by the creditable vote of the House of Commons itself, and by the unanimity of the Committee of the House of Lords, and by, what is more than all, an impartial consideration of the evidence.

Nor is this all. The mortality is so far from being increased, that it is shown to be very probable from other facts, as well as from *à priori* reasoning, that it may actually may have been diminished by our preventive measures. Few other than large capitalists can now venture to engage in so perilous a trade; and consequently, in the opinion of Sir Charles Hotham, a much higher class of vessels is at present required as slavers. Again, the qualification of fast sailing, which is now an essential for a slaver, shortens the voyage by some weeks, and thus lessens the risk of a failure of water, and releases the slaves more quickly from the hold. Again, in the fast, sharp-built clippers now employed, the slaves cannot be piled in tiers, two feet and a half above each other, as was usually done in the large square hulls of the old slave vessels. Above all, the cargo having been made more precious by the scarcity of the commodity, the proportion which shall be landed alive and marketable is become in consequence of more importance. It is curious that the question, whether the horrors of the Middle Passage have or have not been increased by the preventive squadron, should have so long remained a matter of dispute. It turns mainly upon a true knowledge of the state of the case before our abolition of the slave trade. On this subject important if not conclusive evidence will be found in the extracts laid before the Committee by Mr. R. Stokes, from testimony given at the bar of the House of Commons in 1792. These extracts prove that the slave traders at that time thought it their interest to stow their slaves as closely as possible. It is the same horrible calculation over again, as in 'the using up' system, — what is the profit or loss upon human life. Taking the cost of a slave-trading venture at 3000*l.*, then, whatever price the slaves might fetch at Cuba, it would only be lessened by that sum in case they had been brought over in one vessel; but by twice that sum, or nearly so, had they been brought over in two. Here is a difference large enough to allow of a considerable mortality on the closer packing, and yet leave a money balance in its favour. These considerations operated upon the slave traders as much before the commerce was made illegal as afterwards; for in those old times a cross-examination of the witnesses, brought forward by the slave-trading interest itself, es-

tablished* 'that no slave was allowed more than five feet six 'inches in length, by sixteen inches in breadth; that the floor 'was covered with bodies so stowed; and between decks were 'often platforms and broad shelves also packed with bodies. 'The whole height between decks, including two tiers of 'negroes and timbers, not exceeding five feet eight inches, 'sometimes not more than four feet.' It was also shown, that on these shelves the slaves were 'locked spoonways' to each other; were 'stowed in by means of the cat-o'-nine-tails;' and 'could only lie on their sides, they were so crowded.' 'In 'stowing slaves we wedged them in,' says a surgeon of one of these legal slave ships; 'we made the most of the room—they 'had not so much room as a man in his coffin.'† We will only add the statement of Mr. Consul Rendall, who had seen slave ships both before and after the abolition, and who states expressly that the same loss of life, the same crowding of the hold, the same scanty supply of water, the same amount of sickness, filth, and stench, existed then as now. There is really no ground, therefore, for believing that the removal of the squadron would lessen or has lessened the horrors of the slaver's hold. On the contrary, when we reflect that were the squadron removed and the trade left free, probably twice or three times as many persons would be subjected to those horrors, the reasonable presumptions appear to turn the other way, and to strengthen the suspicion that the removal would greatly aggravate the sufferings of the negro race during the Middle Passage, as well as on both sides of the Atlantic.

But the question of economy requires further consideration. Some of the opponents of the squadron profess to disclaim any motives but those of humanity. We have said enough upon the general question of humanity as regards the negro: and in answer to all misrepresentations of the special mortality on board our squadron, we shall make no other reply than in the words of the second resolution of the Lords' Committee, which we have already quoted. But, though we place the interests of humanity as high as anybody, we do not consider it unbecoming to consider likewise the cost of our intervention. The squadron

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* See Mr. Stokes' evidence, reprinted in a pamphlet called, 'Regu-'lated Slave Trade.' Ridgway, 1850.

† The 'Briton' lost 200 in one voyage; the 'Nightingale' 150; the 'Elizabeth,' in her first voyage, lost one-fourth of her cargo; in her second, nearly one-half; in another, nearly one-third. The 'Young Hero' lost one-half; the 'Hero' 360, in one voyage,—all before abolition!

is maintained by taxation, — and it is the duty of Parliament to be not only assured that all unnecessary expense is avoided, but that an equivalent benefit is secured. The wisdom of this expenditure has been doubted by many, and our own opinion has been slowly formed on it. The more closely and extensively, however, that we have conducted our investigation, the more have we become convinced not only that the country has been actually called upon to make no vast pecuniary sacrifice on this occasion: but, that our humane endeavours to protect the higher interests of the negro are also in point of fact promoting economical interests of our own.

We are now dealing with the question as one of profit and loss; and are for a moment substituting the calculations of the counting-house for the principles of morality and religion. By this time most of our readers will have determined for themselves, whether, in reducing the slave trade by one-half or perhaps by two-thirds, we do not obtain a sufficient return, though not in money, for the computed cost of the squadron. But, beyond this, it will be satisfactory to learn that the nation incidentally reaps economical advantages from a warfare,—in which, however, we rejoice to think she engaged originally from motives of humanity alone. We believe that these advantages even now very nearly counterbalance the cost of her measures of prevention. If this is the case at present, we are confident that the future benefits will be still greater.

In the first place, it was proved before the Committees, that the withdrawal of the squadron would lead to the ruin of our legitimate trade with Africa. The coasts of that vast continent are not, like those of Europe and America, under the rule of civilised Powers, which afford protection to commerce. The only effectual security which the merchant can receive there, is that of a maritime police, furnished by some European country. In consequence, the removal of the cruisers, which will greatly enlarge the slave trade, will at the same time also release an unprincipled population from all control. There will be no authority left of any kind to prevent the natives from engaging in those acts of piracy, rapine, and murder, which the crimes of slave trading have engendered.* To repress such

* An incident which occurred to Captain Trotter, R.N., illustrates the strong tendency to piracy and murder, which slave traders have a thousand times evinced. A slaver, trading from the Havannah, had fallen in with an American ship laden with dollars. She took the ship and plundered it of the dollars; then forced the American crew into the hold, battened down the hatches, tarred the mainsail, and set fire to the vessel, leaving the crew to perish in the midst of

outrages, Sir Charles Hotham affirms that England must, in any case, keep ten or twelve men-of-war on the African coast, even if she were to abandon all opposition to the slave trade. But when we reflect upon the habits of violence fostered by the trade in those engaged in it, and upon the immense extent of coast which the buccaneers would infest,—when we remember likewise that all slavers could go armed for piratical adventures (for there would be no right of search), and that the Powers on land would be in league with them,—there is good ground for believing (as more than one of the naval captains stated before the Committee) that we should ultimately be obliged to keep very nearly as large a force on the coast for the mere protection of commerce as we now maintain both for the suppression of the slave trade and for the protection of commerce also; or else that we must permit those seas to become scenes of rapine and piracy, of which even the former history of those unhappy regions can furnish no example. To set the slave-trade free from restraint, would affect all legitimate commerce, not merely by destroying that security without which no commerce can exist; — there is another painful reason why the two cannot live together. Innocent commerce, with its moderate profits and hard work, offers far less attraction to adventurous and unprincipled men than the slave trade; which tempts by its excitement, which requires no steady labour, and holds out the hopes of large though precarious gains.

Many may regard our African trade as too insignificant to think the fact entitled to much attention, that, were not legitimate commerce protected and the slave trade repressed,—the one must perish in proportion as the other was extended. But this is not the time to despair of a lawful and civilising trade with Africa. Under the fostering protection of the cruisers, a trade of this description has got up, is yearly increasing in value, and it is difficult to state the limits which it may ultimately reach. The population of the west coast of Africa consists, probably, of about forty or fifty millions, and all authorities represent them as being most eager traders. On the one hand (and this nobody will be surprised to learn), the demand for European articles of manufacture seems unbounded; while, on the other hand, though few may be

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the Atlantic. They were saved only by an accident. Captain Trotter seized the slaver, but the pirates had quitted in their boats, having previously laid a train of gunpowder which communicated with the powder magazine. The train exploded just as Capt. Trotter put his foot on deck, but most providentially he and his crew were preserved.

aware of it, palm-oil*, ivory, gold-dust, bees-wax, gum†, hides, bar-wood, cam-wood, ebony, coffee, rice, pepper, guinea-grains, red-wood, teak-wood, have been already largely exported from the west coast, besides the many other valuable productions (such, for example, as the sugar-cane and indigo) which may hereafter become important articles of commerce. Even were there no others (and many others are of great value), yet the dye-woods, the palm-oil, and the timber of West Africa, are materials sufficient for a vast commerce. Before many years are past, it is highly probable that cotton may be produced largely also there, as well as at Natal. It grows wild in many parts, and is of a good quality, and only requires the developement of agriculture and peaceful commerce.

We will now give some extracts from the evidence. The iteration is tiresome enough; but its uniformity is impressive, while the diversity of sources from which it comes precludes any possibility of either personal objects, or special or collusive biasses among so many. The evidence shows, in the words of Lord John Russell, that, 'if there be any commerce in the 'world which deserves protection, or to which the British naval 'force ought to give its aid, it is that commerce which has 'sprung up in parts of Africa which had recently been the seat 'of the slave trade, and which cannot thrive unless legitimate 'trade receives the constant aid and protection of our navy.'‡

Captain Winniett, R. N. (governor of the Gold Coast), is asked,—

'Do you think that it is the presence of the slave trade which prevents the upgrowth of a legitimate trade?'—(*A.*) 'I do.'

'So that if the slave trade was checked, a legitimate trade would spring up in its place?'—(*A.*) 'Certainly.'

The Rev. H. Townsend is asked,

'Is it your impression that a brisk traffic in slaves tends to promote other traffic, or, is it a hinderance to legitimate traffic?'—'I think it is a hinderance, and a very great one.'

N. W. Macdonald, Esq., Governor of Sierra Leone, says,—

(*Ans.* 1231.) 'Once destroy the slave trade, and legitimate trade will immediately follow.'

(*Q.* 1232.) 'From your answer, the Committee infer that you

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* No less than 4,345,798 cwt. of palm-oil have been exported from West Africa since 1839, giving for the year 1849 (of which no return is yet made) the average of the preceding five years.

† See McCulloch's Com. Dict.

‡ Debate, March, 1850.

imagine the two cannot exist together?'—(*A.*) 'They cannot. It is impossible.'

He is then asked if the Gallinas is well calculated to be a port for legitimate trade? and replies:—'Certainly; and the 'absence of it there is "entirely" owing to the presence of the 'slave trade.' He also states that Sierra Leone was formerly one of the great nests of the slave trade, 'it is now wholly 'unknown there,' and the imports from England are worth about 100,000*l.* per annum.

Sir C. Hotham (Q. 2032. Lords' Com.), observes, 'generally 'speaking, if the slave trade was considerable at any particular 'place, it would be impossible that legitimate trade could flourish 'there.'

The Rev. J. Peyton (of Sierra Leone) is asked if legitimate trade and slave trade can co-exist. — His answer is, 'They 'cannot; the slave trade will destroy the other.' He is asked again (2573.), —

'Can there be security of property for legitimate trade, while the slave trade is thriving?'—(*A.*) 'If you withdraw the squadron, there is no protection whatever.'

(*Q.* 2614.) 'In what way does the slave trade prevent the civilisation of Africa?'—(*A.*) 'In the first place it prevents the establishment of all legitimate trade. 2nd. It hinders the progress of all missionary operations in Africa: and 3rd. the cultivation of the land by the native population.'

Captain Watson, R. N., an officer intimately acquainted with the west coast of Africa, states that 'the removal of the cruisers 'would lead to a great and unlimited increase of the slave trade,' and that 'the coast would then swarm with the worst kind of 'slave traders, and pirates; in fact, the whole coast would be 'given up to pillage.'

'Would the maintenance of the present lawful trade be compatible with such a state of things?'—(*A.*) 'No; I do not think that legal trade could well exist with an unrestricted slave trade.'

R. Dawson, Esq., an African merchant, informed the Committee that the natives are 'very apt indeed for commercial 'pursuits,' and that the cultivation of cotton might be increased without limit; and that palm-oil, indigo, dye-woods, bees-wax, coffee, gold-dust, &c., are among the articles of value produced on the west coast. He adds that legitimate trade could not keep its ground 'without external assistance,' 'without force,' in the face of the slave trade. He mentions an interesting fact. The slave trade, till a few years ago, used to flourish to a very great extent in the Bonny; it has now been annihilated by the

cruisers; and the effect is that 'those who were then slave 'traders are now engaged actively in the palm-oil trade,' and 'four hundred thousand cwt. of palm-oil are annually exported 'from that river alone!' He is asked, 'Would this substitution 'of palm-oil trade for slave trade have taken place, had not 'the latter been suppressed by the English cruisers?' His answer is, 'It would not.'

(*Q.* 3085.) 'What in your judgment would be the effect upon the trade if the cruisers were entirely withdrawn?'—(*A.*) 'The slave trade would revive to the detriment of the legitimate trade; in fact, almost to the exclusion of the legitimate trade, I should say.'

In the river Bento, likewise, 'the palm-oil trade has gra- 'dually increased as the slave trade has discontinued,' but would 'decidedly' be lessened considerably by the withdrawal of the squadron.

Captain Becroft, long engaged in the African trade, (and who distinguished himself by the aid he gave to the Niger expedition in its distress), states that legitimate traffic and the slave trade 'cannot co-exist together, if slave traffic is free.' When he left the Bight of Biafra*, there were 20,000 tons of British shipping engaged in legitimate trade; and he states his decided opinion that without external assistance this legitimate trade would be 'reduced to nothing,' so completely would the slave trade embarrass it. He afterwards assures the Committee that, were the cruisers withdrawn, 'you would have pirates on the 'seas, and the rivers full of slavers, and the legitimate trade 'would fail.' There is not the least doubt,' he adds, 'that 'there would be a great spread of piratical adventurers along 'the whole coast, so that commerce would be destroyed.'

Mr. Macqueen is asked,—

'Is not the legal trade very insignificant at the actual places where the slave trade flourishes?'—(*A.*) 'Very insignificant indeed.'

'Do you attribute that in any way to the effect of the slave trade?'—(*A.*) 'Decidedly.'

He afterwards says that 'Africa is capable of producing to 'an unbounded extent the goods which would form a means of 'legal traffic. There is scarcely any tropical production known 'in the world that does not thrive to perfection in Africa;' and he instances her dye-stuffs and dye-woods, the sugar-cane and cotton.

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* The annual imports into the Bay of Biafra are stated at 500,000*l.* (*Ans.* 3456.)

Captain Chads, R. N., is asked, — 'Supposing that the 'squadron which we maintain were kept there wholly for the 'sake of preserving our commerce, what number of vessels 'should you think necessary for the purpose?' He answered, 'I should at first think it would not be safe at all to diminish 'the squadron, and experience would show afterwards how 'much we might reduce it by degrees. I think there would be 'all kinds of excesses committed at first, if it were decided to 'throw open the slave trade. It would be necessary to keep 'the squadron there for the preservation of our own interests 'and our own merchants.'

Captain Fishbourne, R. N., states, as the result of his own observation on the coast, that 'legitimate trade did not go 'on in the presence of the slave trade.' He further states the result of the withdrawal of the squadron. 'The coast 'would become a nest of pirates, the number of slaves exported 'would be enormous, legitimate trade would cease, and in a very 'short time we should have to increase the squadron for the 'protection of what trade remained.'

After all this testimony, can there be any doubt that the removal of the squadron would be a fatal blow to our African commerce, present and future? But, in the next place, it is equally true that the measure would be no less ruinous to our West Indian colonies. The warmest advocates of the repeal of the differential duties upon slave-grown sugar, are, nevertheless, as ready as any other reasoners to allow that, were slave labour to be poured into Cuba and Brazil without let or hinderance, there could be no prospect for our West Indies but total ruin. Lord John Russell has stated it as his decided opinion* that 'the West Indies would be in the utmost 'danger if a great advantage were again given to the commerce 'of Brazil, by the admission of an immense number of slaves, 'and the free competition of their labour against the produce of 'our own West India islands. I think,' he adds, 'it would 'be more than the West Indies would be able to bear; they 'would be unable to stand against the competition.' What authority on this point can possibly be stronger, than that of the proposer of the sugar bill of 1846? Is it not clear, if our colonists are now suffering under the competition of slaves purchased at 100*l.*, that their ruin would be completed if the price of slaves were reduced to 25*l.* or 30*l.*?

Surely it is an element in the question which no reasonable person will neglect, that one of the incidental evils of the removal of the squadron would be, the ruin of four and twenty

* Speech, March 20. 1850.

of our own colonies! What would make this the more cruel is, that we are informed by men speaking under official responsibility, that these colonies seem to be recovering, though slowly, from their state of deep depression, and to promise again to become valuable possessions to the empire. We hope these expectations may be realised; and undoubtedly some indications of improvement exist among many dispiriting circumstances. The export of sugar in the two years 1847 and 1848 has been greater from our colonies than that of the two years 1845 and 1846; the excess shown by Jamaica is 62,680 cwt.: by British Guiana 390,920 cwt.: by Trinidad 67,720 cwt.: by Antigua 89,360 cwt.: amounting to a total increase in these two years upon the two years preceding, from four of our colonies, of 610,680 cwt.* It would be a short-sighted economy which should check the hopes of this reviving prosperity, and secure almost the whole supply of sugar for England and the rest of Europe to the slave-traders and planters of Cuba and Brazil.

There are other considerations which greatly fortify our conclusion, but to which we will only allude. One is, that, in the opinion of all the missionaries, without the protection of our squadron all missions must be abandoned. We wish we had room to describe what the missions, especially those in Old Calabar and Abbeokouta, have accomplished towards leading the natives to abandon human sacrifices and the slave trade, and to adopt, to a considerable degree, the habits of civilised life. Suffice it to say, that though here, as elsewhere, the good leaven can hardly work its way through, and though the difficulties are great, yet a very decided effect has already been produced upon the natives. The fibres of something like gradual civilisation appear in some places to be beginning to hold together the blowing sand. But all that we have yet done and all that we can hope to do will be destroyed at a blow, by the removal of the cruisers, and by the consequent exposure of the missionaries to the attacks of their slave-trading enemies. To estimate what missions may do in Africa, it is only necessary to point out what they have actually effected in the West Indies. We attribute to our religious instruction, more than to our twenty millions, the peaceable success of negro emancipation.

Another result of the cessation of our protective measures we should lament most deeply. It is the return of our own countrymen to the slave trade. That this would be the case, was clearly proved before the Committees: and let those who entertain doubts on this subject consider the state of the Liverpool traffic before the British slave trade was abolished. Let them

* Speech, March 20. 1850.

read the petitions from that town; let them remember the speeches of its representatives. Are we willing, after all we have done and suffered in this great cause, again to steep our hands in blood? Surely this is all but impossible; and we rejoice that our Government have proved themselves, by their resistance to the proposition, worthy successors of the Whigs of 1806, and of those who completed the task of the abolition of the Slave Trade, by the abolition of Slavery itself.

We entered upon this inquiry with considerable uncertainty; and we have not been insensible in the course of it to the arguments advanced in favour of neutrality. Interposition in behalf even of humanity will be often a mixed question; and this is eminently one in which the truth can only be come at by going into the whole case. After a diligent examination of its several particulars, we rejoice to say, our doubts and difficulties have disappeared. We are satisfied by the evidence, that, on the removal of the cruisers,—

1. The slave trade would increase to twice or perhaps three times its present extent:

2. That, this increase would fill Africa with ruin and desolation:

3. That, it would add vastly to both the numbers and the sufferings of the slaves in Cuba and Brazil:

4. That, the horrors of the Middle Passage would remain unabated, while a far greater number of persons would have to undergo them:

5. That, our legitimate commerce with Africa, which is of great, and may become of enormous value, would be destroyed:

6. That, our West Indian islands would be almost totally ruined by the cheapness of slave labour in Cuba and Brazil, were the slave trade free:

7. That, the missions in West Africa would be extinguished, and with them the promise they give of becoming foci of civilisation, agriculture, and commerce:

8. And that, Englishmen would again largely engage in the slave trade, to the utter disgrace of the nation.

With these conclusions before us, we can no longer hesitate. England, by abandoning in weariness or selfishness an undertaking originally entered into from motives of humanity and religion, would announce to the whole world, and must confess to herself, with guilty shame, that a career of humanity and self-denial had proved on trial a career too noble for her to pursue; —and that, though she has foully wronged the negro race, owes them reparation, and has acknowledged the obligation, she nevertheless declines fulfilling it,—because, to fulfil it would cost her money.

ART. IX. — *Report of the Judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Case of Gorham* versus *the Bishop of Exeter, March* 8. 1850.

'IT is a bad business,' said Abu Musa, in the sedition at Mecca, 'and he that meddles least with it has less chance 'of doing wrong. For what says the Prophet touching an evil 'affair of the kind? He who sleepeth in it is better than he 'that waketh — he that lieth than he that sitteth — he that 'sitteth than he that standeth — he that standeth than he that 'walketh — he that walketh than he that rideth.'

The words of the Prophet are still true; and we would gladly have spared ourselves and our readers the annoyance of passing through even the outskirts of the Gorham controversy. The impossibility of fully sympathising with either party — the unmeaning character of most of the points in dispute — the elaborate tediousness with which the case has dragged its slow length along — would have justified us in putting it aside at once, and forgetting it now, as we trust that it will be forgotten not many months hence. 'As for these Sacramentarian 'quarrels,' says good Bishop Hall, 'Lord! how bitter have they 'been! — how frequent! — how long! — in six several succes- 'sions of learned conflicts. In these cases the very victory is 'miserable — such, as Pyrrhus said of his, as is enough to undo 'the conqueror.'

But although in itself the controversy deserves little consideration, it has grown into such colossal dimensions, as to suggest, even where it does not invite, topics of great interest and instruction. We may safely leave to themselves the personalities with which the Primate has been assailed by the Bishop, and the vengeance with which the Bishop has been visited by the Presbyter — not to speak of the separate ingredients of discord and confusion thrown into the boiling cauldron by the controversies of Mr. Badeley, Mr. Maskell, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Irons, Mr. Allies, and Mr. Dodsworth, with one another, and with every one else; and proceed at once to the great question at issue in the whole struggle.

That question, when stript of all accessories and disguises, is no less than the question, whether the Church of England is now, and is to continue, a national institution. It is involved in both the points in dispute — to a certain extent in that which relates to the Court of Appeal which has decided the case — to a much greater extent in that which relates to the judgment which the Court has pronounced.

A moment's glance at the past history of the Church of England will best explain our meaning. Even before the era of the Reformation, the Anglican hierarchy had, in spite of the peculiar interests of their order, struck deep root into the affections of the people and the genius of the country. The intimate connexion of the secular with the ecclesiastical element, which survived the convulsions of the sixteenth century, and which still is stamped on the face of our legislature, our monarchy, our universities, our clergy, is a living result of that old and early union which, like all the rest of our constitution, was slowly maturing itself in the struggles of the Middle Ages, and had just reached the most critical point of its developement when it was overtaken by the tempest of the Reformation. That great event, which in many countries caused the nation and the clergy to start asunder more widely than before, in England riveted their union, at least politically speaking, more strongly than ever. The form which this union took expressed itself, as every one knows, in the establishment of the great principle of what was then called the Supremacy of the Crown, but what is now in reality the Supremacy of the Law. We bring these two phrases together advisedly, because it has been often overlooked that the latter is of necessity, in our own days, the only intelligible translation of the former; and hence it is that the wise and beneficent institutions which, out of the strong will and strong sense of the Tudor sovereigns, have grown into the bulwarks of the constitution of Queen Victoria, often labour most unjustly under the odium which rightly attaches, in many points, to the personal character of Henry and Elizabeth. It is as unreasonable to refuse the benefits of the Statutes of Præmunire and of the Royal Supremacy, because they remind us of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon and of the persecutions of Puritans and Catholics, as it would be to refuse the benefits of the Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights, because they remind us of the wicked statesmen who figure in the pages of Macaulay.

Of this intimate connexion between the various elements, secular and ecclesiastical, of our body politic, one amongst a thousand results has been the fact, which to some has seemed so strange — the decision of an ecclesiastical controversy by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed defence of the composition of that august tribunal. In answer to the clamour against the anomaly of submitting spiritual causes to the judgment of a court of laymen, it is enough to reply that this anomaly, if anomaly it be, is the direct consequence of that theory, or, to speak more correctly, of that constitution of the relations of Church and

State, which has been the especial object of the praise of Cranmer, and Hooker, and Selden, and Burke, and Coleridge, and Arnold. In answer to the clamour for the rights of the clergy against the tyranny of the State, it is sufficient to reply that that is no tyranny which protects the minority, or it may be the majority, of the clergy from the inquisition of prelates like the Bishop of Exeter, and of synods such as those which have lately assembled in Hanover Square and in Willis's Rooms. Let Churchmen listen to the warning voice of S. Gregory Nazianzen,—'To say the truth, I have utterly determined never to 'come to any council of bishops; for I never yet saw good end 'of any councils; for councils abate not ill things, but rather 'increase them.' Let Englishmen listen to the sober judgment of their great statesman,—'We know that the convocation 'of the clergy had formerly been called and sate with nearly as 'much regularity and business as Parliament itself. It is now 'called for form only. It sits for the purpose of making some 'polite ecclesiastical compliments to the king; and when that 'grace is said, retires, and is heard of no more. It is, however, 'a part of the constitution, and may be called out into act and 'energy whenever there is occasion, and'—we call particular attention to the conclusion which follows upon this lucid statement—'whenever *those who conjure up that spirit will choose* '*to abide the consequences.* It is wise to permit its legal 'existence; it is *wiser to continue it a legal existence only.* So 'truly has prudence the entire dominion over any exercise of 'power committed into its hands; and yet *I have lived to see* '*prudence and conformity to circumstances wholly set at nought* '*in our late controversies, and treated as if they were the most* '*contemptible and irrational of all things.*'*

But it is not on the composition of the tribunal that we would chiefly dwell. The judgment itself is, after all, its best justification; and whenever any purely clerical court shall deliver a decision equally wise, and just, and dispassionate, the nation might look with more composure on the transference of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council from its present administrators. The correctness of the judgment may now be safely left to fall or stand by its own merits. Its mode of procedure has been admirably vindicated by Archdeacon Hare, in his Letter to Mr. Cavendish. Its arguments have been triumphantly defended by Mr. Goode against a polemic of no ordinary vehemence and power. Its conclusion has received, from the honourable con-

* Burke's Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.

fession of Mr. Maskell, a testimony in its favour which leaves nothing more to be added.

It was, in fact, no new controversy which was brought before the Judicial Committee, and it is no new discovery which they have made. It was but a subordinate branch of the question, often asked in former times, and as often answered in the affirmative, — whether Calvinism was admissible within the Church of England. The judgment of Lord Langdale did but announce, in terms of legal precision and judicial gravity, the same undoubted fact which Lord Chatham expressed when he spoke of 'the Popish Liturgy, the Calvinistic Articles, and the 'Arminian Clergy;' which Bishop Horsley expressed when he 'asserted what he had often before asserted, and by God's grace 'declared that he would assert, to his dying day,' 'that upon 'the principal points in dispute between the Arminian and 'Calvinists — on all the points characteristic of the two sects — 'the Church of England maintains an absolute neutrality;' and 'that there is nothing to hinder the Arminian and the highest 'supra-lapsarian Calvinist from walking together in the Church 'of England and Ireland as friends and brothers, if they both 'approve the discipline of the Church, and both are willing to 'submit to it.' And every reader of this Review will remember the irresistible humour and not less irresistible logic which, in 1822, lent its powerful aid to the burst of public indignation against the prelate who endeavoured, by the 87 questions of Peterborough, to extort the same conformity to his own opinions from the Calvinistic curate of Blatherwycke that is now claimed by the 140 questions of the Bishop of Exeter from the Calvinistic vicar of St. Just. Why the Peterborough controversy should have been allowed to die away in silence, whilst the Gorham controversy is thought of sufficient importance to convulse the Church to its centre, it is for our modern agitators to determine.

But it is not merely on the well-known inclusion of Calvinism and Arminianism within the Church of England that the justice of the recent judgment reposes. It rests on a wider basis, on a more impregnable position, — the very foundation of the Church of England, as represented by the most indubitable testimony of historical facts. There is no need — although if need there were it could be amply satisfied — for minute comparison of the particular formularies of the Church to prove the general truth that it is, by the very conditions of its being, not High or Low, but Broad. The wonder is how any one who knows anything of the English Reformation can have hesitated for a moment in acknowledging that the Church of England, like every other

institution which came out of that momentous crisis, bore upon its features the impress of the contradictory elements which were contending for the mastery. Two principles—the principles of Rome and of Geneva—were struggling for life and death in England, as in every other country in Europe, for a triumph, which in England alone was in part lost, in part won, by both alike. If even in Germany, proverbial for the precision and fearlessness of her eminent men, the confessions and apologies of the Protestant Churches retain traces of the conflict, how much more in England, well called the native country of compromise, whose distinguishing excellence has always been a strong sense of practical unity amidst the utmost confusion of theoretical contradictions. Never was there a contest in which parties were so equally balanced,—in which the weight of external circumstances so instantly turned the scale. We cannot look steadily at any one scene or view in those eventful times without finding that it is dissolving into its opposite. At the accession of Edward the nation is Protestant. At the accession of Mary it is Roman Catholic. The very same proxies which the year before Edward's death were in the hands of Cranmer appear the next year in the hands of Bonner. It could not but be that every public act and document of the Reformers was marked by signs of the struggle through which they had passed: they had to build up their system sword in hand, with the axe of Henry behind them, and the fires of Mary before them; and, like the walls of Athens, after the Persian war, the whole fabric, strong as it has been in defence of the citadel, yet naturally 'exhibits 'in its irregular structure a lasting monument of the clashing 'interests and jarring passions by which the ill-assorted parts 'were brought together.'*

Nor must the peculiar disposition of those chiefly concerned be forgotten. If ever there were characters who would naturally have been inclined to gather within the sweep of their institutions as large a mass of supporters as possible, they were the two first Protestant Primates, Cranmer and Parker, and, above all, the great Protestant Queen, under whom the whole system was first compacted together. Without ascribing to them any remote prevision, or even any deliberate intention, they could hardly fail, by the very force of their nature, to accomplish the purpose which Fuller ascribes to their work, in language not inapposite to the circumstances of the present day. 'Some,' says that quaint and original writer, in speaking of the Thirty-nine Articles, 'have un-

* Thirlwall's Greece, vol. iii. p. 365.

'justly taxed the composers for too much favour extended in 'their large expressions, clean through the contexture of these 'Articles, which should have tied men's consciences up closer 'in stricter and more particularising propositions: which, indeed, 'proceeded from their commendable moderation: *children's 'clothes ought to be made of the biggest, because afterwards their 'bodies will grow up to their garments.* Thus the Articles of the 'English Protestant Church, in the infancy thereof, they thought 'good to draw up in general terms, foreseeing that posterity 'would grow up to fill the same. I mean, these holy men did 'prudently prediscover that differences in judgments would un-'avoidably happen in the Church, and were loath to unchurch 'any and drive them off from an ecclesiastical communion for 'such petty differences; *which made them plan the Articles in 'comprehensive words, to take in all who, differing in the branches, 'meet in the root of the same religion.*' (Church History, b. ix. § 52.)

To this mixed origin of our formularies corresponds the mixed history of our ecclesiastical parties ever since. There was force enough in the purely Protestant element to eject the Roman Catholic bishops at the accession of Elizabeth; there was not force enough to eject the great mass of Roman Catholic communicants till the memorable twelfth year of the same reign, from which some modern ecclesiastical purists date the beginning of what they call 'the Roman Catholic schism' in England. There was force enough in the Roman, or (so called) Catholic element, to roll back the principles of Cranmer and Abbott, in the time of Charles I. and Charles II.; there was not force enough to prevent the return of those principles in 1688, with the additional strength of the yet more hostile influences of the 18th century. The character of the spotted 'panther' by Dryden is but an enemy's representation of 'the mean between the two 'extremes,—of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much 'easiness in admitting variations,' which the Church of England claims as its own peculiar 'wisdom.' Jeremy Taylor, the prince of English divines, whose writings present, as in a many-sided mirror, all opinions that Christian divines ever held,—Hooker, the judicious champion of moderation against the exclusiveness of Rome on the one hand, and Geneva on the other,—are but the natural types of a Church, of which they have ever been regarded as the greatest ornaments. The very existence of the 'Via Media,' so long the pride of Anglican theology, is a testimony to the twofold aspect which the English ecclesiastical system has always worn alike in the eyes of its friends and its enemies.

But, in fact, this double character is not peculiar to the *Church* of England — it is the characteristic feature of *England* itself. It runs through the whole course of the English character and history, from the time when England itself first became a nation down to the present moment. We do not mean that our national character is the sole cause of the peculiarity which marks our National Reformation, but it contributed largely to the complex character of that great movement, and it illustrates, even where it does not form, the breadth and comprehensiveness of our ecclesiastical institutions. Every where we are met by the cross of our first parentage — we are not Normans merely, nor Saxons, but Englishmen — the two theological elements in our Liturgy are not more strongly contrasted than the two elements of speech so prominently brought out in the language of its first Exhortation. Our revolutions, unlike those of foreign nations, have been conducted not in single, sudden, abrupt convulsions, but by long struggles, by ancient precedent, through action and reaction, of two mighty principles, each as distinct now as when they were brought face to face in King and Baron, Cavalier and Roundhead, Jacobite and Orangeman. Our universities are constructed, at least nominally, on the combination of two opposite institutions — the collegiate and the professorial. Our political constitution is worked for the most part by the union of a theory and practice utterly at variance with each other. Our judicial courts, civil and ecclesiastical, vie with each other in the mass of irreconcilable doctrines which are involved in almost every turn of their most solemn forms.

Such considerations, even if not strictly applicable to the case in question, yet tend to indicate the inconsistency of reproaching the recent Judgment, or the Church of England, for the very qualities which, in the rest of our national institutions, we honour with the highest commendation, and which, in our general history, have led to such beneficial results. The wisest Germans feel, that to unsettle the equal relations established between the Roman Catholics and Protestants at the Peace of Westphalia, would be to undo the work which Providence has wrought among them by the infallible signs of thirty years of misery and bloodshed. The wisest Englishmen should feel no less, that to cast either of the existing parties out of the Church of England, is to act in despite of that Providence which, through three hundred years of war and peace, has never allowed either of the two parties entirely to succumb to the other. 'What 'God has joined, let no man put asunder.' 'Happy that country,' was the expression of a European sovereign who some years past visited this island, and surveyed with delight our ancient eccle-

siastical institutions — 'Happy that country where the new is 'intertwined with the old — where the old is ever new, and the 'new is ever old.' And woe to that generation (it may well be said, in continuation of the same thought), which shall dissever the old from the new — which shall make the old for ever old, and the new for ever new.

Even if it were no more than the fear of disturbing a system which is in a wonderful manner the expression of the national mind, we might well pause before we pronounced ourselves equal to the performance of a duty, if it were a duty, so awful as this task would involve. But there is a higher motive than the natural desire to defend our existing system, which should make us rejoice in the peaceable settlement of any question like that which has called forth these remarks. It is because the system of the Church of England has endured so long and, on the whole, so successfully, that we ought to hesitate before we join the ecclesiastical agitators who wish to destroy it. But it is because it contains germs of good untold for generations yet to come, that we are bound not only to acquiesce in its continuance, but to cling to it as the best hope for the future. Never was there a case in which the '*Spartam nactus es*' of the oracle was so immediately followed up by the '*Hanc exorna.*'

Beginning from the humblest grounds, it is worth the consideration of every well-wisher to the energy as well as to the peace of the Established Church, to take warning from the sad pages of our history, which tell us how far more we have lost than gained by those instances — happily few and far between — in which the equilibrium of the two parties has been for a time overthrown. It is surely no matter of boasting to the Church of England that the author of the Saints' Rest, and the author of the Morning and Evening Hymn, died in exile from its communion. It was surely no gain in the period after the Restoration, when the Church needed all the forces which it could muster to contend against the licentiousness of the times, that it had, by Sheldon and the Cavaliers, been deprived of the services of 2000 of its most zealous ministers — nor in the dryness and coldness of the eighteenth century, that Tillotson and Tenison lived apart from the fervour and animation, misplaced though it might be, of their Nonjuring brethren. Least of all should the High Church party of the present day presume to demand the ejection of the school, to whose devotion and activity in the close of the last and the beginning of this century the Church of England may almost be said to owe its very existence. Had the advocates of the High Church view of baptism during the last generation succeeded in expelling their Evangelical oppo-

nents from the Church as summarily as their modern representatives desire to expel the same opponents now, it may well be asked by what means (humanly speaking) the religious life of the Establishment could have been preserved? Had the same test been enforced fifty years ago which so many are labouring to enforce now, it is enough to say, that it would have driven from the Church (to mention two names only out of hundreds) Wilberforce and Simeon.

There is, however, a yet nearer case which might induce High Churchmen in the present controversy to pause before they complain, that 'the *bona fides* of subscription is shaken' by the judgment of the Privy Council. When we read the list of names attached to the resolutions and the memorials of March, 1850, and then consider how many of those very names were attached to the famous address of March, 1845, which thanked the Oxford Proctors for preventing a censure on the 90th Tract for the Times, we confess that it is with difficulty that we can repress the astonishment, which must arise in every reasonable mind at conduct involving (to use the mildest term) such extraordinary inconsistency. Who were then so eager to claim the protection of 'the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies' in behalf of themselves or their friends, as those who now think it essential to the existence of a Church that it should express itself dogmatically and precisely on one of the most controverted points that theology contains? Who were then so vehement against the theological decisions of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust as those who now regard him as a second Daniel come to judgment? Who were then so reluctant to appeal to the excited tribunal of an assembly of clergy at Oxford as those who are now moving heaven and earth to obtain a Provincial Synod in London? It may be that no extent of liberal interpretation could have admitted within the meaning of our formularies the enormous latitude of Number 90. and of Mr. Ward's Ideal; but this is certain, that not only those who then claimed and who must still claim that latitude for themselves, but also that vast section of High Church clergy who differ as widely from the letter of the Articles as, on the most unfavourable construction, Mr. Gorham can be said to differ from the letter of the Liturgy, ought not, for very shame, to utter one word against the only principle of interpretation which enables the Church to receive their own subscription. Once apply a rigid rule of construction, and the Articles on General Councils, on the Royal Supremacy, on the Sacraments, on Justification, must close the gates as effectually against all the followers of the Bishop of Exeter,

as the words of the Baptismal Thanksgiving would close them against the Archbishop of York and Mr. Gorham. Once allow the Romanising and Catholicising party to breathe freely, and the same admission opens the door to the vast mass of their Evangelical brethren whom they are now trying to exclude. Let 'the wheel' of theological controversy again 'come full cycle,' and we shall see the High Church body clamouring as fiercely against strict interpretations and clerical synods then, as they are clamouring for them now, and as they did, in fact, clamour against them five years ago. We believe that the Church of England and the nation of England gain by the comprehension of various elements within its pale; and we should be the last to deal harshly with men so able, so zealous, and so devout, as many of the High Church party have proved themselves to be. But they cannot be too often reminded that all parties, in all their shades, need the protection of the principle laid down in the judgment of Lord Langdale — a principle so amply confirmed and sanctioned by their own position and claims, both heretofore and now. If that judgment be latitudinarian, it is a latitudinarianism of which the example has been set in other points of doctrine by the late Primate, no less than by the present — by the Bishop of Bath and Wells when he tolerated, and wisely tolerated, the Anglo-Catholic party at Oxford, no less than by the Bishop of St. David's, who labours to vindicate the same liberty of conscience for the poor clergy who have been entrusted to his pastoral care among the mountains of Wales.

But, in truth, the position which we claim for the Church of England, as it is far above any passing emergency, so neither does it stand in need of any personal recriminations. It secures not only the inestimable advantage of retaining within the pale of the Establishment both the rival schools of theology, — in this particular instance the school of Jewell, and Usher, and Bedell, and Leighton, and Wilberforce, and Sumner, side by side with that of Laud, and Ken, and Pusey, — but it also is the only guarantee for the general moderation and comprehensiveness which are essential to the very idea of a great national institution in a country like this. There may have been those amongst us who, in their lofty aspirations after Christian perfection, have dreamed of a time — when the noble theory of the first English Reformers should be realised in a sense even higher than that in which it was conceived by the eminent statesmen and divines of that period, — when the English Church should indeed be co-extensive with the English nation. That the precincts of the Church of England should furnish room for such a hope, even in the remote future, and that in the present crisis they have

not been (as they might have been) so narrowed as to stifle that hope for ever, is a matter of deep thankfulness. Yet, happy as such a prospect may be, and delightful as it is to contemplate its possible accomplishment, not by the crude attempts of hasty speculators — not by the premature application of uncertain theories — not by the external pressure of liberal governments, but by the slow march of ages, by the uncertain conflicts of the 16th and 17th centuries, by grave judicial decisions, and by the wise moderation of dignified ecclesiastics, — there is a nearer and more urgent service which the Church of England may render, unless its first principles are trampled under foot by the violence or the misunderstanding of its own professed supporters. It has been stated by the author of a pamphlet* on the present controversy, that the recent judgment is a triumph, not (as he calls them) of the Puritan, but only of 'the Philosophical or Latitudi-'narian school,' within the Church. If the able writer of that letter had consulted his own vigorous common sense, instead of a fanciful division of the Church into schools, which, for the purpose in question, have no existence at all, he would, we are sure, have arrived at a very different conclusion, and have seen that there were interests to be secured by the judgment of the Privy Council as far removed from Puritan and Latitudinarian theories as either of those theories are from each other, — interests never to be slighted by a Christian minister, least of all to be slighted in times like our own. Every one acknowledges the fact that we are thrown upon an age of unusual fermentation in thought and speculation. That vast convulsion, of which our fathers saw the first beginnings, still continues: the great thaw which broke up the long frost of the 18th century is still in every quarter dissolving the existing fabric of opinion; principles long dormant are springing into life; forms long unmeaning are either perishing or acquiring new animation; the ancient Giants Pope and Pagan, whom Bunyan saw crippled and shackled in their caves, are beginning once again to rattle their chains and exhibit unwonted signs of activity.

> 'Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
> Numina ——.'

Now, who are they that most suffer, and most require the aid of external institutions, at such a period as this? Not surely those

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* 'The Bearings of the Gorham Case.' A Letter to a Friend. By James Craigie Robertson, M. A., Vicar of Bekesbourne; the author of an excellent work on the Rubrical controversy, under the title '*How shall we conform to the Liturgy?*'

who, taking a prominent part in such discussions, have the support of their own convictions, and the sympathy of their own partizans,—not the Puritan, or the Romanising, or the philosophical schools, if such schools can be fairly eliminated from each other's ranks,—but those whose natural disposition withdraws them from the strife of tongues, into which they are cast by the lot of their age, and who shrink from taking an active part in a contest in which they feel they have little or no concern, and long to repose in truths which they hold as certain and essential, instead of dwelling on those which their natural character leads them to regard as doubtful and comparatively indifferent. These are precisely the bruised reeds which a National Church-institution is bound to abstain from crushing,—the smoking flax which it should be most careful not to quench; and these are precisely the characters which the actual state of the Church of England, as handed down from the Reformation, as confirmed by the Judgment of the Privy Council, is, above every other similar institution in the world, calculated to protect and console. The class which Isaac Walton describes as his own still occupies the chief place in the community, namely, those whom, by way of distinction from 'the active Romanists,' and 'the restless nonconformists,' he calls 'the passive peaceable Protestants.' 'These last,' adds the gentle angler, 'pleaded and defended their cause by established 'laws both ecclesiastical and civil, and, if they were active, it 'was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those 'known laws happily established to them and their posterity.'* To this class belonged, in his rustic retirement, the great Hooker;—to this class, in a later age, Isaac Walton himself—to this class, in our own time, the great mass of the nation, rich and poor, male and female, who are members of the Church of England, because they wish to be religious without being members of a party or a sect. More speculative minds may long for the professorial chairs of Germany, or the elaborate systems of Aquinas or Bellarmine; more resolute minds may long for greater simplicity of principle, for greater vigour in the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline. But those of whom we just now spoke—the little ones, whom to offend is to incur a greater guilt than to be drowned in the depths of the sea,—who in Protestant Germany might have been driven to distraction by the unbounded liberty of speculation, or, in Roman Catholic Italy, have been driven to infidelity by the iron yoke of authority,—these are the very persons who seek and find in the bosom of the Church of England the very refuge they want.

* Walton's 'Lives,' i. 354.

Let any one look at a rustic congregation, and ask what it is which is expected from the Church of England by the rude farmer, the simple labourer, the hard shopkeeper, the timid woman, the ignorant child, that come to worship under that sacred roof? Do they wish to know whether their pastor has authority to teach them dogmatically the doctrines of Absolution and the Real Presence? Do they wish to be told whether Regeneration takes place in, before, or after Baptism?—whether their children have been regenerated by prevenient grace or by the sprinkling of water?—whether the 'Decades of Bullinger' or the 'Savoy Conference' contain the truest exposition of Christian doctrine? Every one knows that they want no such thing. Every one knows that a clergyman who was constantly insisting on such matters in his pulpit would be regarded as hardly in his right mind. Every one knows that what they desire, and what from any good pastor they will receive, is the permission and the help to worship God as their fathers worshipped Him,—to serve Him truly in those various stations in which He has placed them,—to be strengthened and built up in that holy faith which is indeed, in every sense, beyond and 'without contro-'versy.'

Such is the true end of a Church Establishment,—such is the end which, even after the disastrous secession of many of its most distinguished members, is still to a great extent answered by the Established Church of Scotland,—such is the end which, up to this time, has been, with more or less effect, answered by the Church of England, and which might be answered with still greater effect if it would, in the solemn language of its Ordination Service, 'wholly apply itself to this one thing, and draw 'all its cares and studies this way;' but such is not the end which is either pursued or attained by convocations and synods, by dogmatic statements and stringent subscriptions, by furious letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or by a hundred and forty questions to aged Calvinists. We know how the Hampden controversy, even at the very height of its terrors, withered and died in a moment before the blaze of the Revolution of February. We know how the Gorham controversy would be extinguished, in like manner, by any similar catastrophe, whether at home or abroad. Would that the greatness of our daily duties, of our ordinary dangers and privileges, could reveal to our clergy what the sudden convulsions of public life always do reveal,—the nothingness of these verbal disputes, when compared with the living and stirring interests of national and individual welfare. It may be the sign of a healthy political state that our only revolution, as a French traveller is said facetiously

to have expressed it, is the revolution of 'le père Gorham.' It is not the mark of a healthy moral state that 'le père Gorham' should concenter upon himself and his doctrine that energy of hatred which we have been taught by our baptismal vows to reserve for the various forms of moral evil, or that we should labour to turn our artizans into dogmatic theologians more than to make them good citizens and good Christians.

We have dwelt on the historical certainty of the fact that the Church of England was meant to include, and that it has always included, opposite and contradictory opinions, not only on the point now in dispute, but on other points, as important or more important than this. We have dwelt also on the inestimable advantage, if not absolute necessity, of maintaining this position, as the best means of dealing with the peculiar mission of a National Church, especially of a National Church in England, above all, of the Church of England in these times. But we feel that there is a yet higher ground to be taken—that there is a sanction and an example for our position almost too solemn to be insisted upon in these pages, were it not for the greatness of the interests at stake, and for the sincerity, in many instances, of the scruples which such a position excites in those who have not considered it in its true point of view. In the second of those vigorous, though mistaken letters, which have drawn down upon Mr. Maskell the anger of hundreds less plain-spoken or less clear-sighted than himself, — after an examination of the various points on which he truly conceives the Chuch of England to have expressed no dogmatic opinion, there occurs this (in his view) final and fatal question,—'Has the 'world ever before seen, — does there now exist any where — 'another example of a religious sect or community which does 'not take one side or the other clearly and distinctly, upon at 'least a very large proportion of the doctrines of which we have 'been speaking?'*

Yes: the world has seen one example, at least, of a religious community, whose highest authorities did refuse to take one side or the other clearly and distinctly on the questions which were brought for their decision. There was once a council, in which, 'after much disputing,' it was determined not to 'put a 'yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither their fathers 'nor they were able to bear;' and to whom 'it seemed good to 'lay upon the Church no greater burden than these necessary 'things, from which if the brethren kept themselves they should

* A Second Letter on the present position of the High Church Party in the Church of England, p. 40., by the Rev. W. Maskell.

'do well.'* There was once a conference of those who 'seemed 'to be the pillars of the Church' to decide the claims between the two rival sections of the Christian community, of whom we are told, that 'when they perceived that He who wrought 'effectually' on one side, 'the same was mighty,' also on the other side, they 'gave' to both 'the right hand of fellowship,' that each should 'go unto' his own peculiar sphere.† There was once a controversy which distracted the Church with 'doubtful dis-'putations,' and the answer which came from an authority, now revered by the whole Christian world, was a decision which decided nothing, except that each party might be left to its own convictions, however opposite and contradictory they might be. 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that 'regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that re-'gardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it; he 'that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and 'he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God 'thanks.'‡ It is to the principle, not the subject-matter, of such decisions, that our attention is directed. The controversy to which they related, different as it was from those of modern times, agitated the Apostolical Church no less fiercely, and was invested by the contending parties with no less importance. It is enough for our purpose to learn that the Church of the first century gloried in the freedom which is now regarded as a disgrace, and directed its earliest and its most energetic efforts, not to the enforcement of a rigid uniformity, but to the toleration of wide diversities. It was, indeed, no empty figure of speech which in that early age of Christianity recalled the image of the ark prepared against the flood. It is not an empty boast, that we have now within our reach,—and it will be no imaginary guilt if we, of our own accord, refuse to maintain—a system which shares, in however imperfect a measure, one characteristic attribute of that perfect Church which was to float visibly upon the stormy waters, and gather within itself the characters of various conditions, opinions, and tempers, who fled to it for shelter from the waves of this troublesome world. The Church of England, however, in this respect, unlike the Churches of Rome or of Geneva, may console itself with the reflection that it presents a likeness, however faint, of the Church of the Apostolic age.

It is with reluctance that we descend from that sacred atmosphere to the earth-born mists of modern controversy. We

* Acts, xv. 7. 10. 28. † Gal. ii. 8, 9. ‡ Rom. xiv. 1. 5, 6.

might well be content to leave the question as it reposes on the general principle so amply justified by the most solemn precedents which the world can furnish, and in this particular case so clearly enunciated by our highest legal functionaries, so wisely sanctioned by the silence of our highest ecclesiastical authorities, so irrefragably justified by the facts of history, so directly applicable to every party in the Church of England. We feel that, whilst taking the question on this its highest ground, we are not only occupying a position impregnable in the present controversy, but that we are defending interests far wider and far more sacred than those which that controversy involves, and are resting under the shade of an authority which the Bishop of Exeter himself will not dare to excommunicate. Long after the Gorham Case has been forgotten, the Church and nation will, we confidently trust, reap the fruits of that calmness and moderation which serve to protect from persecution the very party which is now indignant at being restrained from persecuting others. 'Old religious factions,' according to the felicitous image of Burke, 'are volcanoes burnt out; on the lava and 'ashes and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions grow the peaceful 'olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn.'

But a few words must, before we conclude, be devoted to the subject of the controversy itself, which has given rise for the present to so much unhappy division,—for the future let us trust to so happy a prospect of ultimate union. Into the details of the question it is not our intention to venture. Of this, with perhaps even greater truth than of the kindred controversy on the Eucharist, we may well say, with Jeremy Taylor, 'Men have 'turned the key in this lock so often, till it cannot be either 'opened or shut, and they have unravelled the clue so long, till 'they have entangled it.' In the present instance such a task is rendered doubly hopeless by the shifting and purposeless character of the whole dispute. No sooner do we grapple with an argument or a statement in this Protean contest, than it suddenly turns into something else. Up to the moment of the judgment, 'Regene-'ration' was the word on which the whole question hinged. The moment that the judgment was pronounced, 'Regeneration' was discarded, and a totally different phrase and idea,—'the 'Remission of Sins,' was substituted for it. When we ask what is meant by 'Remission of Sins?' that expression itself changes into the 'Remission of Original Sin;' and if we ask further, whether that phrase is used in the sense of the early Church for the everlasting loss of unbaptized infants, we are repulsed with horror, and some new and equally ambiguous test is given us in its place. Again and again the statements

crumble in our grasp. Again and again we find that they are either so unmeaning that all parties alike conform to them, or so revolting that all alike repudiate them. Or if from words we turn to persons, the chase is still after a phantom. The conflict is like the midnight battle at Syracuse, where each party mistakes the watchword of the other, where Ionian pæans and Dorian pæans are heard alike on either side, where no one is able to draw the line between friends and enemies in the shadowy strife. The extremes, no doubt, differ from each other, but the intermediate stages which unite the extremes are absolutely indistinguishable. Can Mr. Gorham fall without involving Mr. Goode in his ruin? And yet, if Mr. Goode is to be lost, how shall we save the venerable Primate, who has so conspicuously marked him out for honour, and who has so frankly and generously thrown his shield over the oppressed party in the Church? And, then, is it possible to believe that the chasm between the Primate and the Bishop of London is really so vast as to prevent that eminent prelate from holding communion with his most reverend friend? And who shall venture to divide the innumerable shades of opinion which follow? If Archdeacon Manning* maintains that 'Baptism without repentance 'avails nothing,' how is he to be reconciled with Archdeacon Wilberforce, or how is he to be separated from Archdeacon Hare? Are those, who maintain the change in baptism to be an unconditional change of relation, divisible by more than a hair's breadth distance from those who believe it to be a conditional change of nature? Are those who believe in the conditional regeneration of adults so essentially different from those who believe in the conditional regeneration of infants that the same Church cannot contain them both? How shall we distinguish the view of the Bishop of Exeter, who asserts the former, from the view of Mr. Gorham, who asserts the latter? How can we compile a doctrine of baptism which is to exclude the Vicar, and retain the Bishop? What becomes of all the horror at the slightest variation from the literal sense of our formularies, if the Bishop is allowed to apply the very same interpretation to the service for adults which Mr. Gorham is precluded from applying to the very same words in the service for infants? In short, when those who have signed resolutions and remonstrances in behalf of precise dogmatic statements can themselves draw up a statement precise, dogmatic, and intelligible, which shall neither contradict itself nor themselves, nor each other — when the Bishop of Exeter,

* Manning' Sermons, vol. iv. p. 339.

who denies what Mr. Badeley* holds to be essential, can agree with his own counsel on the very point at issue in the whole dispute; — when, lastly, the Bishop of Exeter, who excommunicates the Primate in 1850, can be reconciled with the Bishop of Exeter who embraces the Methodists and Independents in 1833, — then, and not till then, will be the time to enter into the details of a controversy, of which the most remarkable feature is the marked absence of precision or unity in those who are endeavouring to enforce precise uniformity on the whole Church of England.

There are, however, two general considerations which may fairly be pressed even on the attention of the disputants themselves: I. It is important to observe that, so far from the question of the efficacy of Infant Baptism being an exception to the general comprehensiveness of the Church, it has, up to this time, been held to be one of its most signal exemplifications. The doctrine may be perfectly *true*: all that we are now maintaining is, that it has never been *authoritatively* regarded as *essential*. To those who are not well acquainted with ecclesiastical history, and who listen only to the numerous declarations and protests which speak as if 'unconditional regeneration in and by baptism' was the one article of a falling or a standing Church, it might appear as if in no age or country had there ever been any doubt on the subject — as if the doctrine in question had always stood in the very front of every creed and confession that ever was composed. The very reverse is the fact. We will pass over the first century. No one will venture to claim from that sacred age the semblance of a ground for the colossal importance of this new test. But what is true of the creeds of the first century is true also of the creeds of later ages. In the Apostles' Creed, the great confession of faith through the whole Western Church† — the most venerable monument of primitive antiquity — the symbol at this moment of membership

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* Speech of Mr. Badeley, pp. 56. 132. Letter of the Bishop of Exeter, p. 22.

† It may here be noticed by the way, that in the exposition of this creed by Bishop Pearson, although he connects 'the remission of sins' with the baptism of adults, so far as to use the two expressions in juxtaposition, there is no mention whatever of the baptism of infants — a material omission, inasmuch as on the question of adults the Bishop of Exeter has expressed his entire concurrence with Mr. Gorham; and, therefore, on the only point at issue, Bishop Pearson has expressed no opinion at all, and has declared that no opinion need be expressed. (*Pearson on the Creed*, Art. X.)

with the Church of England — there is not one word on the Sacrament of Baptism, infant or adult. In the Athanasian Creed, — carefully and awfully as it guards the doctrine of the Catholic faith, and precisely as it states wherein that Catholic faith consists, descending even into the minute question of 'the double 'Procession,' 'which, unless a man do keep whole and undefiled, 'without doubt he shall perish everlastingly'—there is not one word on what is now maintained, in direct contradiction to that celebrated confession, to be 'an *essential* article of the Catholic 'faith.' In the Nicene Creed, or rather in that later edition of it which appeared at the Council of Constantinople, there is a clause which acknowledges 'one baptism for the remission of 'sins.' But that clause is worded, not in the terminology of ecclesiastical controversy, but is taken direct from the large and general language of Scripture itself. Whatever sense is to be attached to it in the only two passages in the New Testament, where the phrase occurs — one relating to the baptism of John the Baptist, the other to the baptism by Peter on the day of Pentecost, — may be, or rather must be, attached to it in the Creed. The context of those passages, the words employed, the belief of the earlier Greek Fathers, the state of theological controversy at the time, — all not only do not enjoin, but almost forbid, the extension of the phrase (as originally intended) from the baptism of adults to that of infants, — from the remission of actual sins to the remission of that original sin of infants which could only by the most violent distortion of language be forced into connexion with the words of the Creed; and even if it were so forced, the question of the mode of remission, whether conditional or unconditional, is still left as open as ever.

And what the Creeds omit to declare as necessary to be believed, neither did the Councils enjoin. One only exception has been drawn up from the abyss of antiquity, which might at first sight seem to give the support of one General Council to something like the dogma now put forward. In that awful and menacing language, of which the Bishop of Exeter is so perfect a master, the Primate was presented 'with a canon of the Fourth 'Council of Carthage, a council received generally, and one 'whose laws were adopted by the General Council of Chalce-'don. The first canon of the Fourth Council of Carthage, which 'is thus seen to have had the authority of the whole Catholic 'Church, in giving rules for the examination of one elected to 'be a bishop, directs, amongst other things, as follows: — '"Quærendum etiam ab eo si credat, &c., si in baptismo omnia '"peccata, id est, tam originale contractum, quam illa quæ vo-'"luntariè admissa sunt, dimittantur." Thus it appears that no

'one in the Primitive Church could possibly be ordained a 'bishop without its being first ascertained that he believed 'original sin to be remitted in baptism.'* We will not now inquire how far this alleged requisition from the ancient bishops agrees with the requisition by modern bishops from their clergy. It is sufficient to state, first, that there is much reason to believe that the canons of the Fourth Council of Carthage are, from beginning to end, a complete forgery; secondly, that, even were they genuine, there is no proof that they were adopted by the General Council of Chalcedon; thirdly, that, had they been so adopted, and thus 'have had the authority of the whole Catholic 'Church,' they contain, 'amongst other things,' these two regulations: 'That *no bishop shall read a Gentile book;*' that 'no 'bishop, on pain of deprivation of the right of ordination, shall 'ever ordain a clergyman who *has been twice married or who has 'married a widow.*'

Such is the result of the only instance alleged from the Primitive Church in behalf of an authoritative statement of 'the 'doctrine of Holy Baptism.' Through the tomes of the Mediæval Church we confess that we have not thought it necessary to search. To one work, however, of the Middle Ages we will refer, because it is in everybody's hands, and because it refutes, more decisively even than the authority of Creeds and Councils, the alleged necessity for practically pressing forward this doctrine. If there be any one manual of devotion used with universal edification through the whole Catholic Church, it is 'The Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis. From one end to the other of that admirable book, of which the very object is to build up the soul of the believer, there is not the remotest allusion to the doctrine which is now said to be the indispensable basis — the ever-recurring topic — in all Christian education.

From the Church of the Middle Ages we turn to the Church of England. We have already, to a certain extent, anticipated all that could be said. If our Reformed Church has not thought it right to decide authoritatively on the great questions of Calvinism and Arminianism, it must, *à fortiori*, have declined to decide on the subordinate question of grace in the baptism of children. From the mass of evidence to prove that on this point diversities of opinion were always regarded as admissible, we will select two facts. The first shall be given in the forcible language of Mr. Maskell: — 'Perhaps without two exceptions

* Letter of the Bishop of Exeter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, p. 15.

'all the divines, bishops and archbishops, doctors and professors, 'of the Elizabethan age,—the age, be it remembered, of the 'present Common Prayer-book in its chief particulars, and of 'the Book of Homilies, and of the Thirty-nine Articles,—held 'and taught doctrines inconsistent with the [High Church] doc-'trine of Baptism.'* The second shall be a quotation from Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism,'—a book which is, as every one knows, recommended throughout the English Church as the standard work on that subject, and in which the author had every inducement to exaggerate the importance of a topic, to the investigation of which he had devoted the best years of his life:—'Baptism itself does, indeed, make an article in several old 'creeds, as, for example, in the Constantinopolitan, which is 'now received in all Christendom,—"I acknowledge one bap-'tism for the remission of sins." But the determination of '*the age or manner of receiving it was never thought fit to make* 'an article of faith.' (Vol. ii. p. 549.) And he adds, in a few pages afterwards, with a moderation which would almost seem to be directly aimed at the extraordinary positions maintained by some of our modern writers on the same subject:—'The 'sophisters in logic have a way by which, if any man do hold 'any the least error in philosophy, they will, by a long train of 'consequences, prove that he denies the first maxims of common 'sense. And some would bring that spiteful art into religion, 'whereby they will prove him that is mistaken in the least 'point to be that Antichrist that denieth the Father and the 'Son. If the Pædobaptist and the Anti-Pædobaptist be mis-'taken, yet let them not make heathens of one another. The 'denial of the Quakers to be Christians,—those of them I mean 'that believe the Scriptures,—has such a dreadful consequence 'with it, that one would not willingly admit it (though they 'deny all baptism), because they, however, possess that which is 'the chief thing signified and intended by baptism.' (Vol. ii. p. 570.)

Statements to the same effect might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been adduced to show that whatever heresy attaches (as Mr. Denison and his supporters declare that it does attach) to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for leaving this doctrine an open question, attaches also to the Church of England, as represented in the compilers of its formularies, and in the work which its bishops and archbishops have for the last hundred years recommended as the one complete statement of the whole controversy; and not only to the Church of

* Second Letter, &c., by Rev. W. Maskell, p. 15.

England, but to the Creeds and Councils of the Primitive Church itself; above all to the authors of the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed; and to all Churches, ancient and modern, which accept those confessions as adequate expressions of Christian truth.

II. Such is a brief survey of the view which the Christian Church from the earliest to the latest times has taken of the *importance* of the doctrines connected with Infant Baptism. It would be a more instructive inquiry had we time to unfold the view which in different ages has been taken of those doctrines themselves; instructive not merely for the purposes of the present controversy, but as illustrating some of the most important features in the history of the Church itself. It would exhibit in striking relief the impassable gulf which exists between all modern views, Catholic and Protestant alike, on the one hand, and those of the ancient Church, to which so many zealots in the recent conflicts profess themselves adherents. It would show the immense elevation of the Apostolic times above those which immediately succeeded, and the long toil by which subsequent ages have laboured, consciously or unconsciously, to work back to that divine original from which the Church so suddenly and sadly fell. It would mark at once the weakness and the strength of that Church through all its later stages,—its weakness in allowing the peculiar influences of successive ages to colour and mould its form of belief,—its strength in constantly asserting, even against the most prevalent corruptions and amidst the most painful self-contradictions, the moral and spiritual element, which in any other religion than Christianity would have died away under the weight of heterogeneous materials, but which has always remained, dimly burning, yet never extinguished, and illuminating even the darkest recesses in which it was buried. It would show, lastly, how great is the agreement amongst all serious persons, certainly in this age, and, probably, in most ages, on the only point which really affects their practice, and how needless is the clamour for a precision of statement, which the nature of the subject either precludes or renders superfluous.

To treat such a subject worthily of its interest would fill a volume. Our present limits will only allow us to indicate abruptly and imperfectly its chief landmarks. What, then, was Baptism in the Apostolic Age? The fewest words will most reverently tell what indeed it requires but few words to describe. We must place before our minds the greatest religious change which the world has seen or can see. Imagine thousands of men and women seized by one common impulse,—abandoning,

by the irresistible conviction of a day, an hour, a moment, their former habits, friends, associates, to be enrolled in a new society under the banner of a new faith. Conceive what that new society was—a society of 'brothers;' bound by ties closer than any earthly brotherhood—filled with life and energy such as fall to the lot of none but the most ardent enthusiasts, yet tempered by a moderation, a wisdom, and a holiness such as mere enthusiasts have never possessed. Picture that society, swayed by the presence of men whose very names seem too sacred for the converse of ordinary mortals, and by the recent recollections of One, whom 'not seeing they loved with love unspeak-'able.' Into this society they passed by an act as natural as it was expressive. The plunge into the bath of purification, long known among the Jewish nation as the symbol of a change of life, was still retained as the pledge of entrance into this new and universal communion—retained under the express sanction of Him, into whose most holy name they were by that solemn rite 'baptized.' The water in those Eastern regions, so doubly significant of all that was pure and refreshing, closed over the heads of the converts, and they rose into the light of heaven, new and altered beings. Can we wonder if on such an act were lavished all the figures which language could furnish to express the mighty change: 'Regeneration,' 'Illumination,' 'Burial,' 'Resurrection,' 'A new creation,' 'Forgiveness of 'sins,' 'Salvation'? Well might the Apostle say, 'Baptism doth 'even now save us,' even had he left his statement in its unrestricted strength to express what in that age no one could misunderstand. But no less well was he led to add, as if with a divine prescience of coming evils, 'Not the putting away the 'filth of the flesh, but—the answer of a good conscience to-'wards God.'

Such was the Apostolic baptism. It is startling to witness the abrupt descent from the first century to the third, the fourth, the fifth. The rite was, indeed, still in great measure what in its origin it had been almost universally, the great change from darkness to light, from evil to good; the 'second birth' of men from the corrupt society of the dying Roman Empire into the purifying and elevating influence of the living Christian Church.*

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* As a general rule in the writings of the later Fathers, there is no doubt that the words which we translate 'Regeneration,' is used exclusively for Baptism. But it is equally certain that in the earlier Fathers it is used for *Repentance*, or, as we should now say, *Conversion*. See Clem. Rom. i. 9. Justin. Dial. in Tryph. p. 231. B. D. Clemens Alex. (apud Eus. H. E. iii. 23.) Strom. lib. ii. 8. 425. A.

Nay, in some respects the deep moral responsibility of the act must have been impressed upon the converts by the severe, sometimes the life-long, preparation for the final pledge, even more than by the sudden and almost instantaneous transition which characterised the baptism of the Apostolic age. But gradually the consciousness of this 'answer of the good conscience to-'wards God' was lost in the stress laid with greater and greater emphasis on the 'putting away the filth of the flesh.' Let us conceive ourselves present at those extraordinary scenes, to which no existing ritual of any European Church offers the slightest likeness; when, between Easter and Pentecost, the crowds of catechumens poured into the baptisteries of the great basilicas; let us figure to our minds the strange ceremonies handed down to us in the minutest details by contemporary documents: the exorcism and exsufflation,—the torch-light of the midnight hour,—the naked figures, plunging into the deep waters of the bath,—the bishop, always present to receive them as they emerged,—the white robes,—the anointing with oil,—the laying on of hands. Among the accompaniments of these scenes there were practices and signs which we have long ago discarded as inexpedient or indifferent, but which were then regarded as essential. Immersion, which is now retained only in the half-civilised churches of the East, or by the insignificant sect of Baptists*, was then, even on death-beds, deemed all but absolutely necessary. The whole modern Church of Western Europe, according to the belief of those times, would be condemned as 'unbaptized:' because it has received, without the excuse of a sick bed, nothing but the clinical or sick bed aspersion—'Totus 'orbis miratur se non esse Christianum, sed Clinicum.' It was not the effect of divine grace upon the soul, but of the actual water upon the body, on which those ancient Baptists built their hopes of immortality. Let but the person of a human being be wrapt in the purifying element, and he was redeemed from the uncleanness of his birth. The boy Athanasius throwing water in jest over his playmate on the sea-shore in the name of the Holy Trinity, performed as it was believed a valid baptism: the Apostles in the spray of the storm on the sea of Galilee; the penitent thief in the water that rushed from the wound of the Crucified—(such were the wild excesses to which some ventured without censure to carry the doctrine)—received the baptism which had else been withheld from them. And this 'washing of water' was now deemed absolutely neces-

* The cathedral of Milan is the solitary exception in the churches of the West where the old practice still continues.

sary for salvation. No human being could pass into the presence of God hereafter unless he had passed through the waters of baptism here. 'This,' says the learned Vossius, 'is the 'judgment of all antiquity, that they perish everlastingly who 'will not be baptized when they may.' From this belief followed gradually, but surely, the dreadful conclusion that the natural end, not only of all heathens, but of all the patriarchs and saints of the Old Testament, was in the realms of perdition. And, last of all, the Pelagian controversy drew out the mournful doctrine, that infants, dying before baptism, were excluded from the face of Him whose presence we are solemnly told 'their 'angels do always behold;'—the doctrine when expressed (as it was expressed) in its darkest form, that they are consigned to the everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels. There is no escape from the fact that at the close of the fifth century this belief had become universal, chiefly through the means of the great Augustine. It was the turning point of his contest with Pelagius. It was the dogma from which nothing could induce him to part. It was this which he meant by insisting on 'the remission of original sin in infant baptism.' In his earlier years he had doubted whether, possibly, he might not leave it an open question; but in his full age, 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should leave the matter so.' The extremest case of a child dying beyond the reach of baptism is put to him, and he decides against it. In the Fifth Council of Carthage, doubtless under his auspices, the milder view is mentioned of those who, reposing on the gracious promise, 'In my Father's 'house are many mansions,' trusted that among those many mansions there might still be found, even for those infants who, by want of baptism, were shut out from the Divine presence, some place of shelter. That milder view is anathematised. Happily, this dark doctrine was, as we have already observed, never sanctioned by the universal creeds of the Church. On this, as on every other point connected with the doctrine of Baptism, they preserved a strange, we might almost say a providential silence. But among the individual Fathers we fear that from the time of Augustine the confession of Wall* is but too true: 'How hard soever this opinion may seem, it is the 'constant opinion of the ancients.'

It is from no wish to disparage those 'ancients,' or the noble character of Augustine himself, that we have insisted on this

* Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism,' vol. i. p. 200. In this work, and in Bingham's 'Antiquities,' will be found most of the authorities for the statements in the text.

melancholy fact. 'I am sorry,' says Bishop Hall, and we share his sorrow, 'that so harsh an opinion should be graced with the 'name of a Father so reverend, so divine,—whose sentence yet 'let no man plead by halves.' But the interests of truth demand that we should be reminded of what was the 'precise 'and dogmatic' doctrine of Baptism held by those to whom High Churchmen of the present day are for ever appealing in behalf of views which are really as far removed from those of Augustine as the nineteenth century is from the fifth, and as London is from Hippo. Do they or do they not believe that immersion is essential to the efficacy of baptism? Do they or do they not hold that unbaptized infants must be lost for ever? Do they or do they not hold that baptized infants must receive the Eucharist, or be lost in like manner? For this, too, strange as it may seem, was yet a necessary consequence of the same materialising system. 'He who held it 'impossible' (we again use the words of Bishop Hall) 'for a 'child to be saved unless the baptismal water were poured on 'his face, held it also as impossible for the same infant, unless 'the sacramental bread were received in his mouth. And, lest 'any should plead different interpretations, the same St. Augus- 'tine avers this later opinion also, touching the necessary com- 'municating of children, to have been once the common judg- 'ment of the Church of Rome.'* Such were the doctrines of the Fathers on Infant Baptism;—doctrines so deeply affecting our whole conceptions of God and of man, that, in comparison, the gravest questions now in dispute shrink into utter insignificance;—doctrines so wholly different from those professed by any English, we may almost add any European, clergymen of the present day, that had the Bishop of Exeter or the Pope of Rome himself appeared for consecration before the Bishop of Hippo, he would have been rejected at once as an unbaptized heretic.

It is a more pleasing task to trace the struggle of Christian goodness and wisdom, by which the Church was gradually delivered from this iron yoke. Even in the Patristic age itself (in its earlier stage) the subjugation had not been complete. Tertullian and Chrysostom must have accepted with hesitation, if they accepted at all, the universal condemnation of unbaptized children. No general or provincial council, except the Fifth of Carthage, ventured to affirm it. The exception in behalf of martyrs left an opening, at least in principle, which would by logical consequence no less admit other exceptions, of which the Fathers never dreamed. The saints of the Old Testament were

* Bishop Hall's 'Letter to the Lady Honoria Hay.'

rescued from their long prison-house by the hypothesis of a liberation effected for them through the Descent into Hell. But these were contradictions and exceptions to the prevailing doctrine; and the gloomy period which immediately followed the death of Augustine, fraught as it was with every imaginable horror of a falling empire, was not likely to soften the harsh creed which he had bequeathed to it; and the chains which the 'durus pater infantum' had thrown round the souls of children were riveted by Gregory the Great. At last, however, with the new birth of the European nations the humanity of Christendom revived. One by one the chief strongholds of the ancient belief yielded to the purer and loftier instincts (to use no higher name) which guided the Christian Church in its onward progress, dawning more and more unto the perfect day. First disappeared the necessity of immersion. Then, to the Master of the Sentences we owe the decisive change of doctrine which delivered the souls of infants from the everlasting fire to which they had been handed over by Augustine and Fulgentius, and placed them, with the heroes of the heathen world, in that mild Limbo or Elysium which every one knows in the pages of Dante. Next fell the practice of administering to them the Eucharistic elements. Last of all, in the fourteenth century, the great though silent protest against the magical theory of Baptism itself was effected in the postponement of the rite of Confirmation, which, up to that time, had been regarded as an essential part of Baptism, and, as such, was administered simultaneously with it. An ineffectual stand was made in behalf of the receding doctrine of Augustine by Gregory of Ariminum, known amongst his 'seraphic' and 'angelic' colleagues by the unenviable title of 'Tormentor Infantum'; and some of the severer Reformers, both in England and Germany, for a few years clung to the sterner view. But the victory was really won; and the Council of Trent, no less than the Confession of Augsburgh and the Thirty-nine Articles, has virtually abandoned the position, by which Popes and Fathers once maintained the absolute, unconditional, mystical efficacy of the sacramental elements on the body and soul of the unconscious infant. The Greek Church, indeed, with its usual tenacity of ancient forms, still immerses, still communicates, and still confirms its infant members,—a living image of the Patristic practice. But in the Western Church the Christian religion has taken its free and natural course; and in the boldness which substituted a few drops of water for the ancient bath, which pronounced a charitable judgment on the innocent babes who died without the sacraments, which restored to the Eucha-

rist its original intention, and gave to Confirmation a meaning of its own, by deferring both those solemn rites to years of discretion, we have at once the best proof of the total and necessary divergence of modern from ancient doctrine, and the best guarantee that surely, though slowly, the true wisdom of Christianity will be justified of all her children.

It is unnecessary for any practical purpose to pursue the history of Baptism further. That unconditional efficacy which was once believed by the Fathers, and is still believed by the Eastern Church, to flow from both the sacraments alike to infants and adults, has been restrained within narrower and narrower limits, till, in this country at least, it has (except by a very few individuals) been withheld from infant communion, from adult communion, from adult baptism, and lingers only in the now disputed region of the baptism of infants. But, although it is foreign to our purpose to enter into that dispute itself, it is satisfactory to be assured how genuine and almost universal is the agreement which, after all this toil and conflict, prevails upon the practice around which the dispute rages. All Christian parents feel that in bringing their children to the font they are obeying the natural instincts of a Christian heart, by dedicating their newborn offspring to the service of God, in the hope and prayer that the rest of his life may be led according to this beginning. And, whatever may be the response which particular portions of the service of the Church of England may awaken in their minds, yet with its main spirit, with its fundamental idea, they recognise in themselves the most entire sympathy. They may be perplexed or instructed, exasperated or soothed, as the case may be, by those passages which crowd together, by a perhaps not unnatural anachronism and accommodation, into one brief act, at the commencement of life, the various forms which once expressed a long preparation, a deliberate intention, a complete reformation of character at the most critical moment of mature years; but they can all alike enter into the solemn words in which the Church recalls their thoughts to the touching scene in the Gospel narrative, on which, and on which alone, the Liturgy rests the practice of Infant Baptism,—when they are reminded of 'the words of our Saviour Christ,' 'how He com-'manded the children to be brought unto Him; how He blamed 'those that would have kept them from Him; how He exhorted 'all men to follow their innocency.' This is the true basis of Infant Baptism, as it appears in the New Testament. This is the doctrine of the Church of England, as it exists on the face of the Liturgy. This is the blessing which Christian parents seek and find in that sacred ordinance. On this immoveable

basis they may rest, without fear of disturbance from any modern speculation. In this wise, and wholesome, and holy doctrine, and in its application to Christian education, they may find enough to occupy their thoughts and their energies, without craving for an authoritative statement on points which can be apprehended by the wisest and best of men only in faint and partial glimpses, and which, for the most part, lie altogether beyond the province of human discernment, certainly beyond the ordinary limits of religious edification. In the favour of Him who 'embraced little children in His arms, and laid His 'hands upon them and blessed them,' there is enough to satisfy the longings of every truly Christian heart, without insisting upon Mr. Gorham's 'prevenient grace' on the one hand, or on the Bishop of Exeter's 'unconditional change of nature' on the other hand.

We have now gone through the main points of interest in this controversy. Many topics have necessarily been omitted altogether; many treated most imperfectly. But there is one misconstruction which we would deprecate before we bid farewell to the subject. We have spoken of the dispute as a strife of words, rather than of realities,—we have spoken of its social effects and of its historical origin, rather than of the doctrine which it is supposed to involve. Such a view of the matter constantly exposes its advocates to taunts of indifference to truth, or of insensibility to the feelings of those whose interests and sympathies are warmly enlisted in the struggle. Against these insinuations, from whatever quarter they come, we most solemnly protest. We have spoken as we have spoken, in part from our profound conviction that the importance with which the controversy has been invested is adventitious only, not real. But we have spoken also from a conviction no less profound that there is a truth as lofty as ever Council decreed,—an image of Christianity as holy as ever won the admiration of Saint or Martyr,—which by such controversies is obscured, corrupted, denied. It is not this or that tenet of any particular school, but the moral and spiritual character of religion itself which suffers in struggles like these. It is not in behalf of any party in the National Church, but in behalf of the Church itself, in this its truly Christian and apostolic mission, that we have endeavoured, however faintly and humbly, to lift up our voice. The end of the controversy is still unknown. It has already, we are told, filled four octavo volumes, and may fill many more. Court after Court has been, and may yet again be, called to adjudicate the tortuous case. The effects of the judgment, to which we have endeavoured to render its deserved tribute, may

be marred by some new turn in this labyrinth of litigation. The malcontents of the Church may, from some mistaken point of honour, some imaginary grievance, some desperate step of their own choice, precipitate a rupture for which none but themselves will be answerable. But, whatever be the result, it will still be a satisfaction for those who have laboured to set forth the higher considerations of justice, mercy, and truth, in this disastrous agitation, that they have done what in them lay, faithfully to keep the deposit committed to their trust for future generations,—truly to build up the Church that is amongst us for the great and holy purposes for which it was established in these realms. Such purposes it may still accomplish, if it is but true to itself. And if, after all, it should lose—not by its own fault, but by their fancy—some who would else have been amongst its most distinguished ornaments, there will still be left for those who remain, the noble task of proving, by greater energy and devotion, that zeal is not inconsistent with toleration, nor the love of goodness incompatible with the love of truth.

'These things,'—may we thus venture with due humility to conclude in the words of the great Chancellor,—'these things 'have we, in all sincerity and simplicity, set down, touching the 'controversies which now trouble the Church of England, and 'that without all art and insinuation; and therefore not like to 'be grateful to either part. Notwithstanding, we trust what 'hath been said shall find a correspondence in their minds which 'are not embarked in partiality, and which like the whole better 'than a part: wherefore we are not out of hope that it may do 'good: at least, we shall not repent ourselves of the medita-'tion.'*

* Bacon, on 'Church Controversies,' vol. iii. p. 60.

No. CLXXXVI. will be published in October.

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No. CLXXXVIII.

ART. I.—1. *The English Language.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. Second Edition, 8vo. London: Pp. 581.

2. *Elementary English Grammar for the Use of Schools.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. Second Edition, 12mo. London: Pp. 219.

3. *The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language.* By Rev. M. HARRISON, A.M. 12mo. London: Pp. 381.

ABOUT eleven years ago, in an article entitled 'Structure of the English Language,' we attempted to ascertain, with some approach to precision, the relations of Anglo-Saxon to modern English, and the extent to which the former modifies, or rather constitutes, the latter. It was shown that whether we look at a numerical comparison alone, or at the classes of words which Anglo-Saxon has given us, or at the degree in which it influences all our grammatical forms and most idiomatic constructions,—there is no comparison between the importance of this element and that of any other in our beautiful and copious, though very composite language. At the same time the magnitude and value,—absolutely, though not relatively,—of its classical element, were largely insisted upon.

Since the appearance of that article very much has been done to illustrate the grammar and history of our language, and to imbue the minds of our youth with a just knowledge of both. These subjects were formerly much neglected in the not perhaps too eager, but certainly too exclusive, study of

the classical languages. Many a youth amongst us has been far more deeply acquainted with the structure of Latin and Greek than with that of his mother tongue; in the condition, in fact, of those worthy Englishmen who formerly made the 'grand tour,' and were yet strangers to the scenery and ignorant of the antiquities of their native land.*

Few have contributed to this beneficial change more largely or more meritoriously than the writer whose elaborate volume we have placed at the head of the present article, and who, in this, as well as in more elementary works, has given us the result of much solid learning and acute criticism, in relation as well to the history as to the grammar of the English language. It may not be displeasing to many of our readers, if we now append to our former article some few observations on the principal changes which our language has undergone since its formation, and on the fluctuations which contact with other nations, or the operation of internal causes, has produced in literary diction. In attempting thus much we shall freely avail ourselves of Dr. Latham's aid; and, studying a necessary brevity, shall content ourselves, wherever we can, with a simple reference to his copious chapters. We strongly recommend his entire work, however, to the attention of students: at the same time taking the liberty to remind Mr. Kemble that the sort of promise which he once held out, of a work on the History of the English Language from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, is not yet performed.

It is hardly necessary to inform any of our readers that the Anglo-Saxon was one of the numerous offshoots from the prolific stock of Gothic languages. Like the modern German, it had far more various and complicated inflections of its articles, pronouns, and adjectives, than the modern English; and in the verbs more inflectional forms than the latter at present exhibits. Like the modern German, it also admitted what appears to us an inverted and unnatural order in construction; and, lastly, it possessed a similar power of combining its elements, and of forming new compounds at its pleasure. This last is the singular advantage of a homogeneous language; for by a species of

* No inconsiderable benefit has resulted from that judicious regulation of the University of London, which includes among the subjects of the matriculation examination, 'The Grammatical Struc-' ture of the English Language.' Considerably more than a thousand youths have now passed that examination. That any university curriculum should, from first to last, dispense with all reference to a youth's native tongue, seems singular. A *liberal* education surely implies a knowledge of *that*, whatever else it implies.

elasticity, it can thus accommodate itself to any condition of the national mind. Contracted during the period of barbarism, it readily expands in proportion to the demands of knowledge and civilisation. By far the most momentous part of the change which has converted Anglo-Saxon into modern English, consists in the loss of many of the above-mentioned grammatical peculiarities, and in mere changes of form and orthography. The vocabulary of the older language has been to a vast extent transferred to the new. Five-eighths at least of the language spoken by Alfred still circulates in the veins of the modern English.

The Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain in 449, and in something less than a century had conquered nearly as much of the island as they ever conquered at all. They retained their language uncorrupted — by no means always the case with conquerors. As Gibbon expresses it, 'a large army is but a small nation;' the progress of conquest is slow; and the victors, in time, are apt to adopt, with some modifications, the language of the vanquished. The Anglo-Saxons, however, partly extirpated and partly expelled the ancient inhabitants, to such an extent, that with comparatively few exceptions (as in the case of great natural landmarks), even the names of places were changed, and received Saxon appellations. The word *Kent* (*Cantium*) is an exception; nor is it difficult to see why. The Anglo-Saxons did not make their first appearance as invaders, but ostensibly to assist the British against the Northern marauders, the Picts and Scots. It was some time before they assumed a hostile posture. While yet allies they were entertained in Kent, and they became accustomed themselves to call that province by its name, before they proceeded to eject the rightful owners. Not so with other portions of the island, where they had never planted foot except as conquerors, and to which, therefore, they naturally gave new names. Hence the retention of Celtic names is rare. In general, it may be observed, that the English possesses, *relatively*, few words of Celtic origin*; and in tracing the history of our language, that of the Britons, the original inhabitants of the island, demands but little notice.

The Anglo-Saxons during by far the greater period of their history were barbarous; their language, therefore, could not be

* Though more than was at one time supposed. Perhaps the tendency is now rather to overstate the amount of this comparatively slight element. See the remarks of Dr. Latham on this subject, who has carefully given the results of recent investigation in his chapters on the 'History and Analysis of the English Language.' *English Language*, part ii. chap. i.

expected to be very polished, or more copious than the ideas of those who spoke it. Still, as already stated, it had great natural capabilities, and possessed resources far beyond the actual uses to which it was put; nor can there be any doubt, in case it had not passed into the modern English, and the nation had advanced, as it has since done, in science and civilisation, but that the Anglo-Saxon would have manifested the same facility of combination as the modern German; the same self-derived copiousness; the same power of evolving out of its own elements compound words for expressing new ideas. Ælfric, in his Saxon Grammar, scorns to go further than the vernacular for any of the terms by which to express the technicalities of grammatical science; thus he translates *verbum, word; significatio, getacnunge; actio, dede; modus, gemet; tempus, tid; species, hiw; persona, hat* *;—just in the same manner as the modern Germans have manufactured technicalities out of their plastic vernacular in all departments of science.

The Anglo-Saxon continued to be spoken, nearly in its purity, till the Conquest (1066). It may be reckoned to have reached its highest state of development in the age of Alfred,—a natural consequence of the encouragement given to literature and every species of culture by that truly enlightened and patriotic prince. The promise of improvement which his reign held out, was soon blasted by the renewed incursions and ultimate triumph of the Danes. They were a nation remotely of kindred origin, and spoke a language of the same stock,—though they were in a still stronger sense, barbarous. Ellis (in his *Specimens*) affirms that their incursions and, at last, ascendancy, 'threw back our language almost into a state of pristine 'barbarism.' It does not seem that this observation is at all justified by facts. As their language was of the Gothic stock, they introduced, it may be apprehended, comparatively few words radically different from such as were already in use.† The principal changes must have been dialectal, and the innovations chiefly in the inflections and pronunciation of words. To this, as well as to the comparative infrequency with which the Anglo-Saxon was written, we are no doubt to attribute those infinite varieties of orthography, with which the Anglo-Saxon student is at first so much perplexed. These, however, are not the sole cause of such varieties. There were, we know, dialectal differences among the original invaders, the

* Turner's Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii. p. 440.; where the reader may see other examples, some of them very curious.

† See Latham's observations on the subject, pp. 57—59.

Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, just as there are among the English of the present day; doubtless increased, however, by the frequent settlements, and at length ascendancy, of the Danes. These dialectal differences, as in our own day, would consist principally of the interchange of certain consonants, in sound very much resembling one another, (and which, as the whole history of language shows, are perpetually liable to be interchanged,) and in the broader or sharper sound of the vowels. These last varieties we are probably liable, in interpreting the written remains of a language, to exaggerate; since the vowels, in every language, have always had a most imperfect notation, — one symbol usually representing more than one sound; and often, many.

About the time of the Conquest, or rather a little before, commenced those changes, which terminated in the formation of what we must call a new language — the English. Yet it is not till two centuries after that event (1258), that we possess a document which shows us the transformation almost complete. To this document, and others contemporaneous with it, we shall presently allude. It may be desirable, at the point of view which we have now reached, to make a few concise observations on the probable causes of the change in question; the period during which it was being effected; and on its nature and results.

As to the first, there has been much dispute, nor can it be said that there is not still abundant scope for it. One point has been warmly contested; whether any influence, and if any, what, is to be ascribed to the Norman Conquest. In the estimate of many, it used to be considered as almost alone sufficient to account for the perplexing phenomenon; in that of others, and among them, some of the best critics of our time, it would be adjudged to have had very little to do with the matter. Thus Hallam says:—'It is probable, indeed, that 'the converse of foreigners might have something to do with 'those simplifications of the Anglo-Saxon grammar, which 'appeared about the reign of Henry II., more than a century 'after the Conquest; though it is also true that languages of a 'very artificial structure, like that of England before that revo-'lution, often became less complex in their forms, without any 'such violent process as an amalgamation of two different races.'* Price, in his preface to Warton's History of English Poetry, says, 'That some change had taken place in the style of com-'position, and general structure of the language, since the days 'of Alfred, is a matter beyond dispute; but that these mutations

* Literature of Europe, vol. i. p. 59.

'were a consequence of the Norman invasion, or even accele-
'rated by that event, is wholly incapable of proof. . . . Every
'branch of the Low-German stock from whence the Anglo-
'Saxon sprang, displays the same simplification of its gram-
'mar.'* Dr. Latham goes so far as to say,—'What the present
'language of England would have been had the Norman
'Conquest never taken place, the analogy of Holland, Denmark,
'and of many other countries, enables us to determine. It
'would have been much as it is at present.'

Many plausible arguments may be adduced on both sides,—and the truth, probably, as in so many other cases, lies between the opposite views. Those who think the Conquest had almost everything, and those who think it had next to nothing, to do with the transformation of the language, will find it perhaps equally difficult to maintain so extreme a proposition. There is a sense, indeed, in which both theories may be accepted; namely, that some similar changes *would* have occurred without the Conquest; and that it did, in point of fact, greatly modify, accelerate, and augment them.

Dr. Latham's statement, that if there had been no Norman invasion, the English would have proceeded to develope itself in grammatical forms analogous to those which its actual history presents, may be admitted as probable; for it seems difficult to deny that traces of the approaching revolution—the initial parts of the process—may be discerned in the closing period of the Anglo-Saxon rule; still it may, in our judgment, be also plausibly maintained that those changes were greatly more extensive and rapid in a given time than they would have been except for the Conquest. If it be asked how we shall account for those initial changes in the grammatical structure which we have admitted are not obscurely discernible even before the Conquest, and for those still more striking phenomena, referred to by Mr. Price and Mr. Hallam, in the Platt-Deutsch languages,—we must reply that there never has been any satisfactory solution of the problem. It may be worthy of question, however, whether these changes, though not attended by an 'amalgamation of races,' have not been in part produced by causes somewhat similar to those which come into play in such a condition of things, though feebler in their character, and slower in their operation,—we mean the contact, collision, and (so to speak) interpenetration, of different tribes speaking different dialects of the same languages; or of nations speaking different languages, though of the same stock. We must recollect that

* Warton's History, vol. i. pp. 109, 110. *Preface.*

the original invaders, the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, spoke different dialects, though of the same language; and if there be any force in such circumstances to break down the grammatical structure at all, the subsequent invasions, establishments, and at length ascendancy of the Danes, must have tended to produce still further changes in the same direction.* *A priori*, it certainly

* 'The Anglo-Saxon,' says Rask, 'appears to have been in its origin a rude mixture of the dialects of the Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes; but we are not acquainted with it in that state, these dialects having soon coalesced into one language, as the various kindred tribes soon united to form one nation, after they had taken possession of England. With the introduction of Christianity and the Roman Alphabet, their literature began, and continued during all the wars and dreadful devastations which our rugged and warlike forefathers, the Danes, spread over the land; the nation itself, notwithstanding all its revolutions and misfortunes, having preserved a certain degree of antiquity. Even under the Danish kings all laws and edicts were promulgated in pure Anglo-Saxon, in which, with the exception of a few single words, no striking influence can be traced of the old Scandinavian or Icelandic, spoken by our forefathers at that period. On the contrary, the Anglo-Saxon rather exercised an influence on the old language, spoken in the northern kingdoms, particularly in Denmark. It was not till after the Norman conquest that French and Latin were introduced as the language of the court, while the Anglo-Saxon was despised and sank into a dialect of the vulgar; which, not till it had undergone a complete transformation, and been blended with the language of the old northern settlers, and with the French spoken by the conquerors, whereby the ancient structure was almost entirely lost, and after an interval of some centuries, re-appeared as a new tongue, — the *modern English*. We thus find here the changes which took place in the languages of Germany and the North, though nowhere was the transition attended with such violence as in England, and nowhere has it left such manifest and indelible traces as in the English language. We have here an ancient, fixed, and regular tongue, which during a space of 500 years preserved itself almost without change; for King Ethelbert adopted Christianity about 593 or 596, and his laws, which we may refer to about the year 600, are perhaps the oldest extant in Anglo-Saxon. In the year 1066, William the Norman conquered England; but the highly cultivated, deep-rooted, ancient national tongue, could not be immediately extirpated, though it was instantly banished from the court. This king's laws were even published in French. A fragment of the Saxon Chronicles, published by Lye, concluding with the year 1079, is still in pretty correct Anglo-Saxon; but, in the continuation of the same chronicle, from 1135 to 1140, almost all the inflections of the language are either changed or regulated, as well as the orthography and most of the old phrases and idioms. We may, therefore, fix the year 1100

does appear difficult to attribute such singular phenomena of a language to some mysterious internal necessity of so developing or rather of so vitiating itself,—a proposition by no means self-evident enough to be received without a more profound philosophy of the fact than has yet been given; and perhaps if we examine history, we shall see that the majority of facts favour the conclusion that changes of this nature are at least accelerated by the operation of some powerful external causes. It is, at all events, incontestable that the permanent occupation of a country, and the amalgamation of races, have been usually attended with the formation of a new language out of one of them; not by the amalgamation of both, but by a simplification of the grammatical structure of one, and a slender infusion of terms from the other. *Which* language shall yield will be dependent on circumstances; but where the races have thoroughly amalgamated, one of them has usually given way. Where the conquerors are few, the conquered have very generally imposed their language on the victors; where very numerous, and the colonies planted have been stable and extensive, (as in the case of the Roman occupation of Gaul) the victors have succeeded in subduing the language as well as the people. The original Celtic tribes in Gaul and the Spanish Peninsula yielded to the Latin. On the other hand, the Goths who invaded Italy, and the Normans who invaded France, received the language of the conquered territories. But, in either case the formation of new languages on the Roman stock was the result, and took place, contemporaneously at all events, with the complete amalgamation of the races. It would surely be curious if such a coincidence were merely accidental. In all these cases the bulk of the words of that language which ultimately maintained its ascendancy was retained; its forms, its inflections, its grammatical structure underwent great transmutations.

If so, does it not seem probable that those grammatical changes in the Platt-Deutsch languages, which are principally appealed to as indicating that such linguistic revolutions have been effected by some inexplicable internal necessity, may be accounted for in a similar manner? We must recollect that as far back as authentic history extends, the tribes speaking these languages have never been in possession of perfectly homogeneous languages; that they were all formations from older forms, and grafts on older trunks; that dialectal differences among those

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as the limit of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. . . . . The confusion that prevailed after 1100 belongs to the *old English period.*'—*Rask: Anglo-Saxon Grammar, preface*, p. 46.

who spoke them, and who were in perpetual contact, have always been considerable: that collision of tribe with tribe; wars, invasions, and transient conquests; local disturbance from time to time of large masses of the population; the flux and reflux of migration, now in one direction, now in another, were for many ages perpetually at work. If, then, there be any force in these supposed causes at all, may we not expect changes of a similar kind with those produced in the case of 'amalga-'mation of races,' though less perceptible in their operation, and more moderate in amount; that is, may we not expect the gradual degradation and disintegration of minute particles of the language in the collision of different dialectal forms; a simplification in the grammatical structure; a violation of the refined and complicated system of a nearly homogeneous language? We suggest these questions, rather to elicit further investigation than as indicating any decision of our own upon them. Whether the amount and rate of change in the grammatical structure of the Platt-Deutsch languages, as compared with those in our own, at all correspond to any such more moderate and feeble influences, we must leave to the decision of philologists better acquainted with the remote history of these languages than we profess to be. But if so, we have every proof which induction admits, that the causes in question are not fanciful: for instance, in the case of the violent amalgamation of totally different races, we have usually the formation of a new language with a different grammar, on the base of one of them; and in the comparatively gentle collision and, so to speak, friction amongst one another, of the elements of a nation originally consisting of many different tribes, distinguished by as many different dialectal forms of speech, we have similar changes in the grammatical structure; only more moderate and more gradual. Such an hypothesis, at all events, would serve as a key to those initial changes in the Anglo-Saxon which were anterior to the Conquest.

On the other hand, it does not seem intrinsically very probable that a nation speaking a homogeneous language, with a complex system of inflections and terminations, and with corresponding capacities of a self-consistent development of its powers, should willingly exchange that more elaborate, and, abstractedly, more perfect type of language, for another and inferior system of grammatical forms. Price says, 'until it shall be shown that political 'commotions have a decided tendency to derange the intellectual 'and physical powers in the same degree that they disorganise civil 'society, and that under the influence of troubled times men are 'prone to forget the natural means of communicating their ideas, 'to falter in their speech, and recur to the babble of their infancy

'—we certainly have not advanced beyond the threshold of the 'argument.'* Surely it is equally obvious to remark, that by similar reasoning, we may infer that a nation does not of set purpose, without any external cause, exchange its established symbols of thought and forms of speech for others. Men universally cling with remarkable tenacity to their language; as is seen in the comparatively moderate changes which the language of a strictly isolated nation will admit in the course of many ages; and the slow rate of change observable even in those which are subjected to every conceivable cause of vitiation. The steps, by which what we now call dead languages severally died out, are seldom to be traced.

That some such change should take place from the aforesaid causes,—whether or not it would ever take place from any other causes,—must seem very natural, if we consider the exigencies under which intercourse between two races speaking different languages, or two tribes speaking different dialects of the same language, would take place. It would assuredly not be by fusing together the vocables of each language; as little likely is it that it would become an *olla podrida*, made up half of words supplied by the one language, and half of words supplied from the other; something like the address of the priest at St. Dominica to Mr. Coleridge:—'Como esta, Monsieur? J'espère que usted 'se porte vary well. Le Latin est good ting, mais good know-'ledge, sin et Latin, rien to be done.' The probability is, that the vocabulary would be for the most part retained, and the grammatical forms undergo degradation. Some such process we see taking place continually, when a man, knowing little more of a language than a few of its nouns and verbs,—names of objects and their relations,—is yet compelled to give utterance to his thoughts. In that case, away go all the refinements of the language; and men talk much as Robinson Crusoe's man Friday did to his master,—'We save white mans from drown. '. . . You do great deal, much good; you teach wild mans be 'good, sober, tame mans.' Now if many thousands are compelled to hold intercourse together on such terms, we may well conceive the grammatical condition of the language will become much altered, though the vocabulary remain unchanged.

Gibbon, whose sagacity was admirably adapted to the investigation of such questions, lays great stress on similar causes in the formation of the Italian language. He says, 'The modern 'Italian has been insensibly formed by the mixture of nations; 'the awkwardness of the barbarians in the nice management of

* Warton, vol. i. p. 108.

'declensions and conjugations, reduced them to the use of 'articles and auxiliary verbs; and many new ideas have been 'expressed by Teutonic appellations. Yet the principal stock 'of technical and familiar words, is found to be of Latin deriva-'tion; and if we were sufficiently conversant with the obsolete, 'the rustic, and the municipal dialects of ancient Italy, we 'should trace the origin of many terms, which might perhaps be 'rejected by the classic purity of Rome.' (*Decline and Fall*, c. 45.)

Secondly, as to the *time*. In tracing the history of the change from Anglo-Saxon to modern English, it is impossible to assign any precise dates by which we can mark the origin of this change, or the principal epochs of its progress, or its completion. This necessarily results from the very gradual nature of the change itself: we might as well ask at what moment a child becomes a youth, or a youth a man; or when the plant becomes a tree. So gradual is the change, that, to adopt the language of Hallam, 'When we compare the earliest English of 'the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, 'it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate 'language, rather than a modification and simplification of the 'former.' Still, for the sake of convenience, we may fix on certain dates, somewhere about which the change commenced or was effected. About 1150, or a little less than a century after the Conquest, may be dated the decline of pure Saxon; about 1250, or a century later, the commencement of English. During the intervening century, the language has been called, by many of our writers, semi-Saxon.

As to the nature and extent of the transformation, we have already by implication described them. The change consisted essentially in the grammar, and not in the vocabulary. Particularly, it may be said that very many of the inflections were lost; in the noun, that of the genitive, and of one declension only, was retained and made universal; in the verb, those only of the past tense, past participle, and some of the persons.* For a

* Some of the terminations of the verbal forms were retained long, and yielded at last slowly and reluctantly. 'The persons plural,' says Ben Jonson, in his grammar, 'keep the termination of the first person 'singular. In former times, till about the reign of Henry VIII., 'they were wont to be formed by *en*: thus, *loven, sayen, complainen*; 'but now (whatever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use, and 'that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set 'this afoot again. Albeit (to tell you my opinion), I am persuaded 'that the lack hereof, well considered, will be found a great blemish 'to our tongue. For, seeing Time and Person be, as it were, the

detailed enumeration of the principal grammatical forms which chiefly discriminate the Anglo-Saxon and English, as well as those which severally mark what may be called the *old* English (Henry III. to Edward III.), and *middle* English (Edward III. to Elizabeth), we must content ourselves with referring the curious to the excellent chapters of Dr. Latham's work which treat of these matters.*

There was undoubtedly a certain infusion of French derivatives; but these were far too few sensibly to colour the stream of diction, as may be easily seen if any one will be at the pains to inspect the earliest specimens. Perhaps it would have been well had we avoided the term Anglo-Norman in tracing the pedigree of our speech; it is certainly apt to suggest an idea, never realised in the history of our language,—probably in the history of no language under heaven,—the deliberate blending together of two totally different tongues, in equal proportions and as co-ordinate elements. This idea is apt, we say, to be suggested to the reader who is not acquainted with the documents which disclose to us the history of the language; and, in some cases, the term has certainly been employed to express some such idea. Thus, Ellis, in his 'Specimens of the Early English Poets,' has used the term to designate the 'jargon,' as he calls it, 'employed in 'the commercial intercourse between the conquerors and the 'conquered.' Hallam justly remarks that Ellis has drawn upon his imagination in this account. Ellis more correctly describes the matter, when he says, 'that the language of the Church 'was Latin,—that of the king and nobles, Norman,—that of 'the people, Anglo-Saxon.' There he should have stopped. When applied to any remains, *not* imaginary, Anglo-Norman means, as already said, compositions essentially French, in which the original language—like the Anglo-Saxon—may have suffered grammatical degradation, but exhibits comparatively little foreign tincture.

On inspecting the remains of early English and Anglo-Norman (as for example in the 'Political Songs' published by the Camden Society, where the specimens of either language lie in convenient proximity), we see these statements as to the nature of the change illustrated. Each language, indeed, exhibits some deflection from the grammatical structure of the language from which it is derived; but each retains its vocabulary nearly incorrupt; the interchange of words is comparatively very

'Right and Left hand of a Verb, what can the maiming bring else, 'but a Lameness to the whole Body?'

* Part II. ch. ii. sections 48—54.

slight. The so-called Anglo-Norman is in diction French, — the so-called English, Anglo-Saxon.*

It would be easy to show that much later, even when that powerful agent, extensive translations from French by Chaucer and others, had led to a much more extensive adoption of French terms, — the coinage or importation of new words was not so large as seriously to alter the ratio of the elements of the language. That the infusion of such foreign terms, during the important period in which the change was principally effected, — that is, from 1150 to 1250, — was almost a vanishing quantity, is proved by all its literary remains which have come down to us. For example, the Saxon Chronicle, which was continued by different compilers till the death of Stephen (1154), just within the critical century, is all written in Anglo-Saxon. There are, indeed, some French words in the latter parts; but they are very few. Several of the grammatical rules, however, are neglected, which shows that great changes in the grammatical structure of the language had already taken place.† Another proof that the infusion of French words was small, is afforded by Layamon's translation of Wace's 'Romance of Brut.' The best authorities do not fix this translation by our 'English Ennius' earlier than 1200. A long extract may be seen in Ellis's Specimens; who admits that it contains no word which we are under the necessity of referring to a French root. But the entire translation has since been published by the Society of Antiquaries. They describe it on the title-page as a semi-Saxon poetical paraphrase: and on a stricter comparison of the two versions of Layamon (for there are two, the second being some years later than the first), Sir Frederick Madden observes that 'if we reckon ninety words of French origin in both texts, containing together more than 56,000 lines, we shall be able to 'form a tolerably correct estimate, how little the English language was really affected by foreign converse even as late 'as the middle of the thirteenth century.' For details of the extent to which the Anglo-Saxon predominates over every

* 'The Anglo-Norman langage is a phrase not quite so unobjectionable as the Anglo-Norman constitution; and as it is sure to deceive, we might better lay it aside altogether.' — *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 58.

† This was compiled at Peterborough, a purely English monastery; its abbots Saxon; consequently a greater change may be supposed to have taken place in the vicinity of London and the court. 'The 'political spirit the chronicle breathes in some passages is that of the 'indignant subjects, *servi ancor frementi*, of the Norman usurpers.' —*Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 59.

other element of our language, we must refer the reader to our previous article; contenting ourselves with remarking, that few but those who will take the pains to inspect the Anglo-Saxon, have any adequate idea how large a bulk of Anglo-Saxon words, with various alterations, indeed, of form, have been transferred to modern English: even of those which are no longer used, very many are still preserved in derivatives from them; while many others which have lost their original meaning are still retained in a secondary one.

Of the language in its transition state, it is not our purpose to give any specimens; which, to confess the truth, are not very seducing compositions even to the antiquary. A more harsh and rugged vehicle of thought it is hardly possible to conceive; nor can there well be any thing more inharmonious than those first preludial strains in which the English Muse indulged herself before Chaucer strung her lyre. As to the prose, the little that we have is still harsher. Suffice it here to say, that the resemblance between the words and those of our own day is, to the young student of our elder language, greatly disguised by the differences of *form;* not merely by those which are the consequence of the natural development and progress of the language, —the abbreviations and elisions which have taken place; nor, again, by those interchanges of letters of the same organ, to which all languages are liable, and which being comparatively few, and complying with certain laws, are soon learnt and remembered; but by those enormously capricious varieties of spelling, which a language little written necessarily displays. Each man, to a great extent, forms his own system of orthography; and so it must be, till a tolerably general habit of writing prevails, and grammar and criticism are, to some extent, cultivated. Even the interchanges of the most similar letters, — similar in power to the ear, yet totally unlike to the eye, — few indeed as they are, though they make a great show on paper, often strangely disguise, in appearance, the most familiar words; and when to this are added the influences of caprice or ignorance in orthography, we are necessarily led to those infinite variations which Ritson sacredly preserved with all the zeal of a purist in barbarisms. His scrupulosity was not absolutely useless, however, though his estimate of the importance and sacredness of his duty was ludicrously extravagant. From the very variations of faithfully edited MSS. the philosophical philologist will always deduce many facts worth knowing.*

* The same thing of course affected the Anglo-Saxon and every language which is rarely written; or when written, written only by

We may imagine what would be the consequence if, by some strange hallucination, men all at once forgot the actual modes of spelling, while they remembered pretty well the powers of the letters, and proceeded to give, by ear alone, the notation which, in their extemporaneous orthography, seemed to convey the sounds. We should have, doubtless, many examples of the ingenuity of the man who managed to spell his name (Jacob) without a single letter which there ought to have been in it, namely, 'Gikup;' and accounts sent in similar to that which had for its inexplicable items 'osafada,' 'agetinonimome!'—which, however suspiciously they may look like some South Sea or Malay combination of vocables, were really meant to signify no more than 'horse half a day,' and 'a getting on him 'home.' Combinations almost as uncouth as these often present themselves in the old romances. When we find our most familiar words thus transformed,—'carves' written 'keruys,' and 'kerues;' 'blows,' 'blawus;' 'bowls,' 'bollus;' 'victualled,' 'vetaylet;' 'laws,' 'laes;' and thousands more in similar masquerade; sometimes even the same word put through half a dozen disguises, it is not difficult for the eye to imagine that it is gazing on a foreign language; nor is it impossible that, if one of our ancestors of the thirteenth or fourteenth century were to rise from the dead, we should understand his spoken words better than his written speech: just as we catch by the ear the variations of our provincial dialects more rapidly than when we read them in a book.

So much for the revolution by which the modern English evolved itself from the Anglo-Saxon.

If William the Conqueror had *designed* the substitution of the Norman for the English throughout his new dominions (efforts which must have been necessarily ineffectual at the

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the imperfectly educated. 'The Anglo-Saxon orthography,' says Rask, 'is extremely confused; yet, to judge of it from Hickes and 'Lye, it appears to be much more so than it is in reality; for those 'scholars were quite ignorant how to extract rules for it, and to 'separate that which is of rare occurrence, or the result of careless-'ness, from that which is essential and correct.' The imperfect achievement of such a perplexing task may well be pardoned even to a Rask. Perhaps the lexicographer in such a case has no other choice than that of presenting the varieties of orthography, however anxiously he may endeavour to establish some general rules. This is the course taken by Bosworth in his lexicon. Specimens of varieties may be taken in the word 'heaven;' spelt *heofon, heofen, heofun, hiofon;* and in the word 'hinge;' spelt *heor, hior, horr, hearre, heorra.*

best), steps could hardly have been adopted more stringent than those actually resorted to. It is hard to suppose, however, that he cherished any design of the kind, for it is certain that he himself took some pains to acquire the Anglo-Saxon. The invidious preference given to the French, was no more than the natural consequence of its being the native tongue of himself and his nobles. But, be this as it may, it was the language of the court, the nobility, and the courts of judicature; pleadings were carried on in it, and fashion spoke it.* Hume, whose literary tastes and philosophical opinions led him to regard the French with extravagant admiration, attributes a far greater influence to these things than any modern student of our literary history will admit them to have possessed; and, what is worse, is pleased to represent that influence as highly beneficial. His words are, 'From this proceeded that mixture of French which 'is, at present, to be found in the English tongue, and which 'composes the greatest and best part of our language.' Most well-informed Englishmen are now-a-days prepared to deny both the fact and the inference, and to maintain on the contrary that the glory and strength of our language consist in the breadth and solidity of its Anglo-Saxon basis. But whatever the preferences which were given to the French after the Conquest,—and whether the result of necessity or design,—they could never lead to the suppression or material degradation of the English. It was the language of the mass of the people; and as the conquerors, after all, were but few in numbers, it was far more probable, as in other cases, that the conquerors should eventually adopt a modification of the language of the vanquished, than that the vanquished should adopt that of the victors.

The specimens which we possess of the earliest English, though scanty, are sufficient to show that the change in the language was nearly complete about the epoch fixed upon above, namely, 1260. Probably the first extant specimen of modern English, is a proclamation addressed to the people of Hunting-

* Notwithstanding the statements of Blackstone and many other writers, the proceedings of the Legislature and Acts of State remained a remarkable exception to this supremacy of provincial French over its humbled rival during the first two centuries after the Conquest. Palgrave has observed that English was used in their charters by the kings until the reign of Henry II., when Latin, which had been the invariable usage before Alfred, regained its ascendancy: while neither deed nor law in French has been discovered earlier than the reign of Henry III. The learning on this point will be found collected by Luders, in his Tract on the Use of the French Language in our ancient Laws and Acts of State.

donshire by Henry III. in 1258.* A song of triumph (probably composed in London), on the victory of the confederate barons, in 1264, at Lewes, is somewhat less obsolete in its style; which is what one would expect. Robert of Gloucester (about 1300) made a metrical version of Geoffrey of Monmouth. By this time it appears a considerable number of French words had been received into the English language, — but still in no such quantity as to justify the representation of Dr. Johnson, who says rather vaguely, that he seems to have 'used a kind of 'intermediate diction, neither Saxon nor English.' Vaguely, we say, for the passage might suggest the notion that French was found in a very large proportion: this, however, he does not mean; for, he is evidently referring principally to the change in the grammatical character of the language. Warton, speaking of the same author, calls him 'full of Saxonisms.' Hallam says, 'On comparing him with Layamon, a native of 'the same county, and a writer on the same subject, it will 'appear that a great quantity of French had flowed into the 'language since the loss of Normandy.' The historian must be supposed to be speaking comparatively with the French previously existing. The style of Robert of Gloucester may be easily estimated by any one curious enough to look into the accessible and copious extracts in Warton and Ellis; it will at once be seen that, relatively to the Saxon, the French is still a very subordinate element.

It was not till the middle and towards the close of the four-

* Since this document is highly curious, and usually cited as the first authentic specimen of modern English, it may be as well to state that it may be consulted in Henry's History of Great Britain, vol. viii, Appendix No. 4., or in Latham, pp. 77, 78. For a catalogue of specimens of early English, see Latham, p. 78. It is singular that the reign of Henry III. should thus present us, within less than ten years of each other, with both the first extant Act of State in modern English (1258, as in the text), and also with the first Statute (1266, de *Scaccario*,) in French. And it is not less difficult to account for the first statutory appearance of the French language at that time, than for its having continued to be the ordinary language of the Statutes until 1 Richard III., 1483:—especially after its abolition from Pleadings, 36 Edward III., on the popular reasons set forth in the preamble: 'Reasonably the said laws and customs the rather shall be 'perceived and known and better understood in the Tongue used in 'the said Realm, and by so much every man may the better govern 'himself without offending the Law, and better defend his Heritage: 'and in divers countries where the King and Nobles have been, good 'governance and just right is done to every person, because that the 'Laws and Customs are used in the Tongue of the Country.'

teenth century, that English became, to any considerable extent, the language of literature. The first prose work was Sir John Mandeville's travels, which appeared in 1356. Wickliffe's translation of the Bible—alas! still existing only in manuscript—is referred to 1383*: Trevisa's translation of Hygden's Polychronicon to 1385: and Chaucer's immortal works were all produced in the latter half of the same century. The statute of 1362, which decreed that the pleadings in courts of justice should be conducted in English, in consequence of the general ignorance of French, had been just preceded (1354) by an order that no ecclesiastical preferment should be given in England to any person not conversant with the English language, and resident there, cardinals alone excepted.† Shortly after it appears to have become the common language of the court and nobility, as well as of the people.

We are not to suppose for a moment that the changes in the language were exactly simultaneous, and proceeded *pari passu* through every part of the kingdom. We might be sure, if we reasoned only *à priori*, that they *would* not,—and we know from historic evidence that they *did* not. The more remote parts of the island,—those which were least likely to be influenced by the court,—long retained, and retain even to this day, a larger portion of Anglo-Saxon words; as well as some of those idioms and grammatical forms which did not permanently adhere to the national speech. Trevisa, observing on the great diversity which Englishmen had in the sound and speaking of their own language, as a great wonder, says that it is departed in three: and 'the men of Mercii that ben of middle England, as it were 'partners with the ends, understanden better the side languages, 'northern and southern, than northern and southern under-'standeth either other.'

* Many proposals have from time to time been made for publishing this highly curious work. Surely, if too hazardous for private enterprise, it might be easily undertaken by the Camden Society, or some kindred fraternity. Their subscribers, would, we apprehend, willingly accept it by instalments. Independently of the high philological interest of the work, and the light it would probably throw on the history of our language, it has peculiar value to every religious mind as the first translation of the entire Scriptures. Wickliffe's version of the New Testament has been thrice printed, and stimulates curiosity to see that of the Old. Trevisa also is mentioned by Caxton, as having translated both the Old and New Testament at the instance of Lord Berkeley: but no copy of his translation is now known to remain.

† Southey's Common Place Book, third series, 391.

Whatever mystery may attach to the causes by which the revolution in the language was effected, we may speak with confidence of some by which it was *not* effected. It was certainly not by the influence of *literary* composition. The language, till long after the date at which, as stated, the change may be supposed to have been nearly complete, was very little written at all; certainly in no compositions likely to affect the development of the language. The higher classes exclusively spoke French, from the Conquest to the reign of Edward III. Brompton relates that as Henry II. was returning from Ireland, through Pembrokeshire, and was addressed as the *gode olde Kynge*, he was obliged to ask his squire the meaning of the words; and Hovden mentions that Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor to Richard I., did not know a word of English: though, as Hallam remarks, 'it seems probable that the higher classes were 'generally acquainted with English, at least in the latter part of 'that period.' All letters, including those of a merely private nature, were written in Latin till 1270, after which French was used. There is in Rymer a dispatch in French as late as Hen. V., while Prince, addressed to his father: notwithstanding Thierry's criticism upon it, the fair Katharine would have understood it better than, according to Shakspeare, she afterwards understood his English. The fact that French was long the language of power, rank, wealth, and fashion, had naturally led to its more sedulous cultivation, and as naturally to the neglect of the vernacular,—which, though the language of the mass, must have been subject during all that period to manifold depravations from its not being critically studied.

The preference given to French on the part of the noble and opulent, naturally for a time encouraged its extensive adoption on the part of that numerous class — numerous in every age and country — who are led by fashion, and who would of course ape the phraseology and manners of their masters. These would be likely to lend their aid in the corrupting or the slighting a speech, of which they had so little manliness as to feel ashamed. Trevisa, writing in the early part of the reign of Richard II., has given us,—in a passage too often quoted to need more than reference here,—an amusing account of this silly ambition on the part of even many 'country-folk' of his time. It also furnishes us with an entertaining proof that, however language and all other things appertaining to man may change, man himself remains much the same. 'Also uplondissche men' [country-folk], says he, 'will liken himself [themselves] to gentlemen, and 'fondeth [affect] with great besynesse to speak French for to 'be *told of*.' He also tells us the exact date at which English

began to be systematically taught in grammar schools; and the gentry to desist from teaching their children French. 'Children 'in scole,' says he, 'against the usage and manir of all other 'nations, beeth compelled for to leve hire own langage, and for 'to construe hire lessons in Frenche; and so they haveth sethe 'the Normans came first into Engelond.' He goes on to say that this 'manir' had since 'some dele changed,' and that, 'in the year '1385, in all the grammar scoles of England,' children were taught English. At the same time, he thinks it a disadvantage attending the change that 'now they learn no French, *ne con* 'none; which is hurt to them that shall pass the sea. And also 'gentlemen have much left to teach their children to speak 'French.' The two school-masters, John Cornwaile and Richard Pencriche, to whose instrumentality this salutary revolution is, according to our author, to be mainly ascribed, deserve to be held in lasting remembrance.

Since, however, up to the reign of Edward III., French was the language of the sovereign and the nobility, and the courts of law,—since it was the universal practice up to that time (clearly shown in the extract above referred to), to construe Latin into French,—and since, as we learn from the statutes of Oriel College, Oxford, so late as 1328, students were ordered to converse either in French or Latin, of course as being the two polite languages,—we may be sure that the new language, if we must call it so, which had been forming in silence and obscurity, could have been little written; and the revolution, therefore, is in no degree to be ascribed to any such cause. Even in the reign of Henry VIII., when Leland had the pillaging of all the great libraries in the kingdom, he found only two or three books in English.

A long passage from 'Sir John Mandeville's Travels' is quoted among the chronologically arranged specimens in the introduction to 'Johnson's Dictionary,' and has since been copied into many other works. It is a fair specimen of Mandeville's usual style, and is still interesting for far other than philological reasons.* In this respect, however, it serves to show how completely

* A cheap edition of Mandeville's Travels has been lately published. With all his extravagant credulity (and be it recollected that in one place he describes the site of Paradise as exactly as if he had been employed to take a trigonometrical survey thereof the day after our first parents had left it), Sir John must have had great powers of observation and much sagacity. He vehemently contends, in the passage quoted by Johnson, for the sphericity of the earth. As he travelled south he noticed that the circumpolar stars gradually set;

the language was formed; and relatively to the change from Anglo-Saxon, how little its character has been altered even to the present day. Most of the differences are those of orthography, on which account it is better understood by the ear than by the eye. The chief other differences consist in the retention of a few inflections of the verbs, since dropped, certain antique forms of some of the nouns and pronouns, the double negative, and the usual prolix use of conjunctions and prepositions. The diction is every where English, and as incontestably Anglo-Saxon. In the passage referred to, and which consists of many hundred words, very few are even in appearance of French extraction; and perhaps some of these might, with greater reason, be referred immediately to the Latin.

The writer, however, who at this earliest epoch of our literature exerted the greatest influence on the language, was unquestionably Chaucer; and he certainly introduced a large number of words from the French, as might be expected from his early familiarity with the metrical romances, and his extensive translations from them. He also endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to introduce innovations of accent and pronunciation in his attempt at a more unexceptionable harmony. But though the importations from the French are large, relatively to the like element in such writers as Mandeville and Wickliffe, they are not such as to defraud his works of the praise of Spenser's celebrated eulogy, that in them is to be found the 'well of 'English undefiled;' nor such therefore as to justify the nickname that was given him of the 'French Brewer.'

We must bear in mind that, when it is said that at this period of our language there were many words introduced from the French, the word *many* is relative; there were many compared with what there had been before, just as was the case with Latin words in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. But neither in the one instance nor in the other were they so numerous as greatly to disturb the ratio of the elements of the language. Five hundred are many in relation to a thou-

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that in a certain latitude the pole-star appeared on the horizon, and that as he still travelled south, new constellations and a south lodestar, as he expresses it, came into view. He is not indeed altogether successful in replying to the wise objections of those who proved the absurdity of his doctrine, from the fact that our Antipodes must live with their heads downwards. But he has one answer which is still very powerfully applicable to all prejudices, philosophical and otherwise:— 'In fro what partie of the earth that men dwell, outher 'aboven or benethen, it seemeth always to hem that dwellen there, '*that they gon more right than any other folk.*'

sand, but not to a million. Now we think it might be maintained that throughout our whole literary history our most idiomatic writers have never admitted more than a tenth that is not Anglo-Saxon; our least never less of Anglo-Saxon than two thirds. Of course the language of common life has ever exhibited the vernacular in far larger proportion.

Chaucer will more than bear the *latter* test, even in those writings in which the foreign element might be expected to be found in the greatest excess, both as being translations, and as having been produced when his mind was most deeply imbued with the language of the originals. Take his 'Romaunt of the 'Rose' for example. Let the French and Anglo-Saxon words in any passage of five hundred words be counted; we question whether there is any in which the former are one third of the whole. If so, even these unfavonrable specimens contain less of the foreign element than the writings of Johnson, Hume, or Gibbon. At the same time, the class of words in question would certainly be found in far less proportion — and that for very obvious reasons — in his 'Canterbury Tales,' in Sir John Mandeville's Travels, or in Wickliffe's Bible. All the writings of the last, rude in style though they be, are characterised (as are those of all popular reformers) by a liberal and, so to speak, instinctive adoption of the vernacular diction.

If we take specimens of Chaucer's original compositions — the products of his maturer genius — then he will more than bear the *former* test. Excepting a very few passages in which he makes a large demand on general and abstract nouns (as of ethical qualities), or of terms of art (as of physic or alchemy), his diction is more purely Saxon than that of Swift. In his most graphic descriptions of character and incident, it will be found that all the more vivid and expressive words and phrases — those which are most poetical in their effect — are Anglo-Saxon; as, for example, in his picture of the jovial monk of whom he says that

'When he rode, men might his bridle hear
Gingling in a whistling wind, as clear
And eke as loud as doth his chapel bell;'

and of the poor parson, of whom he writes

'That Cristes lore and his apostles twelve
He taught — but first he followed it himselve.'*

* The beautiful imitation by Dryden of Chaucer's description of the genuine minister of Christ is decidedly inferior, in simple force and vividness, to the original. Nor have Goldsmith or Cowper, in treating the same theme, equalled the graphic touches of our antique poet.

That in the translations of the French romances many French words should have been adopted was natural, for very many of the terms connected with chivalry were wanting in our own language. It was also natural that this species of literature should, to a certain extent, colour the diction of those who employed themselves in translating it. 'The great pest of speech,' says Johnson, 'is frequency of translation. No book was ever 'turned from one language into another without imparting 'something of its native idiom.' But the extent to which this importation of French words was carried in the translations of the metrical romances, affords no criterion whatever of the extent to which it generally prevailed, or any proof that an equal number of foreign terms had found their way into ordinary language. The moment we break away from these 'translations' to our original poetry and its appropriate themes, and still more when we come to plain prose, the proportion of the foreign element is at once seen to be much smaller: and as to colloquial language, it would be nearly as absurd to suppose the *Frenchisms* of Chaucer equally prevalent there, as to take the diction of Hume for a specimen of the extent to which Latin and French derivatives characterised the ordinary Scotch of his day. The number of such words was at no period greater than that of Latin words after the revival of classical literature — nor so great; and we have, therefore, just as little reason to represent the language as having derived its principal riches (as Hume says) from French derivatives, as there would be in similarly designating the yet more important importations from the Latin.*

* Ample facilities are now given to every student, curious in the history of our language, of studying its earlier phases and peculiarities, and of verifying and impressing on the mind the generalised statements of Dr. Latham and other philologists. Among the chief, are the large and often valuable publications of the 'Camden Society' and of other learned confederacies actuated by a similar spirit. The sedulous preservation of the older forms of orthography and inflection gives all such publications a peculiar value, and constitutes them a museum of philological specimens and curiosities. Those who have not access to these can consult Warton's History of English Poetry, Ellis's Specimens, both of Poetry and Romance, Weber's Romances, the Paston Letters, and the two series of Letters (from the fifteenth century downwards) published by Sir Henry Ellis from the original documents in the British Museum. They were designed to be illustrative of English history, but are certainly as strongly illustrative of the English language. Being the familiar letters of the parties whose names they bear, they are excellently well adapted to disclose to us the condition of the language of common life at the periods they were composed; — of its vocabulary and grammar

The writers, to whom reference has been made, flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Our language was now fully formed; and in substance, whatever modification it may have undergone, it has never altered. We proceed briefly to trace the principal modifications to which it has been since subjected. The language, as the nation made progress in knowledge and civilisation, became cultivated, and began to be written with some approach to uniformity. But it was still rude and unpolished; and such it long remained. A language may be fully formed; its grammar uniform, and even highly artificial, like that of the old Latin or of the Anglo-Saxons; and yet be extremely clumsy and uncouth. A long series of efforts and improvements is required to render it compact, energetic, and harmonious; to give composition either the requisite grace, or the requisite condensation. This cannot be done till the language is much written — till there is a *literature*. It is not till then that men become aware of the necessity of having an instrument which not only fulfils the first condition of a language — that of conveying thought with perspicuity, but of fulfilling the next great condition — that of conveying it with brevity and elegance. It is not likely that men will see the desirableness of compactness in the forms of words and in the modes of combining them, half so soon when they merely speak as when they write a language, unless it be in single phrases, which (like the '*ogh clo*' of Coleridge's Jew) are to be repeated some scores of times in as many minutes. When a language is generally written, the saving of labour to the writer, the gradual generation of a feeling of taste, and the desire to impart and enjoy the appropriate pleasures of it, suggest at once manifold improvements. The necessity of dispatch, indeed, even in speech, has in all languages, from time immemorial, led to the formation of those *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* — those conjunctions and prepositions, to the office and origin of which Horne Tooke first called due attention, though it must be admitted that his criticism is far from being always worthy of his original conception. But there are other 'winged words' to which similar impulses and exigencies equally prompt an author, when language is generally written, and especially when it lives and breathes through a national literature. This second class of contrivances Horne Tooke half promised to investigate, but never did.

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at all events, though they afford no adequate indications of what were even then, the capabilities of the language as a vehicle of literature. This can never be estimated except by inspecting the deliberate compositions of writers of acknowledged genius.

The slightest inspection of the English of the age of Mandeville and Chaucer will serve to show how much was required to be done in this direction. Many large classes of abbreviations were still requisite; such as contractions in the forms of nouns and verbs, and the rejection of useless or unmusical consonants and syllables; more refined and elliptical idioms; the suppression or amputation of sundry compound prepositions and conjunctions; the curtailment of many other superfluous or polysyllabic particles, as well as of some of the most prolix, yet most frequent constructions. These brief formulæ, those refined ellipses, which give so much trouble and perplexity to the grammarian in his analysis — more especially in relation to Syntax — are very generally among these secondary formations in language. They are often anomalous enough to him, and resolutely refuse the proffered place in his laboriously invented classifications; but they were resorted to because people feeling the convenience of them had adopted them with a very natural indifference about the amount of trouble which they might be giving to grammarians.* This class of ab-

* There are few examples of over refined grammatical speculation more absurd than some of those in which Horne Tooke himself indulges; speculations which almost expose him to the condemnation of grammarians which he quotes from Athenæus. 'Grammarians would 'be the greatest *fools* in existence, if there were no physicians'—*εἰ μὴ ἰατροὶ ἦσαν*. Such is his explanation of the meaning and origin of the word *to* as the sign of the infinitive mood. First, 'to' is equivalent to 'do,' though no similarity of *meaning* can be imagined; and as to *form*, the correspondent words in all the Teutonic languages will serve to show that they are from totally distinct roots. It is more droll still to find a sensible man like Crombie adopting the so-called explanation a generation afterwards, and even refining upon it; talking as if the English were an aboriginal language, and had no historical connexion with pre-existing dialects; in a word, as if it had been formed by a set of languageless savages, and that he had had the whole process revealed to him. 'I have remarked that the first 'care of men in a rude and infant state would be to assign names 'to surrounding objects, and that the noun, in the natural order 'of things, must have been the first part of speech. . . . . Thus I 'shall suppose that they assigned the word *plant* as the name of a 'vegetable set in the ground. To express the act of setting it they 'would say *do* plant, that is, *act* plant.' (P. 100.) A little history sets all this refined metaphysics at rest. The Anglo-Saxons had an infinitive with a characteristic termination; also a gerundial form, or verbal noun, to which the *preposition* is affixed: infinitive *lufian, to love;* gerundial form, *to lufigenne,* also *to love.* Now when so many other terminations were dropped in the formation of English, those of both infinitive and gerund were dropped; the preposition *to* was

breviations had been but partially established in our own language, at the close of the fourteenth century, nor till two centuries afterwards. And this is one of the reasons why we so often find the writings of the authors of the olden time so intolerably tedious. It is not, that we do not understand them; for, with the exception of a comparatively few obsolete words, the language is intelligible enough; but the modes of expression are too clumsy for the impatience of modern ears. After perusing the writings of Addison or Swift, the reader feels, when he opens the pages of Sir John Mandeville, as though he had exchanged the rail-road carriage of the present day for the broad-wheeled waggon of the last century. An irresistible drowsiness comes over him at the constant repetition of such phrases as 'and 'eke right so as he told me, right so I told him;' with the prolific family of 'all be it,' and 'how be it;' the 'for-as-'muches,' and the 'in-as-muches;' the 'if thats,' the 'in thats,' and the 'for thats;' with the 'gouty joints,' and 'darning-work,' as Shaftesbury calls it, of 'whereat,' 'whereunto,' and 'wherein-'soever;' and the perpetual drawl of those huge *megatheria* among particles, 'peradventure,' 'notwithstanding,' and 'never-'theless.' Hume scolded Robertson for the old-fashioned word *wherewith.* 'I should as soon take back *whereupon, whereunto,* 'and *wherewithal.* I think the only tolerable decent gentleman 'of the family is *wherein:* and I should not choose to be often 'seen in his company.' From the accumulation of such phraseology, the composition of our forefathers resembles the long-winded narrative of some rustic lout, who is an hour in doing something, and then two hours in telling you how he did it. Independently, indeed, of the defects of the language, prolixity itself is one of the deadly sins of our elder writers.*

however retained, and has since served as a sign of the infinitive form of the verb.

* Perhaps, after all, it is in the epistolary compositions of the age, and the never-ending formulæ of salutation, that the drawl of our ancestors strikes us most forcibly, as most in contrast with the dispatch and conciseness of these 'penny-post' days. 'Right wor-'shipful, and my reverend and most special lord, I recommend me 'unto your good grace in the most humble and lowly wise that I 'can or may, desiring to hear of your prosperity and welfare as to my 'most singular joy and special comfort;' such is the concise exordium of 'honest John Northwood,' in the Paston Letters, when about to narrate events of a nature which in our day would assuredly abridge ceremony. The general air of these very curious letters is equally deliberate. But we are not to forget that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the pen was a far more unwieldy instrument than the sword, and the art of writing, and still more of thinking, a most operose proceeding.

This prolixity will always more or less characterise a rude and infant literature; but it was a fault of special magnitude in our own,—rendered doubly glaring, however, by the awkwardness of the language. Let us take a single sentence of Sir John Mandeville. He designs to express the notion, not certainly very original, that wherever he had wandered, he had seen human beings essentially the same; none that had two heads on their shoulders or were altogether destitute of understandings and consciences. In short, he had just to say what Lady Mary Montague expresses in two lines. 'In all my travels,' says she, 'I have met with but two sorts of people — men and 'women.' Sir John addresses himself to the business on this wise, — 'And yee shulle undirstonde, that of all theise contrees, 'and of all theise yles, and of all the dyverse folk, that I have 'spoken of before, and of dyverse laws and of dyverse beleeves 'that thei have, yit is there non of hem alle, but that thei have 'sum resoun within hem and understondinge, *but gif it be the 'fewere*. . . .'

The first English printer, the celebrated Caxton, died in 1491. Southey's friend, Burnett, in his 'Specimens of English 'Prose Writers' (which may be called almost their joint production), notices, as remarkable, what Caxton says of Trevisa's Translation. We should like to compare the Translation, as Caxton altered it on printing it, with the Cottonian or some other MS., so as to judge for ourselves by the difference between the two of the effect of the intermediate hundred years: — 'I, 'William Caxton, a simple person, have endeavoured me to write 'first over all the said book of *Polychronicon*, — somewhat have 'changed the rude and olde English, that is to wit, certain 'words, which in these days we neither used ne understood.' And again: — 'Some gentlemen blamed me, saying that in my 'translations, I have over curious terms, which could not be 'understand of common people, and desired me to use olde 'homely terms in my translations. As I fain would satisfy 'every man, so to do, I took an old book and read therein: 'but certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could 'not well understand it. Also the Lord Abbot of Westminster 'did show to me late certain evidences written in old English, 'for to reduce it into our English then used: but it was 'written in such wise, that it was more like to Dutch than 'English; so that I could not reduce, ne bring it to be under-'stonden. And certainly, our language now used, varyeth far 'from that which was spoken when I was born; for we 'Englishmen ben born under the domination of the moon, 'which is never stedfast, but ever wavering; waxing one 'season and waneth and decreaseth another season; and common

'English that is spoken in one shire, varyeth from another.' Of the magical power of the instrument, which had now come into Caxton's hands, there can, at all events, be no doubt. With it, he himself probably exercised a greater influence on the language than any other man between Chaucer and the Reformation; and the changes wrought in it by his wondrous art were almost immediately conspicuous.

Owing partly to the more general writing, and still more to the printing of the language, a sensible improvement took place between the age of Caxton and the death of Henry VIII. The compositions which remain to us exhibit progressively greater brevity of expression, as well as compactness of construction, and even some degree of occasional elegance. To give the language, however, that polish and refinement which it was destined ultimately to reach, another cause still more powerful was to come into operation contemporaneously with the above causes; we mean the revival of classical literature. The formation of *taste* was the certain, though gradual, result of contact with the graces of diction and style so prodigally displayed in the pages of the great writers of Greece and Rome. It would perhaps be too much to assert that the English language, supposing the progress of the nation to have continued steady in knowledge and civilisation, might not in time have attained a polish and elegance equal to what it now possesses, even though classical literature had not interposed its natural influence. But there can be little doubt that a much longer process would have been required. There can be as little doubt that the process we actually went through might have been still further abridged (and it would have been certainly safer), if, as classical literature became generally cultivated, our authors had contented themselves with insensibly imbibing the classical *spirit*, and not absurdly aspired to copy the classical *forms*; if they had endeavoured to transfer *similar* graces to the English, instead of vainly endeavouring to reproduce the *same*; if they had sought to refine and polish their native tongue, and to develope its resources in a manner which harmonised with its peculiar genius and analogies, instead of too deeply tincturing its diction (as they often did), and distorting its syntax (as they sometimes did) and even its metres in compliment to those of Greece and Rome. The process by which the classics ultimately produced their appropriate and never-failing effect was necessarily a long one, and was characterised by certain fluctuations at different stages. The primary effects appear to have been simply advantageous. The classics were at first too little studied to produce pedantry — to cause extensive innovations in diction — or perverse transfers of un-

congenial idiom — or indeed any foolish attempt at wholesale, indiscriminate, or factitious imitation.* They simply and unconsciously led to an effort in those who were at all imbued with them to make the most of their native language such as it was, — to reduce its elements to greater uniformity, — to mould them into greater elegance and harmony, — to diminish the uncouthness and deformities which still attached to it.

A favourable instance of this influence operating on a mind of the first order may be found in the writings of the bosom friend of Erasmus, Sir Thomas More. Ben Jonson tells us that 'his works were considered as models of pure and elegant style;' and Hallam is of opinion that his history of Richard III. 'is the first example of good English language; 'pure and conspicuous, well chosen, without vulgarisms or 'pedantry.' The interval between Mandeville (such as we have seen him) and Sir Thomas More was little more than a century and a half; yet many of the sentences of the latter, making allowance for an obsolete term here and there, are even now models of easy and elegant English. The same comparative freedom from Latinised diction may be asserted of the fathers of the English Reformation, more especially of Latimer. Their writings are certainly less largely tinctured with exotic terms than those of the next age; though the construction is often, it must be confessed, uncouth to the last degree, and deserves to be characterised by Pliny's description of Seneca's style, 'arena 'sine calce,' 'sand without lime.' Their more limited use of Latinisms, limited as compared with that of the divines and philosophers of the age of Elizabeth and James, may be attributed to two causes. First, classical literature had not yet been so exclusively studied; and, secondly, the writers in question were perpetually engaged in active life, everywhere coming in contact with the people, and naturally falling into a more vernacular diction. It is the recluse scholars, the philosophers and divines, who flourished at the conclusion of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, who indulged in the largest coinage of Latin terms. 'Generally it may be observed,' says Mr. Craik, 'with 'regard to the English prose of the earlier part of the sixteenth 'century, that it is both more simple in its construction and of a

* Many of the classical remains reappeared, it is true, not more strangely disguised by incongruous introduction of the ideas and language of modern romance and chivalry, than deformed by a diction rude and inelegant. Not a few versions or perversions of classic authors deserved, no doubt, the description which Gawain Douglas gives of Caxton's romance founded on the Æneid — 'That it was no 'more like Virgil than the devil was like St. Austin.'

'more purely native character in other respects, than the style 'which came into fashion in the latter years of the Elizabethan 'period. When first made use of in prose composition, the 'mother tongue was written as it was spoken . . . in genuine 'Saxon words and direct unencumbered sentences; no painful 'imitation of any learned or foreign model was attempted. '. . . The delicacy of a scholarly taste no doubt influenced 'even the English style of such writers as More, and his more 'eminent contemporaries or immediate followers; but whatever 'elegance or dignity these compositions thus acquired was not 'the effect of any professed or conscious endeavour to write in 'English as they would have written in what were called the 'learned tongues.'

Not only was the first effect of the revival of classical literature on language and style simply beneficial, but it continued to be so till Elizabeth had ascended the throne. The critical cultivation of the language proceeded for some time on right principles and by a safe method. Nay, some of the learned men of the century might be considered almost *purists* in their views upon this subject. Thus we are told that Sir John Cheke (1514—1557), the famous Professor of Greek at Cambridge, under whom studied Roger Ascham, the celebrated tutor of Elizabeth herself, projected a plan of reforming the English language by eradicating all words except those derived from Saxon roots! The project was very visionary and hopeless, it is true; nay, unwise and ungrateful; for our language was already composite, and the words derived from the Latin and French not only formed an integral part of the language, but could not be dispensed with, except by the violent and impossible expedient of reviving obsolete roots. The project however, at all events, shows that *he* had no desire to overrun the language with the words and the idioms of his cherished classics. His own style—he has left but little—is remarkably idiomatic, and makes us regret that we have no more of him. His pamphlet on Ket the tanner's rebellion, 1549, 'Th Hurt of 'Sedition,' would be necessarily plain and popular, being printed to be dispersed among the rebels. A few lines will show that Cobbett could not have written more to the level of the parties than the Greek Professor. 'Ye pretend to a commonwealth. 'How amend ye it by killing of gentlemen, by spoiling of 'gentlemen, by imprisoning of gentlemen? A marvellous '*tanned* commonwealth! Why should ye hate them for their 'riches or their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand, as 'you do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his 'council, be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only 'to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords whose

'tenants ye be. Is this your true duty, in some of homage, in most of fealty, in all of allegiance, to leave your duties, go back from your promises, disobey your betters and obey your tanners, to change your obedience from a King to a Ket, and submit yourselves to traitors?' A similar freedom from any ill consequences of familiarity with classical literature appears in the pages of Ascham, whose style is also comparatively pure in diction and for the most part simple in construction.

The changes, however, which we have now to trace were fast approaching. It is to be attributed not solely to familiarity with the ancient languages, but in part also to the vanity of those travelled gentlemen who then, as at other times, frequently brought home a larger accession of affectation than of knowledge, and a richer treasure of words than of thoughts. So early as 1580 we find Wilson, the author of the first English work on Rhetoric, thus expressing himself: 'Among other lessons this should first be learned, — that we never affect any strange *inkhorn* terms, but speak as is commonly received, neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet being over careless, *using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done.* Some seek so far outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive they were not able to tell what they say; and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother-tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English. Some far-journeyed gentlemen at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English-Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking. . . . . The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer; the mystical wise man and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness, *especially when none can tell what they do say.* The unlearned, or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have *seen* learned men in their days), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words, and he that can catch an *inkhorn* term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman, and a good rhetorician.' The folly had got so common, that Shakspeare amused his audiences with ridiculing Euphuists, and other the like coxcombs.

The language towards the middle of Elizabeth's reign may be said to have consisted of much the same elements as at present,

and to have deserved the eulogium that Dr. Johnson has passed upon its copiousness (—the singularity of excluding Shakspeare from the dialect of poetry, and of confining him to that of common life, is nothing to our present purpose): 'From the authors,' says he, 'which rose in the time of Elizabeth a speech might be formed 'adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language 'of theology were extracted from Hooker and the translators 'of the Bible, the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon, the 'phrases of policy, war, and navigation from Raleigh, the dialect 'of poetry from Spenser and Sydney, and the diction of com-'mon life from Shakspeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind 'for want of English words in which they might be expressed.' Now the bulk of this language is, and has ever been, Saxon; at the same time, the obligations to Greek and Latin have been neither few nor small. The derivatives from these add much to its wealth, especially in those departments in which it was weakest—science, philosophy, and art. It has often been made a subject of lamentation that it should have thus resorted to the perilous experiment of calling in the aid of foreign auxiliaries; that it did not depend on its home-born strength, and adapt itself, as the modern German has done, to the demands of increasing knowledge by combinations of its own elements. But it must never be forgotten, that the change in grammatical structure, rendered harmonious combinations of its once homogeneous elements no longer possible; that the new terms for the most part supplied the place of words, which the language did not possess, and could not for the above reason readily frame; that where this was not the case they enriched it with many synonyms, in which our language is peculiarly copious; and that though some portion of the old Anglo-Saxon words became obsolete, there never has been a period since the formation of the language in which the proportion of its principal element has been seriously diminished. For some further remarks, tending to show that a decided preponderance of advantages, on the whole, attended the influence of the classical languages on our own, we must refer our readers to our previous article on the Structure of the English Language.

Up to Elizabeth's reign there was, perhaps, no great reason to complain of the extent of classical importations; after that period, however, we certainly find the Latin element making undue encroachments; and those encroachments continued for nearly half a century onward, producing a very perceptible difference for the worse in diction, and introducing a species of construction utterly unsuited to the genius of the English language. A word or two on both these points.

These changes were in great part to be attributed, not simply

to the too exclusive culture of classical literature, and to the pedantry which was consequent upon it, — especially under the patronage of the first James, who himself was fit for nothing except to be king-pedagogue of a nation of pedants, — but to the recluse life of many of the principal writers of the first half of the seventeenth century. Latin was the language of European literature; many learned men read little else — often wrote in it — and inevitably imbibed the habit of transferring Latin terms and idioms almost without being conscious of it. Johnson justly says, that 'he that has long cultivated another language will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotic expressions.' Some further apology may be allowed to these writers, and, indeed, to all writers of that day from the necessities of the case: they were often compelled to create new terms to express new thoughts; for knowledge rolled in at that memorable era in a full tide, and overflowed the narrow channel of the language. Still this apology is not sufficient; for they did not restrict themselves to necessary innovations: wherever they found terms which, to their morbid taste, appeared more energetic or brilliant than those which the vernacular stock supplied, they at once Anglicised them, sometimes with so little regard to the analogies of the language, that the words themselves betrayed in their new form, as well as in their roots, their foreign origin.

So extensive were these importations, that there are comparatively few terms of classical origin now in use (if we except the additions to the nomenclature of modern science), which are not to be met with in some shape or other in the writers who flourished from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. Subsequent writers have had no occasion to dig in that mine; their task has been to mould into greater harmony with the analogies of the language the terms which they deemed fit to reserve and consecrate for perpetual use. From the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Donne, and about a score more of our authors of this period, might probably be collected two or three thousand Latin derivatives, which have since become obsolete; many of them among the *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα*, as critics would say, of the authors themselves. Some such audacities were ventured on among his 'native wood notes wild' even by Shakspeare, — at least some pass under his name.

But the familiarity of these writers with Greek and Latin often led them beyond the mere multiplication of terms of classical origin. They not only imported words before unknown

to the language, just giving them an Anglicised form and termination; but they not seldom employed words of foreign derivation, which had been already appropriated to a different meaning, in their *original* sense. Thus Jeremy Taylor employs 'immured' for 'encompassed;' 'extant' in the sense of 'standing out' (as applied to bas-relief); 'insolent' for 'unusual;' 'irritation' for 'making void.' One of the most ludicrous instances of this is a passage in which, having occasion to refer to the 'bruising of 'the serpent's head,' he speaks of the '*contrition* of the serpent;' to which may be added another noticed by Bishop Heber,—the use of the word 'excellent' for 'surpassing.' In this sense of the word, Taylor in one place speaks of an '*excellent* pain!' A still stronger evidence of the injurious effects of classical erudition upon taste, is supplied in the prodigal waste of it displayed even in the pulpit, and in popular harangues. The discourses both of divines and lawyers, strange to say, seem to have been often the objects of admiration in proportion to the amount of what was unintelligible to their hearers. There is an age, however, in every country when pedantry is popular.

But it was not simply in the extensive importation of foreign terms that we discover the undue influence at this period of the study and imitation of the classics; it was seen as conspicuously in the almost universal adoption of a periodic structure of sentence, unsuited to the genius of our language. To those of Greece and Rome, which possessed a more elaborate system of inflections and terminations, and were less encumbered with what Campbell calls the 'luggage of particles,' than any modern languages, the periodic structure was admirably adapted. Sentences of almost interminable length unroll themselves with perfect perspicuity; clause is linked to clause with no loss of meaning, yet with great addition to compactness and harmony. It has been justly observed, that we often find, in a sentence of inordinate length, the most important words reserved to the very last, as, for example, in the orations of Demosthenes; where they have all the effect of a sudden explosion. This is seldom possible with us. Yet this complicated structure of sentences was wonderfully affected in the time we are now treating, perhaps more in Hooker and in the prose of Milton than anywhere else. He who can read the sentences from these writers, cited below, without any more than the requisite pauses, must have sound lungs.*

* 'Albeit, therefore, I must needs in reason condemn myself of over great boldness for thus presuming to offer to your lordship's view my poor and slender labours; yet, because that which moves me so to do, is a dutiful affection some way to manifest itself; and

There have not been wanting, in modern times, writers who have greatly admired the stately march, and sometimes majestic and organ-like harmony, of this style. Thus Coleridge speaks with rapture of its 'difficult evolutions' and solemn rhythm; though he confesses, at the same time, its inaptitude in relation to our language. Many single passages of our greatest writers of the seventeenth century, composed in this style, are, however, among the noblest to be met with in all literature.

Of the writers of this epoch who so largely imported Latinisms into the language, Jeremy Taylor is perhaps the one who, as little as any, affects the periodic style. Though his sentences are often long, inordinately long, his connectives are usually extremely simple. One favourite and much abused conjunction is his general link. How exquisite is the harmony, as well as the conception, of the following sentence! The close is music itself:—'So much as moments are exceeded 'by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, 'and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few 'frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the 'sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect of what is 'deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows

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glad to take this present occasion, for want of other more worthy your lordship's acceptation; I am in that behalf, not out of hope your lordship's wisdom will the easier pardon my fault, the rather because myself am persuaded that my faultiness had been greater if these writings concerning the nobler parts of those laws under which we live, should not have craved with the first your lordship's favourable approbation, whose painful care to uphold all laws, and especially the ecclesiastical, hath by the space of so many years so apparently showed itself, that if we, who enjoy the benefit thereof, did dissemble it, they whose malice doth most enjoy our good herein would convince our unthankfulness.'—*Hooker's Dedicatory Epistle.*

'But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabouts (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for, and other things which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'—*Milton on Church Government*, B. II.

'can die, but so cannot their joys. And if the blessed martyrs 'and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings and 'their present rest, and the joys of their certain expectation, 'you should hear them glory in nothing but in the mercies of 'God, and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a 'ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the 'purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God 'is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand 'years of comfort, multiplied with a never ceasing numeration, '—days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without 'sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society 'without envying, communication of joys without lessening; 'and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy 'never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.'

With the Restoration (1660) commenced a striking series of changes in English construction and style, terminating at the commencement of the next century in those forms, usages, and laws of composition, which with very limited and transient exceptions have prevailed ever since. Immediately after the accession of Charles II., the periodic style began to give way, and a more simple structure to take its place; the license of coining Latin derivatives also ceased: indeed, our language was substantially the same as it is at present. What was required was to file away asperities, to throw out redundancies, to refine barbarisms, to bring into greater accordance with the analogies of the language words half exotic in form, to refine what was worthy of being refined, and to reject the ore which would not pay for the cost of smelting.

The first changes, however, which commenced with the Restoration were such as might well make a thoughtful student of the language question whether they would not deteriorate rather than benefit it; whether, whatever might be the defects of style now about to undergo a change, the remedy would not prove worse than the disease.

At first it seemed, as if the language had but exchanged one set of hazards for another,—or rather, as if causes of depravation which had pretty well reached their limit, and to which the language had in a measure adapted itself, were now to be followed by others far more active for mischief, and having the powerful aids of novelty and fashion in their favour. The stream of classical derivatives had been well nigh dried up; and if here and there a pedant still persisted in introducing them, there were no longer any prevailing tendencies that way. One of the new dangers, though not the chief, was of a flood of affected Gallicisms, with which the young monarch and his merry court

naturally came stored, and which they seemed as willing to impart to our barbarous countrymen, as those vices which had the same source, and in which they were, unhappily, equally proficient. This class of innovations at first seemed fraught with far greater dangers than could attend a too profuse and pedantic resort to the classical languages. They were sanctioned by the authority and example of a young and, for a time, highly popular monarch; by the influence of a court half French in taste and associations; and what was quite as mischievous, by the pretension to higher polish and gentility,—the notion that gentlemen and ladies *ought* thus to speak; a notion which, if it once fairly takes possession of the heads of said gentlemen and ladies, is quite sufficient to reconcile them to the practice of any absurdity. Discourses accordingly were garnished with a trimming of French terms and phrases; and happy, doubtless, was the fop, who, like the fops of all other generations, could most astonish his country neighbours by new names for objects which they had been accustomed to call all their lives by plain English ones; and give seeming substance to his inanities of thought by clothing them in a fantastic frippery of affected Gallicisms. In a word, the language appeared still inclined for a masquerade, only in a new dress, and that not even so becoming as the former one. If our older authors sought, somewhat too assiduously, to indue themselves in the grave and solemn vesture of the ancients, their successors were determined that French costume should now be all the vogue. But the danger passed away. Those causes which have already been represented as rendering our language impregnable even to a foreign victor, more than sufficed to secure it against this new peril. The innovations, if for a time extensive, were extensive only within the precincts of the court, and among that class of people to whom court influence is as the breath of their nostrils; and the majority of them were not permanent even there.

In the mean time some of the words thus introduced really became serviceable; and in spite of the ridicule with which they were treated, stood firm and have obtained a permanent footing. It is curious that many of the foreign terms and affected phrases with which Dryden, in one of his plays, has interlarded the discourse of one of his fine ladies, by way of satire on the prevailing practice in the circles of fashion, have received the sanction of usage, and are now parts of the language. The gradual introduction and ultimate naturalisation of foreign terms, at first ridiculed and satirised, often afford us a striking proof of the precarious influence even of the most enlightened criticism, when sustained by the best reasons. We have other striking

proofs of this in the following century, when authors no less celebrated than Swift and Addison set themselves against certain innovations, and were only partially successful. Speaking of sundry long polysyllabic words which had been introduced 'in 'the course of the war,' the Tatler (No. 230.) says, 'if they 'attack us too frequently we shall certainly put them to flight 'and cut off their rear.' 'Every one of them,' remarks D'Israeli, 'still keep their ground.'

But it was not in an importation of Gallicisms that the chief danger was to be apprehended. The periodic style as well as Latinistic diction of the preceding generation had been abandoned —and very properly so; and it now seemed but too probable that our authors would fall into an opposite extreme, and adopt a vulgarised style; free, it is true, from the stiffness and formality of their predecessors, but without one particle of its majesty and grandeur; without even any of the decorum which ought to belong to all styles. The colloquialisms of everyday speech were extravagantly affected; colloquialisms, often pardonable enough elsewhere, but offensive in literature. The writers of that day weary and disgust us with their perpetual use of vulgar contractions and abbreviations, with their 'tis' and 'tisnt,' with their 'aints' and 'donts,' and 'wonts' and 'shants;' with their 'by ems' and 'at ems,' and many other affected imitations of the freedom of ordinary speech.* Seeking ease and nature, as they thought, they forgot dignity and decorum; or rather, like upstarts assuming a false gentility, they mistook vulgarity for ease, and impudence for freedom. The fault particularly prevails in the political writings of that age; writings, by the way, which form no inconsiderable portion of its literature. None was more signally guilty of it than Roger L'Estrange, known chiefly *now*, and that only obscurely, by his translations; better known *then*, as a most voluminous and virulent political pamphleteer. A few flowers gathered from a single paragraph will be more than sufficient to illustrate this distinctive peculiarity.†

* This slipshod style is excellently well mimicked in the above-mentioned number of the Tatler.

† .... 'She was easily *put off the hooks*, and *monstrous hard* to be pleased again; she was *as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be*, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still.... The man was willing to *make the best of a hard game*..... Come, come, master, says Æsop, pluck up a good heart, for I have a *project in my noddle* that shall bring back my mistress, &c. *What does my Æsop* but away immediately to the market..... This way of proceeding set *the whole town agog*..... And for *that bout* all was well again between master and mistress.'

It is not without reason that Coleridge observes that the 'cavalier slang' of L'Estrange, and his contemporary party writers, infected even the divines of the reign of Charles II. We acknowledge thankfully, however, that during this period there was at least one author by whom pure and nervous English was written with rare felicity. The poems and prose of Dryden anticipate the improvements in the language which were not generally recognised till the age of Addison. His plays — utterly unworthy of his genius — are disfigured by all the usual vulgarisms of the times.

At the commencement of the following century, those changes of construction and style which commenced with the Revolution were completed. The elements of the language were in fact just what they are still, both in form and construction; not taking into account such additions as the mere increase of knowledge has necessitated. New thoughts will of course require new terms. Meanwhile the periodic structure had disappeared at the same time that the vocabulary was adjusting itself. In this second fermentation, the language worked itself clear from all the feculence which had hitherto clouded it, — till at length, fully refined and clarified, it flowed transparent as crystal from the pen of the elegant Addison.

During the next generation the vocabulary of the English language fluctuated but little. An affectation, indeed, of French idiom and phraseology was manifested by many authors from time to time, and is conspicuous enough in Bolingbroke. Of this fashion Johnson and Campbell both subsequently complained. Its principal cause was the extensive influence of French literature, then in its glory, and which was translated wholesale. It was not uncommon to hear these innovations justified by the assertion that the French was much the finer language of the two, and that the introduction of words and idioms from it was but enriching our own. Campbell has well met this argument in the following paragraph: —

'But the patrons of this practice will probably plead, that as 'the French is the finer language, ours must certainly be improved by the mixture. Into the truth of the hypothesis from 'which they argue, I shall not now inquire. It sufficeth for 'my present purpose to observe, that the consequence is not 'logical, though the plea were just. A liquor produced by the 'mixture of two liquors, of different qualities, will often prove 'worse than either.* The Greek is doubtless a language much

* Ascham had anticipated the same argument and the same answer, expressed with a pleasant homeliness. 'Once I communed

'superior in riches, harmony, and variety to the Latin; yet, by 'an affectation in the Romans of Greek words and idioms (like 'the passion of the English for whatever is imported from 'France), as much perhaps as by any thing, the Latin was not 'only vitiated, but lost almost entirely in a few centuries 'that beauty and majesty which we find in the writers of the 'Augustan age. On the contrary, nothing contributed more to 'the preservation of the Greek tongue in its native purity, for 'such an amazing number of centuries, unexampled in the 'history of any other language, than the contempt they had 'for this practice. It was in consequence of this contempt that 'they were the first who branded a foreign term in any of their 'writers with the odious name of *barbarism*.' And Johnson, a little before the appearance of Campbell's work, had alluded to the same tendency, fostered by the extensive translations from the French. His opinion, recorded at the close of the Preface to his Dictionary, is as follows: — 'If an academy 'should be established for the cultivation of our style, — which 'I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the 'spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy, — let them, 'instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour 'with all their influence to stop the license of translators, whose 'idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce 'us to babble a dialect of France.'

The last considerable fluctuation in literary diction was produced by the great critic and censor himself, — whose theory, as it often happens, was more perfect than his practice. Johnson is sometimes somewhat unjustly represented as having actually *introduced* into the language many new words of Latin lineage. In truth, however, he is rarely, if ever, chargeable with coining derivatives absolutely new. Almost every word he employs was already in the language, and had been used by the writers of the first half of the seventeenth century; they had simply been disused for a time, or had been rarely used. Words of the latter class Johnson used more freely, and in larger proportion to the vernacular stock than any other modern writer. It was Johnson's familiarity with certain authors, as Sir Thomas Brown, Jeremy Taylor, Burton, which supplied him with his Latinisms,

'with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be increased and 'enriched thereby, — saying, who will not praise that feast where a 'man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer? Truly, quoth 'I, they be all good, every one taken by himself alone; but if you 'put malmsey and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all 'into one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known, nor 'yet wholesome for the body.'

In brief, if Johnson rendered turbid the pure 'well of English,' it was not by pouring in a foreign admixture, but by stirring up the sediment which had sunk or was sinking to the bottom. Of his Latinisms, those in his well-known definition of network may be taken as a specimen; they were not new; but what a heap of them in the same sentence! 'Any thing reticulated *or* decussated, with 'interstices at equal distances between the intersections.'

It is not easy for those who have not inspected contemporaneous literature, — especially its second-rate productions, — to conceive to what an extent Johnson's style was imitated by his admirers. His genius and long undisputed literary reign would indeed have secured for him a train of this kind, had his style been difficult of imitation; unhappily, it was imitated with the greatest ease, — and its chief faults most easily of all. They even fell in with the universal tendencies of all young writers. As regards his diction, for example, young writers have uniformly a strong appetite for the ornate and sonorous; for 'fine words' as they are usually called. They think that terms of foreign or learned origin give to their compositions greater dignity; forgetting that frigid stateliness is but a poor exchange for idiomatic strength and simplicity; and that if the coveted terms are more sonorous, they are less vivid. Even when they are fully understood, they are feebler, because they are not those long-established symbols, the very voice of which clusters around them the whole band of appropriate associations. Between sounding Latinisms and homely idiomatic Saxon, there is all the difference as to power of awakening association that there is between a gong and a peal of village bells. Similar remarks apply to Johnson's profuse use of antithesis. Contrast, in which it originates, and in which its power consists, heightens effect, and therefore the young writer thinks he cannot employ antithesis too frequently; not aware as yet that a figure which is constantly employed not only loses its effect, but wearies by its repetition. But what is worse, the love of antithesis is apt to mislead ordinary writers, as it did indeed Johnson himself, into an antithesis of words, where there is little or none in the ideas. Extensive as the imitation of Johnson was, it could not last long. The rage of imitation is always a violent, but transient epidemic. Meantime Sir James Mackintosh (no incompetent judge) had so strong a sense of the pernicious influence of Johnson's style on our language generally, that so late as 1831 he declared, that 'from the corruptions introduced 'by Dr. Johnson, English style was only then recovering.' Other critics, besides Dr. Parr, would probably think this an exaggeration. True genius, even in Johnson's time, witness

Goldsmith and Burke, could not descend to imitate; and, long before 1831, Johnson's writings, though always and deservedly popular, had ceased to exercise any appreciable influence on mere style.

One of the most extravagant caricatures of the imitations of Dr. Johnson's style we recollect to have seen was a new model of a translation of the 23rd Psalm. Two of the verses, if we remember rightly, ran thus, 'Deity is my pastor, I shall not be 'indigent. . . . Thou anointest my locks with odoriferous unguents—my chalice exuberates.' And perhaps the absurdity of this style is best seen by thus trying its effect on a composition of exquisite simplicity. We recommend all who aspire to this species of style to study the peroration of Sir Thos. Urquhart's Jewel: 'I could have introduced, *in case of obscurity* (!), synonymal, 'exargastic, and palilogetic elucidations; for sweetness of phrase, 'antimetathetic commutations of epithets; for the vehement 'excitation of matter, exclamations in the front, and epiphonemas 'in the rear. I could have used, for the promptlier stirring up of 'passion, apostrophal and prosopopœial diversions; and for the 'appeasing and settling of them, some epanorthetic revocations, 'and aposiopetic restraints. I could have inserted dialogisms, 'displaying their interrogatory part with communicatively-'pysmatic and sustentative flourishes, or proleptically, with the 'refutative schemes of anticipation and subjection: and that part 'which concerns the responsory, with the figures of permission 'and concession.'

Since 1830, the tendency to innovate has been on the part of students of the German. So far as this tendency confines itself to occasional, gradual, and cautious transplantation of genuine and expressive words from the German vernacular; or, better still, so far as it leads us, by a reflex influence, to cherish the Saxon element in our own language, to keep the other elements in check, and to give this its proper place, it is matter of congratulation. The influence of the study of the German within these limits is wholly beneficial. But wholesale, tasteless importations of unsanctioned words, even though less pernicious than when introduced from languages of less affinity with our own, would be still pernicious. To quote a sentence from our former article: 'A 'philosophical mind will consider that whatever deflection may 'have taken place in the original principles of a language, what-'ever modification of form it may have undergone, it is, at each 'period of its history, the product of a slow accumulation, and 'countless multitude of associations, which can neither be hastily 'formed, nor hastily dismissed; that these associations extend even 'to the modes of spelling and pronouncing, of inflecting and com-

'bining words; and that anything which does violence to such 'associations, impairs, for the time at least, the power of the 'language.'

In truth, however, the words we have really naturalised from the German have been very few. 'Handbook,' 'fatherland,' and a score more, would exhaust the catalogue. Unhappily, the Germanised style, of which we have so much reason to complain at the present day, consists either in an absurd imitation of German idiom and construction; or in a free resort to compounds founded in the intermarriage of words within the prohibited degrees, and which is apt to result in a progeny of illegitimates, or downright hybrids; or (especially in relation to philosophy), in an eminently *Latinistic* diction, partly made up of a literal rendering of Latin terms which the German has itself incorporated, and partly (which is still worse) of translations of their vernacular philosophic terms into Latin derivatives, often previously appropriated in another sense, and sometimes in many other senses by ourselves. 'Objective,' 'subjective,' 'momentum,' 'transcendental,' 'egoism,' 'concrete,' the 'absolute,' the 'reason,' &c. are instances in the one kind or the other; and by conjuring with these, aided by a due abstinence from definitions, and by a certain mixture of German constructions, a man may, and sometimes does, write volumes which neither his reader nor himself understands.

There is nothing for which we more deeply regret the loss of those variable terminations of our once homogeneous language, which gave it an unlimited power of forming compounds, — the significance of which may be gathered immediately from the separate elements, — than the consequent multiplication of *scientific* terms, having a foreign origin. The evil is becoming almost intolerable; and we should be thankful to believe that there is any mode of successfully checking it. We are not ignorant that there are some advantages attending the present practice; but as the nomenclature of science increases without limit, its exotic character becomes a serious nuisance; the memory cannot retain it; and, what is worse, it loses all power of association, and renders the scientific style intelligible only to the deeply initiated. It is a hieroglyphic for a priesthood.*

* Many think that the evil is capable of being checked by a free resort to the Saxon: whether they would go so far as the man mentioned in an instructive paper on 'English Adjectives' in the Philological Museum, who suggested that 'the impenetrability of matter' might be expressed by the 'unthoroughfaresomeness of stuff,' we know not. By the way, we strongly recommend the above paper,

The number of Greek and Latin derivatives which have been introduced in the course of the last fifty, and especially the last thirty years, in consequence of the immense extension of the physical sciences, must be immense. In botany, geology, conchology, mineralogy, and, above all, chemistry, the nomenclature has increased at a most prodigious rate. If all these terms were considered as much English words as those which enter into the dialect of common life, of poetry, of eloquence, of historic composition, we could hardly say that the Anglo-Saxon now forms so decidedly preponderant an element as it has done throughout the whole previous course of our literary history. At all events, the ratio of that element to the sum of all the others which enter into competition with it, would be very appreciably diminished. In fact, however, a vast number of these terms are found exclusively in works of science; rendered really, or apparently, necessary by our difficulty of compounding words from the vernacular. They are regarded simply as a concise notation, and as little affect the general relations of the language as the symbols of algebra. When, for example, the zoologist tells us, that if we 'take the head of an opossum, contract the cra-'nium, widen the orbits and parietal crests, elevate the occiput, 'shortening at the same time the basilary part, &c., and we 'shall only require the differences of projection of some parts, the 'presence of an external pterygoid apophysis, the direction 'downwards of the curvature of the zygomatic arch, &c., to 'arrive at the head of a hog;' or when the botanist tells us that a genus of plants has a '3-parted half-inferior calyx, rotate mono-'petalous 5-10-parted corolla, imbricate in æstivation, indefi-'nite stamens inserted in the lobe of the corolla, with the 'filaments cuspidate at the apex, and polyadelphous at the 'base;' or when the chemist tells us that 'æther is supposed to 'be an oxide of ethereum, alcohol a hydrated oxide, and sul-'phovinic acid a hydrated bisulphate of oxide of ethereum;' or discourses of a gas which boasts of the three brief names, 'superolefiant gas,' 'terhydrocarbon,' and 'tritocarbohydrogen;' every one feels that, convenient to science as may be such a peculiar style, it is disguised Greek and Latin that he is reading rather than English.

But though, in strictly scientific treatises, the unsparing use of terms of art may be very necessary, and not only tend to economise expression, but (by obviating prolixity) be even conducive to clearness, at least for those who previously understand the

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and some others on related topics in the same publication, to the perusal of every student of the English language.

terminology, there is often in half scientific men an excessive fondness for this species of language, when they are *not* addressing scientific readers or not addressing them exclusively. Under the notion of being more philosophical, they commit the same error as the young writer or speaker who employs the most general and abstract terms he can find, instead of the most specific and vivid, or who substitutes the sonorous Latin for the strong homely Saxon. It would be well for every scientific writer, who is addressing his discourse in any degree *ad populum*, or not exclusively to the scientific world, to peruse with care the observations of Whately in his 'Rhetoric,' on the use and abuse of technical language; and to study as models the writings of such men as Paley, Sir John Herschel, and Sir Charles Bell. To express the results of science without the ostentation of its terms, is an excellent art indeed, and known to but few. An amusing example of the impropriety in question not unfrequently occurs in courts of justice, when a surgeon undertakes to enlighten a wondering jury as to the results of a *post mortem* examination: he finds a wound 'in 'the parietes of the abdomen, opening the peritoneal cavity;' or an injury of some 'vertebra in the dorsal or lumbar region.' A judge lately rebuked a witness of this character by saying, 'You mean so and so, do you not, sir?'—at the same time translating his scientific barbarisms into a few words of simple English. 'I do, my Lord.' 'Then why can't you *say* so?' He *had said so*, but not in English.

If the Saxon cannot supply us with a nomenclature, science must continue her demands on the plasticity of Greek and the condensation of Latin, to aid her in giving expression to her novel thoughts and teeming discoveries. Such an alternative leaves us no choice. But the precedent is contagious; and it is too much to be threatened with a wanton inundation of similar learned terms, to dignify the achievements of the common arts of life, and of the most vulgar handicrafts. It is to degrade these languages, not less than to insult our own, to employ them, as they too often are employed, to stimulate public curiosity towards some obscure nostrum, or some novelty of dress or furniture. 'Eureka Shirts,' 'Resilient Boots,' 'Eupodistic Bootmaker,' 'Panklibanon Iron-'works,' 'Antigropelos,' 'Euknemida,' 'Soterion,' are a few examples of this most classical vulgarity*; we only wonder that the 'Patent Knife Cleaner' has been contented to be unbaptized in 'well-sounding Greek.'

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* *Punch* is the proper party to deal with such follies.

The principal excellences of a language consist in copiousness, meaning by that word distinct expressions for distinct things; in variety, or different expressions for the same thing; in precision; in ductility; in energy and in harmony. The English language, on the whole, will probably sustain comparison with any ever spoken by man. In ductility and in power of transposition it yields to Greek and German; and to many other languages in some one point or other. But few have ever combined *all* the excellences of language in so high a degree. Coleridge doubts whether it yields to the Greek and German even in those points in which their superiority has been generally conceded. 'It may be doubted,' says he, on one occasion, 'whether a composite language like the English is not a happier 'instrument of expression than a homogeneous one like the 'German;' and on another he declares, 'As to mere power of 'expression, I doubt whether even the Greek surpasses the 'English.'

When we reflect on the enormous breadth both of the Old World and of the New, over which this noble language is either already spoken, or is fast spreading, and the immense treasures of literature which are consigned to it, it becomes us to guard it with jealous care as a sacred deposit—not our least important trust in the heritage of humanity.* Our brethren in America must assist us in the task.

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* Mr. Harrison's volume contains many instructive observations on the structure of the language, and a very copious and useful collection of illustrations on most points connected with English syntax and composition; but as regards the history of the language, and its relation to the other members of the Teutonic family, his work is far inferior to that of Dr. Latham. The latter is in fact only too full and profound for young students; and we think the author would confer an important favour on such (especially on that increasing class of youths who require a manual for the matriculation examinations of the London University), by inserting in a future edition of his 'Elementary Grammar' those chapters of the larger work which strictly bear on the history of the English language and its dialects. Like Grimm's 'Deutsche Grammatik,' to which Dr. L. so frankly acknowledges his obligations, the larger volume largely overlaps his immediate subject.

ART. II.—1. *A Second Visit to the United States of America.* By Sir CHARLES LYELL. 2d edit.

2. *The Western World, or Travels in the United States in* 1846–7; *exhibiting them in their latest development—social, political, and industrial—including a chapter on California.* By ALEXANDER MACKAY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. 1849.

3. *Reed and Matheson's Visit to the American Churches.* 2 vols. 1835.

4. *Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts System of Common Schools.* Boston: 1849.

5. *Speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster upon the Subject of Slavery, delivered in the Senate of the United States, March* 7. 1850.

IF books are now like the sea sand, good and true books are but as the rarer shells; and voyages and travels, having passed on beyond the interest of mere discovery, are to be estimated by those deeper qualities which make civilised nations *truly* acquainted with each other.

To this end, judgment and candour are more than all the arts of composition, and true candour is perhaps even more than judgment. Sir Charles Lyell's books upon the inexhaustible field of America are distinguished by both these qualities, but more especially by the last, and are worthy therefore to be studied for real increase of knowledge.* They comprise observations upon every thing in that theatre of great experiments which would naturally attract the attention of a liberal and cultivated Englishman, possessing those advantages of access and intercourse which were at the command of a man not only eminent in science, but conversant with the best society of Europe, a gentleman by station, and a gentleman by nature. He has visited the United States twice (which it would not be so pleasant for many *writers* upon them to do), and had the advantage, therefore, of revising his first impressions, and also of noting many signs of progress made during his absence, which indicate how fast the social tree will grow in virgin soil. Mr. Lyell crossed the Atlantic first in pursuit of his geological vocation; and we can imagine the interest of the New World to him in its mere physical features —for a geologist looks at a continent as an anatomist looks at

* We can very honestly say the same for both Mr. Mackay, and Messrs. Reed and Matheson.

an animal — he sees with his mind's eye the internal organisation, and the fire and the water in digestive action, and the peristaltic earthquakes, and thinks he knows what the monster was like in its infancy and youth, and what it will be like in its old age — he sees the valleys rising from the sea, and the mountains rising from the plain — he sees nature laying in her coal measures, and commonwealths coming down in the mud of primeval rivers — he looks backward to the Saurian aborigines, and onward perhaps to undefinable developments of the type of man. A geologist thus full of the great generalisations of his proper science will hardly confine himself within the sensible horizon when he comes to the historical period. The kingdoms, constitutions, creeds, and rituals of men, he will be apt to regard as less permanent than Niagara, — which is itself no immortal cascade. Yet, these he investigates as phenomena, with the fidelity of a naturalist, and applies the inductive method to thoughts no less than to things. There can be no doubt of the light, as well as the impulse, which physics have lent to metaphysics, and nature to divinity, since Pascal declared for Galileo and Newton became a saint in the English calendar, and since the Protestant schools and churches have given so many professors to geology.

The sun at the centre, and the earth among the stars, and that star of ours in unceasing mutation and development, are suggestive of thoughts which are themselves but developments — which must revolve with man, who must revolve with his world, which is invisible from the Great Bear. Geology includes the whole visible creation, and is neutral ground on which all students meet, and all philosophies must adjust themselves to Nature's dimensions — and historians and politicians learn to recognise other occult agencies and dynamic forces, besides the climate of Montesquieu, underlying the institutions and controlling the schemes of men! It is, at any rate, unquestionable that political speculations are now largely turned from the dramatic, dynastic, and personal interests of history, to the life of nations, the destinies of races, and the ultimate prospects of mankind — our fathers' generation and our own have been marked by changes so vast and rapid as to strike the least imaginative minds with an anxious sense of temporal instability, and to fill the most imaginative with solemn instincts of an undeveloped providence, and dim visions of a future which no theorems of the schools and the churches will contain. So much for the aptitudes, in our estimate, of a geological professor to report upon the social stratification of the great North American Republics.

The book, in point of arrangement, like Sir C. Lyell's account of his former visit, is of the nature of a diary, taking up subjects as they arose by the way, or were suggested in conversation. But as his first visit was chiefly scientific, his second is chiefly popular, the mixture of geology and natural history giving the same variety of interest to the reader which it must have given to the daily progress of the traveller. 'It is an 'agreeable novelty,' he says, 'to the naturalist to combine the 'speed of a railway, and the luxury of good inns, with the sight 'of the native forest; the advantages of civilisation, with the 'beauty of unreclaimed nature: no hedges, few ploughed fields, 'the wild plants, trees, birds, and animals undisturbed.'

Landing at Boston, he begins with the New England States, where lies the interest that most comes home to us. The foresight of Bacon could not have predicted what would come of those Pilgrim Fathers within 200 years: But observers of far inferior penetration, on looking back, may discern and trace downwards a natural expansion from that vigorous root. There was cast at once into fresh earth the seed of civil liberty, and the seed of independent belief, both included in that indomitable Protestantism which fled from the bondage of Europe to worship God in the wilderness. The Mayflower carried over to new shores the germ of a great nation, wherein, physically, there was nothing strange to experience; but she carried over also a spiritual venture of vaster capabilities under less visible promise — universal toleration latent in the most inhuman of school-born theologies — universal religion in a husk of Calvinism! No rational observer of the United States will now overlook *that* grain of mustard-seed in studying the moral phenomena of the Anglo-American nations.

Anglo-Saxon America is the land of progress, whatever the end of it is to be; and in that respect, and not for any results yet attained, is so deserving of our attention. The vigour of population corresponds there to the scale of nature. All the wants of civilised men are developed, and all the means of satisfying them are within reach; the war against the wilderness keeps all energies alive, feeding them with victory and hope; and all the experience of the Old World comes in aid to guide, to encourage, and to warn. If freedom be doomed to end in rebellion against God and anarchy among men, America will unteach the world an error of 2000 years. If, on the contrary, self-government be the secret of society, or the right way towards it, America is the land of promise, and the object of highest hope as well as of liberal curiosity.

But without presuming to decide this momentous question,

or to assume it, let us hear Sir Charles Lyell's evidence. He is very curious about all religious manifestations, as every wise man must be, who knows how much may be inferred from them as to popular intelligence, and the state of education, and the moral heart of a community. The faiths of the multitude must be studied by those who would know their own times, and the thoughts of the wise by those who would foresee the coming time. The convictions of the many are the laws of the living world—the negations of the few mark the spiritual path which the next generations will follow; for the fear of God in the hearts of the wise tends ever to enlarge itself, to reject school definitions, and to purge the popular creed. To the ancient *vates* every part of nature was a separate God; to the modern poet universal nature is but a part of God. Consider the decline of faith, yet the progress of truth, in the Church, the schools, and the world, from Tertullian to Bishop Butler, from Ptolemy to Sir J. Herschel, from St. Louis to the King of Prussia! Now sectarianism is the beginning of the end of a blind reverence for human authority; and as Old England is the land of sects, compared with Europe, so New England is the land of sects compared with Old England; and the sects of America, like her factions, have the salient energy of youth. It requires a true philosopher to report of them fairly; and the habits of a natural philosopher to investigate them calmly and piously,—as he would the interesting peculiarities of animals. Behold, these are some of God's creatures, and these are some of their ways.

New England is in truth a museum of sectarian curiosities; no maternal church keeps down fanaticism, and no court manners suppress or chasten the free expression of it by word and by deed. Here, if any where, we must be careful to learn what such a state of things naturally comes to—whether to internecine war, or to mutual forbearance and gradual comprehension. It is a most practical question for all Christendom. At Portland, in Maine, Sir C. Lyell found a 'happy family' of sects—all, except the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, of Puritan derivation—but all without exception reconciled to live and eat together in the same cage. The late governor had been a Unitarian, the present governor was a Roman Catholic! Now according to the theory of *exclusive truth*, and a State conscience, either these sectaries can not be sincere in their differences, or they have no sense of the awful gulph that lies between the Church and the world;—and in either case, that State has no conscience. Yet, judging the tree by its fruit, here is an impartial observer, who finds himself bound to report well of it,

and to prefer a friendly diversity to an intolerant uniformity. Sir C. Lyell enumerates eight sects in this town of Portland; and the American Almanac for 1849 gives twenty-eight in all for the United States, with an estimate of their respective numbers. Statistics, however, are a rude, and must be a most vague measure of spiritual quantities; but take the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, which strives to be the same in all lands, and multitudinous Protestantism on the other; and among the popular heresiarchs of the Union in our generation, let Dr. Channing stand at the top and Mormon Smith at the bottom; —and then let us consider the gradations of faith and polity that must lie between them. If amity be an *accomplished fact* in such a conflux of opposites, the spirit of peace must be strong, after all, in the world, and the problem of 'happy families' no longer desperate. The variety of sects is in truth not a subject either for satire or for tears, unless we could say how religion could otherwise adapt itself to the unequal growth of intellect in society. The polity of the Roman Church was perfect in itself, and for its own purposes. It grasped the whole body of the State, and left no grade or member of it uncared for. But when heresy broke into the fold, and conviction, instead of submission, was made the basis of the new Church, and every man had to choose his creed, or at least the keeper of his conscience, uniformity became impossible, and sects inevitable. Then arose the proverb, *ubi una, ibi nulla!* And if a civilised commonwealth is ever again to be one fold, under one Shepherd, it must be by getting through the sectarian stage, as the individual mind can best do, and resolving moral as well as material phenomena into general laws and a universal providence.

To this end, the first step is not that sects should cease to be, —far from it,—but that they should agree to be. And this is what we rejoice to learn has been brought to pass in New England, as exemplified in the above-mentioned instance in the State of Maine. The same phenomenon is repeated and recurred to in many places; and instead of exaggerations and contrasts, Sir C. Lyell endeavours to give us things in their natural colours and proportions, the result of which is, a more intelligible picture of religion in America, than we usually meet with. Revivals, and camp meetings, and fanatical excesses are reported too, but not in a satirical style or spirit, nor with undue inferences drawn from them as to national character. Such fanaticism is the religion of an uninstructed but awakening vulgar. It *is* religion, however, having reference to conscience and the moral condition of man. A fixed superstition belongs to a wholly ignorant and stationary people.

The free enthusiasm of a democracy is error in agitation and transition, and we may hope will correct itself on the way.

Revivals are made up of all the arts of excitement and some of the arts of fraud, which mingle strangely together in spiritual zealotry. Sir C. Lyell quotes from a New York paper the following advertisement:—'A protracted meeting is now 'in progress at the Church in —— Street: there have been a 'number of Conversions, and it is hoped the work of grace has 'but just commenced. Preaching every evening. Seats 'free!' At a revival in Bethlehem, attended by sixteen ministers, Methodists, Baptists, and one Orthodox, 'there were 'prayers and preaching incessantly from morning to night, for 'twenty-one days.' Sir C. Lyell was assured by a Boston friend, that, when he once attended a revival sermon, 'he heard 'the preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect 'to experience on the first, second, and third day previous to 'their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to 'his pupils on the progress of a well known disease; and the 'complaint, he added, is indeed a serious one, and very contagious when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the 'judgment, and the new convert is in the power of the preacher; 'he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm 'as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination.' But such a preacher belongs to a well-known genus in church history. The most memorable of them was perhaps Peter the Hermit. Religious madness is also a form of mania well known in lunatic asylums and out of them. 'It is admitted, however, and 'deplored by the advocates of revivals, that, after the application 'of such violent stimulants, there is invariably a reaction, and 'what they call a flat or dead season; and it is creditable to 'the New England clergy of all sects that they have in general, 'of late years, almost discontinued such meetings.'

Then we have an account of the Millerites, followers of one Miller, who had appointed the 23d of Oct. 1844 for the final destruction of the world, and who found such faith on earth that, in the autumn of that year, many of his neighbours would neither reap their harvest nor let others reap it, lest they should tempt Providence in that awful hour: and, *after* the 23d of October, though they saved what they could, or had it saved for them by the parochial authorities, yet the failure of the prediction was resolved into miscalculation merely, and the sect continued to flourish and believe, and Boston shops advertised ascension robes for going up to Heaven; and an English bookseller at New York assured Sir C. Lyell 'that there was a 'brisk demand for such articles even as far south as Phila-

'delphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who 'sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October!' 'Several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth 'and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced to poverty 'by their credulity, having sold their all towards building the 'tabernacle in which they were to pray incessantly for six 'weeks previous to their ascension.' In this tabernacle — which was afterwards sold and converted into a theatre — the Author saw Macbeth; and was told by some of his party 'that 'they were reminded of the extraordinary sight they had wit- 'nessed in that room on the 23d October of the previous year, 'when the walls were all covered with Hebrew and Greek 'texts, and when a crowd of devotees were praying in their 'ascension robes, in hourly expectation of the consummation of 'all things.'

Now fanatical excesses like these have been worked up with much effect by satirical and declamatory writers, as evidence against the general intelligence of American society; but when Sir Charles Lyell alleged the numerous followers of Miller and Smith to a New England friend, as 'not arguing much in favour 'of the working of their plan of national education,' he received, we think, a very sensible reply, which, without vindicating the younger world, laid upon the elder its due share of the reproach.

'As for the Mormons, you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from the illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites however, though confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here, and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement have advanced the cause of truth.

'The same friend then went on to describe to me a sermon preached in one of the north-eastern townships of Massachusetts, which he named, against the Millerite opinions, by the minister of the parish, who explained the doubts generally entertained by the learned in regard to some of the dates of the prophecies of Daniel, entered freely into modern controversies about the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testament, and referred to several works both of German,

British, and New England authors, which his congregation had never heard of till then. *Not a few of them complained that they had been so long kept in the dark; that their minister must have entertained many of these opinions long before, and that he had now revealed them in order to stem the current of a popular delusion, and for expediency, rather than the love of truth.* "*Never,*" said they, "*can we in future put the same confidence in him again.*"

'Other apologists observed to me, that so long as part of the population was very ignorant, even the well educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best fed individuals in the whole community.'

This last observation and similitude, which Sir Charles Lyell thinks 'plausible and ingenious but fallacious,' seems to us to have both force and truth in it. All excitability beyond the bounds of reason is a matter of temperament, and subject to strange sympathies which reason can neither control nor explain. But whoever seriously believed the end of the world to be at hand, would be in a state of *reasonable* excitement; and the doctrine of literal inspiration had, long before America was known, seemed to give all men an absolute warrant for that belief. The behaviour of the New England sectaries under such persuasion was natural enough. The opinion was a delusion; but if one honest sermon proved sufficient to dispel it from the minds of one congregation, let the theology both at home and abroad, which dares not speak plainly to the people, and hardly dares to open its own eyes, bear the blame of all such epidemic extravagance.

But we must follow Sir Charles Lyell further into this subject, on which, in his 12th chapter, he has written fully, earnestly, and wisely, in a tone that can give just offence to nobody. And if we can draw more general attention to that chapter alone, we shall render a seasonable service to truth and charity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Religion is rightly assumed, by all who believe in a power above them, to be the basis and soul of education. Yet religion, as moulded by most schools of theology in Europe, is found in unnatural opposition to free teaching; and it puzzles the wisdom of senates to discover how this fatal schism is to be healed. But in New England the problem has been solved already. There are free schools there and independent sects in amicable fellowship; and it is well worth further inquiry whether toleration has produced the schools or the schools have produced toleration. Sir Charles Lyell quotes, from the farewell charge of Pastor Robinson to his congregation at

Leyden, before they set sail in the Mayflower, the following passage: —

'I charge you before God, and his holy angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their first reformation; the Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has imparted and revealed unto Calvin, they will die rather than embrace it, and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God: But were they now living, they would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember it: It is an article of your Church covenant, that you will be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your most sacred covenant.'

Now the principle which is contained in these pregnant words it is probable that neither the preacher himself nor the most reflecting of his hearers would have been ready to follow out to its destined results. The zealous exiles were as positive and intolerant under their new heaven as the brethren they had left behind them under the old. But no philosopher ever stood wholly clear of his own times and associations — how much less any religious enthusiast. The progress which Pastor Robinson foresaw was something that should enlarge only, and enforce, but not confute, or altogether outgrow, the teaching of Calvin. It was indeed a great step to admit that Calvin himself saw not all things. It is a further and greater step to admit that Calvin saw many things that were not, and that the progress of truth includes unlearning much as well as learning more. It is Coleridge, we think, who remarks of political disputants and parties, that, seeing half the truth, they are generally right in the principles which they assert, and wrong in those which they deny; — in the same sense in which opposite proverbs are the complements of each other — both true, and yet both false. But as much can hardly be said of religious sects — for, in religion, the positive, from the nature of the case, is far more likely to be wrong, because the horizon there is infinite; and we have no data for a doctrine of the *moral* sphere. The Pastor's rule, however, 'be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto 'you,' though it has already led whither he would not, is a rule

for all times, and will outlive all the systems in the world. Then how, and by what steps has it led the posterity of the Puritan pilgrims so wide of their father's pathway, and rolled out their narrow Calvinistic synagogue into this umbrageous confederation of Gentile Christianities? Sir C. Lyell ascribes it all to the peculiar polity of the congregational churches, and to the natural recoil of religious feeling from the strain of Calvinism. A notable example of such reaction at the fountain head has been seen in the church and clergy of Geneva; but the spiritual independence of every separate congregation is among the issues of Protestantism, which it was reserved for New England to sanction by law, and to make the basis of an extensive ecclesiastical discipline. It is a principle, indeed, inconsistent with truth, if religion be a catechism and a confessor; but if it be a compound of instinct, reflection, faith, and experience, a light of the soul itself — it must feed upon free meditation; and the independence of any body of consenting worshippers is but the natural right of so many individual minds to obey the laws of thought and the conditions of their intellectual being. Now, by insight, foresight, self-assertion, or self-defence — or why not by the providence of God? — the Puritans of New England, before they were tolerant themselves, adopted the essential polity of toleration, and also of progress. The law gave effect to it; and in every congregation, if the creed of the majority change, the minority must secede and set up no rights of freehold against rights of conscience. Such is the principle of the congregational churches, of which, according to the list in the Almanac of last year, there are in the United States 1727, with 1584 ministers called orthodox, and 300 with 250 ministers called Unitarian. Sir C. Lyell says that the separate congregational churches in England, both Old and New, are, in all, above 3000; which would seem to indicate a greater proportion for New England than we should have inferred from the figures in the Almanac. But whatever their number may be, they were the true root of American Protestantism, and of American education; and Sir C. Lyell gives a very interesting account of them in both those relations: —

'It is now,' he says, 'the settled opinion of many of the most thoughtful of the New Englanders, that the assertion of the independence of each separate congregation was as great a step towards freedom of conscience as all that had been previously gained by Luther's reformation. . . . . To show how widely the spirit of their peculiar ecclesiastical system has spread, I may state that even the Roman Catholics have, in different States, and in three or four cases (one of which is still pending in 1848), made an appeal to the courts

at law, and endeavoured to avail themselves of the principle of the Independents, so that the majority of a separate congregation should be entitled to resist the appointment by their bishop of a priest to whom they had strong objections.

'But to exemplify the more regular working of the congregational polity within its own legitimate sphere, I will mention a recent case which came more home to my own scientific pursuits. A young man of superior talent with whom I was acquainted, who was employed as a geologist in the State survey of Pennsylvania, was desirous of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church, in that State; but when examined, previous to ordination, he was unable to give satisfactory answers to questions respecting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, because he considered such a tenet, when applied to the first chapter of Genesis, inconsistent with discoveries now universally admitted respecting the high antiquity of the earth, and the existence of living beings on the earth long anterior to man. The rejected candidate, whose orthodoxy on all other points was fully admitted, was then invited by an Independent congregation in New England to become their pastor; and when he accepted the offer, the other associated churches were called upon to decide whether they would assist in ordaining one who claimed the right to teach freely his own views on the question at issue. The right of the congregation to elect him, whether the other churches approved of the doctrine or not, was conceded; and a strong inclination is always evinced, by the affiliated societies, to come, if possible, to an amicable understanding. Accordingly, a discussion ensued, and is perhaps still going on, whether, consistently with a fair interpretation of Scripture, or with what is essential to the faith of a Christian, the doctrine of complete and immediate inspiration may or may not be left as an open question.'

Now the close connexion of all this with the moral culture of a people cannot be questioned upon general grounds; nor can anybody turn away from it, as remote from the business of life, who reflects upon our actual religious difficulties at home, upon our public divisions and our domestic estrangements, all springing from the old passion for doctrinal uniformity.

The love of truth is honourable in all; and with the disciples of an infallible church we will not dispute. But there can be only one infallible church; and if the Protestant world be but seeking for that through free inquiry, then the freer the inquiry, the greater the hope of ultimate unity. In the present state of the world, unity is irreconcilable with freedom; and, in default of unity, the outward simulation of it is plain falsehood. We may agree that sincerity is not everything in religion: but insincerity, even on the right side, must be something worse; and how much of that there is in Old England, we should be sorry to see computed in a question of national character.

Religious insincerity, commonly called cant, is one of our special vices; and yet it does not seem natural to us, but results insensibly from our conservative love of old forms of speech which have survived their meaning, and ancient rites that have no life left in them. This is notable in Church and State alike; in our constitutional and legal fictions; in our public testimonials, tributes, toasts, epitaphs, and oaths, no less than in our solemn creeds, confessions, and thanksgivings. Consider, for example, in things sacred, our universal conventional indifference to the vows of sponsors in baptism, although the awful old service is scrupulously retained. So of the Ordination Service. Consider, also, the weekly recitation of the fourth commandment, and *the response to it*, without one word of comment or qualification on the part of the Church, notwithstanding that nobody believes a *Jewish* Sabbath to be either binding upon Christians or possible in modern life; and not the strictest Puritan of us all, not Scotland herself, even thinks of observing it as such. The immense variance between the letter of this law and the most rigid practical interpretation of it, confounds all English ideas of Sabbath keeping and Sabbath breaking; creates unnecessarily an awful *malum prohibitum;* and lays snares in the path of innumerable honest and devout men and women. If the fourth commandment be, indeed, a law of the Christians, it is too certain that all Christians deliberately break it; but if it be a law of the Jews only, then all the scandal is chargeable upon those who, professing to have divine truth in their keeping, recite this law weekly from the altar, as if it were part of the Sermon on the Mount. In the same way, chapters from the Old Testament and from the New are read out to a congregation, with no other distinction than that one is the first, the other the second lesson.

Such inconsistencies, to those who will reflect upon them, will appear far more important and more fruitful of evil consequences than most of us are aware of. Then there are the deliberate dishonesties of the learned, imposing upon the people what they do not believe themselves, for the sake of the end it is supposed to answer. Sir Charles Lyell adduces at length the text of the three heavenly witnesses, which no scholar, since Porson's investigation of it, professes to believe genuine, but which is still, nevertheless, retained in our Bibles, and also in those of the episcopal church of America, notwithstanding their opportunity of expunging it when the American Episcopalians revised the liturgy and struck out the Athanasian creed. This disingenuous timidity has long been a reflection upon all our religious teachers. It is now becoming extremely dangerous to

their influence and authority. There is no meeting an age of inquiry except in the spirit of perfect candour. The question which lies at the root of all dogmatic Christianity, is the authority of the letter of Scripture; yet, strange to say, that question is neither a settled nor an open one even among Protestants. All the clergy of almost all sects are afraid of it; and the students of nature, intent only upon facts that God has revealed to our senses, have to fight their way against the self-same religious prejudice which consigned Galileo to his dungeon. The geologists, following in the track of the astronomers, have made good some very important positions, and number among them many eminent churchmen of unquestioned fidelity to their ordination vows. It is now, therefore, admitted that the text is not conclusive against physical demonstration. Is the text conclusive against moral induction and metaphysical inquiry? Let a layman put that question, and an awful silence is the least forbidding answer he will receive. No minister of a parish, no master of a school, no father of a family in England feels himself free to pursue any train of instruction that seems in conflict with a familiar text or a dogmatic formula, excepting only the subject of the opening verses of Genesis. He is either fearful of the ground himself, or he cannot clear his own path for others without opening a discussion, which is discountenanced on all sides and branded with reproachful names. He, in spite of himself, must take refuge in evasions and reserve, and close a subject of perhaps the liveliest interest to the most reverential minds, lest the works of God should *seem* to be at variance with his word. Here is the dilemma which will be found at the bottom of the education question in England. This is what is consciously or unconsciously meant in many important quarters by the cry against secular instruction. This is why the natural sciences were so long frowned upon in our grammar schools and colleges, and ancient knowledge preferred to modern as a sounder and a holier lore. The theology of the Vatican was at home among the Pagan mythologies, the Aristotelian physics, and the Hebrew cosmogonies; yet stood in awe of 'the Tuscan artist's optic glass;' and the spirit of the ancient Church has ever since been true to that instinct. But Protestantism, we say again, and printing have admitted the light of nature into the schools; and, in the unlimited ecclesiastical freedom of the United States, religion and education go hand in hand.

'Certainly,' says Sir C. Lyell, 'no people ever started with brighter prospects of uniting the promotion of both these departments than the people of New England at this moment. Of the free

schools which they have founded, and the plan of education adopted by them, for children of all sects and stations in society, they feel justly proud, *for it is the most original thing which America has yet produced.*'

The Puritans introduced the congregational polity — the Puritans introduced also the free schools. In the log huts of the early settlers in Massachusetts were commonly found the Bible and 'Paradise Lost.'

'Full of faith,' says Sir C. Lyell, 'and believing that their religious tenets must be strengthened by free investigation, they held that the study and interpretation of the Scriptures should not be the monopoly of a particular order of men, but that every layman was bound to search them for himself. Hence they were anxious to have all their children taught to read. So early as the year 1647, they instituted common schools, the law declaring "that all the "brethren should teach their children and apprentices to read, and "that every township of fifty householders should appoint one to "teach all the children." Very different was the state of things in the contemporary colony of Virginia, to which the cavaliers and members of the Established Church were thronging. Even fifteen or twenty years later, Sir Wm. Berkeley, who was Governor of Virginia for nearly forty years, and was one of the best of the colonial rulers, spoke thus, in the full sincerity of his heart, of his own province, in a letter written after the restoration of Charles the Second: —

'"I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we "shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought "heresy, and disobedience, and sects into the world, and printing has "divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us "from both."'

Such are two opposite views of the value of learning which still agitate the world; and the question between them is no speculative question, but by many degrees the most practical of all the questions of our time. But here it seems right to call in the other witnesses whose works are enumerated at the head of this article, that no conclusion in this important inquiry may rest upon any prejudice of ours, or of any single writer, however discerning or dispassionate. The problem of the civilised world is, how to promote the continual improvement of our race by means of free institutions; for there is no sign that the principle of despotism either in Church or State can do it. Let the admirers of the absolute in human affairs mark the contrasts of history and of the living world. The political order of China is to British and American disorders like a cage of tame animals to the lords of the forest; the civic order of Rome is to the civic order of Boston like a cage of *un*tamed animals to a park of friendly deer and kine.

Anglo-Saxon polity was extant 1800 years ago in the forests of Germany. 'De minoribus rebus principes consultant; de 'majoribus omnes; ita tamen ut ea quoque quorum penès plebem 'arbitrium est apud principes pertractentur.' The 'de majo-'ribus omnes' has developed into parliament and congress; the 'apud principes pertractentur' into Downing Street and Washington cabinets. But the principle of jury trial appears also in that ancient picture, 'Licet apud concilium accusare quoque et 'discrimen capitis intendere;' and the principle of election was applied to their State governors or Sheriffs and Lords Lieutenant, 'Eliguntur in iisdem conciliis et principes qui jura per pagos 'vicosque reddunt.' This popular polity, we say, is historically traceable from Tacitus to Blackstone, and from the Rhine and Danube to the Potomac and the Hudson. And what results has it not brought to pass in things spiritual as well as things temporal? There are Eastern despotisms and Eastern idolatries over boundless realms, the same to-day as they were when the Druids sacrificed in Stonehenge; but the Druids and their followers are transformed into Romanists and Protestants, into learned Tractarians, devout Baptists, followers of Chalmers, followers of Channing, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Independents, and Universalists. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, two pious English dissenting ministers, have written each a volume on religion and education in America; and in Mr. Mackay's very copious and sensible work there is a chapter on each of those subjects. We have also before us the tenth annual report of the Massachusetts' system of Common Schools, 1849; and all these authorities agree in representing the United States generally, but the New England States in particular, as excelling all other nations in the general education of the people. Reed and Matheson were deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to the American churches in 1834 — devout, earnest Calvinistic dissenters — not unprejudiced, therefore, but very honest and open-hearted; and from Mr. Matheson's letter on 'general impressions' we select the following passage, remembering what Sir C. Lyell, a witness of such a different class, has said to the same effect: —

'Allowing, as I did, for the difficulties of a newly settled country, and for the disadvantages of emigration, the state of education, morals, and religion was decidedly better than I expected to find it; indeed, I have never visited a country in which I have seen them equalled. *England herself painfully suffers in the comparison.* There are undoubtedly some points in politics, in science, and in domestic life, in which the advantage may still be with the parent country; but on the subjects in question, and which are legitimate to this inquiry,

the advantage is with America. Education with us may, in certain cases, be more refined and recondite; but it is not spread over so large a surface, and is less in the sum total; and if, as Johnson says, the state of common life is the true state of a nation, the nation must be considered to be better educated. In morals too you are constrained to receive the same impression.'

Such is the testimony of the pious dissenting minister, looking at every thing in the light of religion. Take next the verdict of the English barrister, looking at spiritual things from neutral ground, with a feeling by no means irreligious, but wholly unsectarian, liberal, and humane, — half philosophic, half worldly wise: —

'There is much in the general polity of America to strike the stranger with surprise, but nothing more calculated to excite his admiration than the earnestness with which education is there universally promoted by the State, as a matter in which the State has the most deep and lasting interest. The American government is one which shrinks not from investigation, but covets the intelligent scrutiny of all who are subjected to it. It is founded neither on force nor fraud, and seeks not therefore to ally itself with ignorance. Based upon the principle of right and justice, it seeks to league itself with intelligence and virtue. Its roots lie deep in the popular will; and in the popular sympathies is the chief source of its strength. It is its great object therefore to have that will controuled, and those sympathies regulated by an enlightened judgment. It thus calls education to its aid, instead of treating it as its foe.' (*Mackay*, vol. iii. p. 225.) Again: — 'The results of the general attention to popular education characteristic of American polity, are as cheering as they are obvious. It divorces man from the dominion of his mere instincts, in a country the institutions of which rely for their maintenance upon the enlightened judgments of the public. Events may occur which may catch the multitude in an unthinking humour, and carry it away with them, or which may blind the judgment by flattering appeals to the passions of the populace; but on the great majority of questions of a social and political import which arise, every citizen is found to entertain an intelligent opinion. He may be wrong in his views, but he can always offer you reasons for them. In this how favourably does he contrast with the unreasoning and ignorant multitudes in other lands! All Americans read and write. Such children and adults as are found incapable of doing either, are emigrants from some of the less favoured regions of the older hemisphere, where popular ignorance is but too frequently regarded as the best guarantee for the stability of political systems.' (*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 238.)

Now surely this, in all unjaundiced European eyes, ought to seem the noblest and most hopeful political spectacle which the world affords. It is giving democracy the fairest of trials, and goes far to explain and justify the great part which seems assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupying and civilising of the

earth. For allowing fully the advantage of an unlimited territory, and unlimited employment, as contrasted with the perennial pauperism of old countries; yet here is a nation which takes measures before-hand against the degradation of the people by making the ignorance, which is the main source of it, impossible. Of course, if anybody doubts the progressive destiny and continual improvability of our race, and thinks, with Lord Byron, that 'man always has been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal,' it is easy to point to rocks on which American civilisation must suffer shipwreck. The union will be rent asunder by factions and slavery — population will at last overflow the temperate regions — pauperism will overwhelm polity — and society must start again round the old circle. But what, if there be no such circle? or if the true circle be an ever-enlarging one, and the measure of it beyond historical ken? The power of knowledge has never yet been tried upon the majority — the old world has not dared to try it. But thoughtful men are looking now — some it may be with doubt, and some with fear, but every one of them with the deepest interest — to the issue of that 'experi-'ment solitary' in America. As for the system and machinery of American education, it is of less importance than the principle, but of great importance notwithstanding. All the authors we have named give us detailed accounts of it; but we had better resort to the Massachusetts' report itself, where the system is most perfect, and the results the most satisfactory. Mr. Horace Mann, the compiler of the report, is ardent in the cause; and some allowance must be made for a style coloured by enthusiasm; but this volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilised people; and, if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth! From the second section of the fifth chapter of the constitution of Massachusetts, he gives us the following passage: —

'Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties; and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of the legislatures and magistrates in all future periods of the Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially in the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trade, manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general bene-

volence, public and private charity, industry, and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good humour, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people.'

In England it is the doctrine of a certain school of liberal politicians (we fear a large one), that education should be as voluntary as religion, and that both should be left to supply and demand. But we have in the United States the authority and example of the freest republic in the world in favour of a very different principle, viz., that religion should be free, and education compulsory — that the state should train all its subjects to the duties of men and citizens, upon a basis of absolute religious equality. And we venture to say that this rule has its root in reason, as well as in the essential conditions and necessities of a Protestant commonwealth.

Take the following article from the 'Massachusetts Declara-'tion of Rights:'—

'It is the right, as well as duty, of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe, and no subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained, in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshiping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; or for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship.' (*Art.* 2.)

'All religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably, and as good citizens of the Commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law.' (*Amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts. Art.* 11.)

'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' (*Constitution of the United States. Amendments, Art.* 1.)

'The School Committees shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any town schools, any school books which are calculated to favour the tenets of any particular sect of Christians.' (*Revised Statutes*, c. xxiii. sec. 23.)

Now, a State Religion would be acceptable to all men, if there were one religion only in the State; but where there are many, it is difficult to conceive it consisting with religious liberty, and with a universal or harmonious system of public education. We know too well our own dilemmas upon this subject, from which we vainly attempt to escape by compromises which invade both theories, and give satisfaction to nobody: and we see, as a matter of fact, that the United States have delivered themselves from our difficulties, by altogether rejecting a State Religion, and putting all sects upon one footing.

Upon this foundation is built the great system of which this Massachusetts' Report is a full and complete delineation; and we must confess that the pilgrim fathers were truly prolific men, and that their free schools have spread as far and wide, and outgrown the original type, as much as their first Puritan churches. The area of Massachusetts is about 8000 square miles, divided into 314 towns or cities. Each town and city is a body politic and corporate, required by law to provide one or more schools for the free admission and free education of all its children; and is indictable for not doing so: the law fixes the minimum, but not the maximum of schooling. And though fact so often follows law with tardy and unwilling steps, yet in Massachusetts this law has been superseded by the zeal of the people to obey it! —'the towns taxing themselves for an amount of schooling many 'times greater than the law requires.' 'In this respect,' says Mr. Mann, 'the towns are like a righteous man who acts from a 'higher motive than a legal mandate — who does right because 'it is right, and has no occasion to think of penalties.'

To the same effect Sir C. Lyell says: —

'My informants in general were desirous that I should understand that the success of their plan of national education does not depend so much on the number and pay of the teachers as on the interest taken in it by the entire population, who faithfully devote more time and thought to the management of the schools, *than to any other public duty.* About one million of dollars, is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, independently of the sums expended on private instruction, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the amount levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000*l.*). If we were to enforce a school rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living, and the comparative average standard of incomes among professional and official men.'

The system of Massachusetts, from the building of a school to the choice and qualifications of the master, is most elaborate and complete; and supported at every step by acts of the legislature and decisions of the Courts; and by the co-operation of the whole community. Democracy works it all!

Each town, in public meeting, determines its school districts; votes the money, collects and deposits it in the town treasury, determines the distribution of it, for 1. The wages of teachers; 2. The board of teachers; 3. Fuel for the schools; then appoints what is called a 'Prudential Committee,' *i. e.* one person or three, charged like our churchwardens, with the care of the

school fabric and furniture, also at the public expense; then elects a *School Committee* of three, five, or seven persons, 'to 'have the general charge and superintendence of all the public 'schools in the town.' The members of this last important committee are entitled to one dollar a day for their actual working days, and their duties are prescribed by law; viz., to keep a record book of all their own proceedings; to select and contract with teachers; to examine them and certify to their qualifications, 1. in respect of morals; 2. in respect of literature; 3. in respect of 'capacity to govern;' and 4. in respect of 'good behaviour,' *i. e.* good manners; also to visit the schools *at least* quarterly, and to prescribe the books that shall be used in them. Then we have a 'Board of Education, whose duty is to 'obtain information respecting the true principles of education, 'and the best means of promoting it; and to diffuse that infor-'mation among the people.' And to this end we have school registers, directions and explanations, inquiries and returns, school committees' reports, school abstracts, reports of the Board of Education and its secretary, school libraries and apparatus, State normal schools, teachers' institutes, aids and encouragements towards universal education, teachers' association, county associations of teachers, *schools for the Indians*, for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for idiots, for prisoners, and a State reform school 'for the instruction, employment, and reformation of 'juvenile offenders.'*

Into the details of all these of course we cannot enter; but the foregoing summary is enough to show that here is no republic of barricades, or of national workshops, or of twenty-four hours' pillage, but a most earnest endeavour after a commonwealth of intelligent, industrious, just, and humane men.

'He who studies,' says Mr. Mann, 'the present or the historic character of Massachusetts will see — and he who studies it most profoundly will see most clearly — that whatever of abundance, of intelligence, or of integrity, — whatever of character at home, or of renown abroad, she may possess — all has been evolved from the enlightened, and at least partially christianised mind, not of a few, but of the great masses of her people.'

If there is national pride here, it is surely pride that has much to say for itself — 'a noble passion, misnamed pride' — and we must not forget what our four English witnesses have testified to the same effect, and generally in favour of the state of society in New England. It is a country without native pauperism

* We wish our Education Committees would look at a volume on School Architecture, by H. Barnard, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. We have no such book, even for the Lodges of Country Seats.

and without native ignorance; a country where domestic peace, wealth, science, piety, and the refinements and charities of life have flourished for seventy years under an absolute democracy.

Of course there is no perfection in the case. National follies and vices are the follies and vices of those who compose the nation. But the way to judge a nation justly is the way to judge a man — to look not at his virtues alone, still less at his vices alone — but at the whole of his character, and the general tenor of his conduct. There are democrats who applaud everything in America, because there is universal suffrage and ballot there. There are Tories and High Churchmen who condemn everything in America, because they have cast off the crown and mitre; and Whigs who judge them, because they have not got rid of slavery; and men of taste, because the odour of Puritanism is yet strong upon them, and because in two hundred years of pioneering through the forests of a hemisphere, they have not advanced with equal steps in court graces, the belles lettres, and the fine arts. But all Englishmen should remember this, that these their brethren of the New World have sown the institutions of Alfred, and the language of Shakspeare, broad cast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! that in the north-eastern States at least, they have cherished and improved upon the virtues of their fathers, and outgrown many of their vices; that the slavery of the southern States is a legacy from the parent land, and that all the ignorance and pauperism of New England is an overflow from Europe!

Thus far we have confined our views to the moral aspects of American society — taking material developments for granted. The industrial, commercial, mechanical, business-loving, money-making virtues and vices of the British race are conspicuous throughout the world, and are the indispensable groundwork of whatever other and higher conquests that race may have achieved. But if to feed and clothe and lodge himself better and better were the whole duty of man upon earth, history would soon lose its interest for us. It is what he will make of the world when he has won it, that we look to with anxious and curious eyes; — and New England is, we think, a hopeful specimen of what at least he is aiming at in the western world. The number and energy of the sects there, bespeaks the life of religion among the people; and popular religion is popular philosophy — the love and study of wisdom — the cultivation of the spiritual part of man — the counterpoise and corrective of mere animal existence; and the *amity* of so many zealous and independent sects is an answer we think to the question — Can the majority be just when it is supreme? Every sect is a small minority, among a multitude of rivals — yet the conscience of

every sect is respected both by the law and by society — and nobody appears afraid of free inquiry and the light of knowledge. We say, therefore, that society in New England is at least as civilised and as secure as in Old England. 'There is no country,' says Sir C. Lyell, 'where a woman could, with so 'much comfort and security, undertake a long journey alone.' And when he was animadverting upon the evils of universal suffrage, the turbulence of demagogues, and the strife of elections perpetually going on, he was asked in reply, 'whether any of 'the British colonies are more prosperous in agriculture, manu-'factures, or commerce, are doing so much to promote good 'schools, as some even of their most democratic States, such as 'New Hampshire and Maine? Let our institutions, they said, 'be judged of by their fruits. To this appeal an Englishman, as 'much struck as I had been with the recent progress of things 'in those very districts, and with the general happiness, activity, 'and contentment of all classes, could only respond by echoing 'the sentiment of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, "Quam parvâ '"sapientiâ mundus gubernatur." How great must be the 'amount of misgovernment in the world in general, if a demo-'cracy like this can deserve to rank so high in the comparative 'scale!' Perhaps a juster reflection would have been that it is not upon what we call government that the world essentially depends; but upon certain laws of nature and of Providence, which the more that men will study and submit to, each in his private sphere, the more the world will go as its Creator designed it to do; and to this end it is essential that thought, and inquiry, and conscience, and worship should be free.

And now let us glance at the question of the federal government, and see whether we gather from our witnesses more grounds for fear that the south will break with the north, or for hope that the civilisation of the north will peaceably spread to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and the Union continue to hold together this great brotherhood of British nations.

Mr. Mackay upon this, as upon all other points, is abundant in details and inferences, and has one chapter which he is adventurous enough to entitle 'a peep into the future.' But Sir C. Lyell is more cautious, and so far a better pilot in unknown seas. The following passage we have noted particularly in chapter nine, just after an account of a Whig *caucus*, and a moderating speech from Mr. Webster in reference to the Oregon dispute with England, and also to certain party divisions in the Union:—

'It was satisfactory to reflect that in Massachusetts, where the whole population is more educated than elsewhere, and more Anglo-American, having less of recent foreign admixture, whether Euro-

pean or African, the dominant party is against the extension of slavery to new regions like Texas, against territorial aggrandisement, whether in the north or south, and against war. They are in a minority, it is true: but each State of the Union has such a separate and independent position, that, like a distinct nation, it can continue to cherish its own principles and institutions, and set an example to the rest, which they may in time learn to imitate. The Whigs were originally in favour of more centralisation, or of giving increased power to the federal executive, while the democratic party did all they could to weaken the central power, and successfully contended for the sovereign rights and privileges of each member of the confederation. *In so doing they have perhaps inadvertently and without seeing the bearing of their policy, guarded the older and more advanced commonwealths from being too much controlled and kept down by the ascendancy of newer and ruder States.*'

Here then is a source of moral strength latent in the very weakness of the federal bond; for we take for granted that it is the influence and example of the more enlightened States that gives tone and dignity to Congress; and those centres of civilisation would lose their proper light and heat, if their domestic administration were dependent upon the will of a ruder democracy. This will be manifest to any one who makes for argument's sake an extreme supposition in the matter of slavery. Suppose the south strong enough not only to withstand the opinion of the north upon that subject, but also to impose the institution of slavery upon New England! The whole civilised world would then pray for the dissolution of the Union for civilisation's sake. In such a march of allied nations through the wilderness, all depends upon the rear following the front; and unless not only the white man can govern the black and the red, but the wiser whites can lead the ruder, and light prevail against darkness by its own inherent power, the western world must relapse almost into its original condition; and what vantage-ground has the old world from which it could look undismayed upon such a fall?

But we are hopeful of American civilisation and of American democracy, which two must stand or fall together; and we would not willingly believe the slavery schism so fundamental, as to sever all the natural and habitual ties which bind the southern States to the common interests and glory of the Union. It is not only material interests against moral, which can never prevail in the long run; but, the material interests of the present against the material interests of the future. A republican league upon the basis of slavery, or a war of independence for such a cause, could not prosper in the modern world. The north would hold its own, and the south would fall a prey to civil discord and servile war. This, we think, must be so clear to

reflecting men on both sides, that in the last extremity it will save the Union. On the one hand are the great natural ties of blood and language, — similar political institutions, — the same proud memories of the past, — the same high anticipations of the future, — one Washington, — one thanksgiving day, — one star banner, — one Mississippi! On the other hand, only the black man, and the unblest dominion over him.

It is, however, confessed and proclaimed that the difficulties of the slavery question have increased formidably since the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war. Both those transactions had their origin and impulse from the worst and not the best side of American democracy; and though national errors ought not to reflect upon the character of the minority that opposed them, they lower the character of the government whose action is determined by votes, and which represents the country in its foreign relations. And see how the millstone of slavery hangs about the highest interests and prospects of the Union. It is no longer that blot upon the constitution which was not to be mentioned by name, no longer that evil inheritance which North and South alike were eager to repudiate before emancipation had become the religion of England. Slavery is now a 'peculiar institution' — a right and a privilege for which secession or war can be openly spoken of on both sides! and Fugitive Slave Bills proposed and probably carried! Slavery began to be cherished for the sake of cotton, and new States have been annexed for the sake of slavery, and the result is not only increasing complications upon the slavery question in particular, but imminent dangers to the Union itself, from an overbalance, not so much of territory, as of impulsive and untrained democracy. Texas was annexed against the best and wisest opinions in the United States — the most moral and the most prudent — against the opinions represented by Channing — and against the opinions represented by Webster. Texas, which was free under Mexico, is enslaved under the Union! Texas led to the Mexican war, to the western territorial mania, and to California: and here, in the course of five years, we have progress upon such a scale, and under such a momentum and velocity, as to create political complications unknown to the long experience of Europe.

No wise man will predict the future of America; and yet to avoid speculation wholly, we must shut our eyes upon the most interesting phenomena of the living world: and to see American civilisation swallowed up in barbarism would chill the hopes of the most sanguine friends of man, as they have never been chilled hitherto in the darkest eras of the past. Doubtless there are dangers; and the peril of the Union supersedes at this moment

every other question in the United States. For though the cause of civilisation is not bound up with the present confederacy, a dissolution would involve wars and backslidings, and a century of lee-way, and would react heavily upon the fortunes of Europe.

Let us look, therefore, if there be no elements of hope in the conditions of the question as it now stands.

We began our survey of the United States on their bright side, where, in New England, civilisation has achieved its greatest triumphs, and achieved them under a democracy: from which we drew this inference, that civilisation is compatible with democracy. And if so in the North, why not in the South? If in the East, why not in the West? It is at any rate more a question of blood and breed than of latitude and climate. There are great races of men in the world that have never shown a genius for polity. But our race has shown it eminently under every sky, and for 1000 years, from Alfred to Washington, has never for any considerable interval been retrograde. The English tongue is a compound of all languages, and British institutions are a compound of all the polities of the world. The war against the American wilderness is the same now as it was from the beginning; or, if upon a vaster scale, with corresponding advantages of experience and power. Consider how greatly physical and mechanical apparatus have been brought to bear upon civilisation: and if parish boundaries in America are meridians of latitude and longitude, let us remember the steamship and the steam-press, the electric post and the flying train! The scale of operations is nothing if the ways and means be commensurate; and in the *rasa tabula* of America those ways and means have only the natural intractability of men to contend with, and not the adventitious obstacles of the prejudices and prescriptions of the Old World. Should the civilisation of the old and free States be but secure, their character cannot suffer by those accessions from the backwoods which lower the average character of the Union. It is incident to popular government, and still more to federal constitutions, that the nation in its collective form and action is a balance of the best and worst sense which it contains; and the United States must pay this penalty for the glory of subduing a continent;—their progress will be constantly retarded and checked from time to time by the influx of wild brethren and of raw levies from the far West. But what help is there for this, except in the constant resistance and protest kept up against it? No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn: no moment of maturity can be predetermined for the admission of a new State. It is the task of

tame elephants to subdue the wild. It is the very commission of the civilised States to leaven the mass, and to annex that they may leaven. And has not so much hitherto been done and made good in that way as to forbid despair at this or any other season? It is Texas and slavery which have raised the present excitement and brought on the present crisis. But the ferment, we think, is more likely to be healthful than destructive. To every bane there is an antidote. As the spirit of the slave interest is embittered, the moral spirit of abolition is reanimated and reinforced; and as the barbarism of the West presses upon Congress, the civilisation of the East puts on its armour and stands on more vigilant guard. Then in the West itself, against Texas is to be set off California and New Mexico, 'which,' says Mr. Webster, in his great speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 7th of March last,—

—'are likely to come in as free. What I mean to say is, that African slavery, as we see it among us, is as impossible to find itself, or to be found, in California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren, entirely barren, their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself, or communicated by others? I have inquired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important question. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce any body to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers, but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their tortillas, and all by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or anything else, on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation? I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use an expression current at this day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, as far as they are settled at all, which, I believe, especially in regard to New Mexico, will be very little for a great length of time,—free by the arrangement of things, by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by as irrepealable, and more irrepealable, a law than the law which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that if a resolution, or a law, were now before us to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever. The use of such a prohibition

would be idle, as respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to re-enact the will of God.'

Now though Mr. Webster thinks that New Mexico will be slowly peopled, yet the rush of adventurers upon California will certainly raise up some rapid masses of population there—and of population trained in the Old World, and in the oldest parts of the New—so that the Union will have some groundwork of allegiance, and many peaceful interests, already established on the Pacific, and the backwoods may be attacked in the rear. Then among moral agencies, to say no more of the Protestant sects which sow some seed of Christianity everywhere, we would not overlook the Romanist religion of the French races in the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Rome, though no friend to intellectual freedom, and therefore to the progress of mankind, has always been the nursing mother of humanity in rude times and regions. Compare, for instance, her missionaries and ours, even in China! Her pastoral system is benign and all-embracing, and, for simple men, her ritual the most elevated of all mythologies. Mr. Mackay is alarmed for the Protestantism of Western America.

'The Church of Rome,' he says, 'has in a manner abandoned the comparatively popular States of the sea-board, and fixed its attention upon the valley of the Mississippi. In this it has discovered a far-seeing policy. Nineteen-twentieths of the Mississippi valley are yet under the dominion of the wilderness. But no portion of the country is being so rapidly filled with population. In fifty years its inhabitants will, in number, be more than double those of the Atlantic States. The Church of Rome has virtually left the latter to the tender mercies of contending Protestant sects, and is fast taking possession of the great valley.

'In her operations she does not confine herself to the more populous portions of the valley, her devoted missionaries penetrating its remotest regions, wherever a white man or an Indian is to be found. Wherever the Protestant missionary goes he finds that he has been forestalled by his more active rival, whose coadjutors roam on their proselytizing mission over vast tracts of country into which the Protestant has not yet followed him with a similar object. Catholicism is thus, by its advance guards, who keep pace with population whithersoever it spreads, sowing broad cast the seeds of future influence. In many districts the settler finds no religious counsellor within reach but the faithful missionary of Rome, who has thus the field to himself, a field which he frequently cultivates with success. In addition to this, seminaries, in connexion with the church, are being founded, not only in places which are now well filled with people, but in spots which careful observation has satisfied its agents will yet most teem with population. Ecclesiastical establishments,

too, are being erected, which commend themselves to the people of the districts in which they are found by the mode in which they administer to their comforts and their necessities when other means of ministering to them are wanting. The Sisters of Charity have already their establishments amid the deep recesses of the forest, prescribing to the diseased in body, and administering consolation to the troubled in spirit, long before the doctor or the minister makes his appearance in the settlement. By this attention to the physical as well as to the moral wants, the Roman emissaries, ere there are yet any to compete with them, gain the good will of the neighbourhood in the midst of which they labour, and proselytism frequently follows hard upon a lively sentiment of gratitude.'

We cannot but regret that this pleasing picture should be dashed with any shade of Protestant jealousy. A thousand synods of Thurles shall not provoke us here. It exhibits the Church of Rome on what has ever been her bright side,—the pastoral and not the theological. She has always been the friend and guardian of society in its infancy, in its desolation, in seasons of famine, of pestilence, and of secular oppression. In Europe, for many centuries, amid the darkness of evil generations, she was the sole sanctuary of peace, of mercy, and of female innocence. And now for her labours of charity, not for the first time, in the American wilderness, we are very willing to forget her prospective policy, and that eye to business which Mr. Mackay forewarns us of. In the Roman Catholic missionaries of the great valley let us welcome present instruments of good whom Providence has not sent there for nothing.

And thus whoever casts a comprehensive eye over the vast and varied picture of the United States will discern signs of growth, change, transition, conflict, and compensation on every side, and agencies of man and nature apparently in opposition that are really working together to some general end. The four races of men, too, which compose that vast population,—the Saxon, the Celt, the Negro, and the Indian,—whatever their separate fortunes, must mingle their blood, more or less, together; and, as Nature makes nothing in vain, we know not what political results may come of that. Dr. Arnold, many years ago, in some historical disquisition, assumed that European society must work out its destiny with the means already in its possession, and had no new ingredients or infusions to look for; upon which, a writer in the Westminster Review remarked that the Negro race had not yet played its part in the world, and was perhaps destined to supply the pacific and *Christian* counterpoise to the martial and pioneering virtues of the northern races. Of course we do not propound this as any serious theory of our own; but when we study Lavater, and read Blumenbach

and D'Israeli upon Caucasians, Mongolians, Ethiopians, and the type man, there is nothing absurd in suggesting that Nature may have designed ultimately to fuse her three original types into one, and that the last and highest man may be something higher than a Jew.

There is an opinion in Europe that American democracy has outlived the virtues of its founders, and has become corrupt and acquisitive, envious, factious, and insensible to honour. But if this means that America is suffering, upon the whole, a moral decline, the opinion seems to us inconsistent with the high and progressive civilisation of many of the older States. We would ascribe the evil to growth rather than decay; or at the worst to that *relative* deterioration which is involved in the rapid increase of independent constituencies. The national point of honour may easily stand lower now than it did in the first years of independence, when the population was more compact, more united by a common sentiment, and more under the influence of the eminent and disinterested men who laid the foundations of the republic. The pioneers of the West have not been trained in courts or camps; and the questions which now agitate the Union, like the questions which agitate all governments, are calculated to bring out the fiercest passions of the populace. Yet the true question is not simply as to the existence and vivacity of democratic vices in America, but whether such corruptions are the permanent and increasing tendency of popular institutions;—for if they be, then men of virtue, as well as men of taste, will 'fly from petty tyrants to the throne,' or, if need be, even to the shelter of hierarchies and of castes. But let institutions be judged by their fruits,—the good and the bad together. In every country there are examples of any kind of moral character from which a writer may choose to generalise. If we were to judge at home of the quality of the waters by the scum of the surface, or by the dregs at bottom, what inferences should we draw from election mobs, parliamentary intrigues, and railway morality? These are undeniable disgraces, but they are not the whole of England. There are readers who never crossed the Atlantic, who figure to themselves all America to be spitting on the carpet, all American religion to be that of a Smith and a Miller, and all American law to be that of Lynch,—the truth being that Americans do spit more than is approved of in England; that Lynch is still an indispensable man in the backwoods; and that the Mormons have founded a State: but the truth being also, that the best society and manners are to be found in the States; that the gradations of law rise from Lynch, through Kent, up to Story, one of the first of modern jurists; and gradations of religion from the fana-

time equally affects the interests of all the other States, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbour, and then *instruct* me to decide in his favour. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government, — if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all; each member appointed by some, but organised by the general consent of all, sitting here under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole.'

If the statesman who spoke thus, and the colleagues who support him, and whom the death of the late president has restored to power, can maintain their ground and their principles, we too cry, God save the Republic, in confidence rather than in fear; for upon those conditions we think the Union will not split upon the rock of slavery, and will not be run down by the democracy of the backwoods.

In the foregoing survey, we have endeavoured to follow the outlines of the subject rather than its subdivisions and details,— because the difficulty of keeping such a field in sight betrays many judgments, otherwise fair and just, into narrow views and partial conclusions; and we believe these two books of Sir C. Lyell's and Mr. Mackay's to be the most comprehensive, as well as impartial, that have been published in England upon the United States. Sir C. Lyell is by nature and habit a searcher after truth,—and Mr. Mackay treats every subject in the spirit of a man intent upon conveying faithful and correct impressions to his readers. 'It is time,' he says, 'that caricature should 'cease, and portraiture begin,' and we trust that future travellers will bear this rule in mind, and follow this good example.

There are many particular subjects of great interest connected with the internal polity of the United States into which we should be glad, if space permitted, to enter under the trusty guidance of our authors. In particular we are sorry not to follow Sir C. Lyell into the slave States of which he gives a more cheerful picture than we have been accustomed to, together with many proofs of the improveability of the negro race, and some physiological reasons for believing them capable, in successive generations, of unlimited development. Then there are Mr. Mackay's statistics of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, —the increase and migrations of the people,—the foreign immigration, — the chapter on California, — and the international, commercial, and literary interests of the old and new world. It is altogether such a scene of political youth, strength, excite-

ment, inexperience, opportunity, enterprise, and hope, as the world presents nowhere else between the poles. To treat such a subject wisely is a task for the best faculties of the wisest men. To treat it with supercilious dogmatism or with national ill feeling, must be discreditable to any writer of any country — but most of all to any writer who speaks the English tongue.

Amid the difficulties which beset all governments, and the uncertainties that hang over the future of all nations, it would be rash and presumptuous to pronounce that the civilisation of America is doomed to no reverses, no revolutions or mediæval eclipses; that democracy will commit no crimes or blunders entailing penalties upon unborn generations; that even under the best human guidance, the reclaiming of a moral, as well as material wilderness can be one march of victory and triumph. But this much we will venture to say, that, as the conditions of the problem manifest themselves at present, the United States have no greater lions in their path than the ignorance, misery, and depravity of the plebeian populations of Europe.

ART. III. — 1. *Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries.* July 23. 1849.

2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. April, 1850. With an Appendix.

OUR readers know Mr. Cooper's account of the bee-hunter, who detects the hive by watching two insects on the wing and marking the place at which their tracks intersect. The two blue books above named have been used by us in a similar manner: but as we approached the hive, we heard a buzzing which apprised us that all was not peace; and we soon found that human bees were at war about the proper mode of storing the honey. The dispute upon the Catalogue of the British Museum Library has now reached a first stage of adjudication: and, while the parties who have encountered an adverse verdict are preparing for their appeal, there is a lull of which we may take advantage to present a few remarks upon the question.

We confine ourselves entirely to this matter of the Catalogue, because it occupies, as nearly as possible, the whole seat of war. As to other points, we content ourselves with echoing the opinion of the Commissioners and of the evidence, which awards to the trustees and to the officers employed by them, a large measure of public gratitude; and most particularly for the

constant attention and courtesy with which the public are treated by them, as testified by the witnesses on every side of every controversy.

In 1819, the publication was completed of what is commonly known as the *octavo catalogue* (in eight volumes) of the printed books in the Museum. It is a catalogue of brief titles, prepared by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Ellis and Mr. Baber, without any assistance. The great absolute merit of this production appears in nothing so clearly as in the contest of evidence which has brought out its errors, its omissions, and its absurdities; but which at the same time has established the fact that a correct and consistent catalogue of a large library is a wonder which the world has not yet seen. This octavo catalogue, formed by two persons, beats many more elaborate performances. Even the grotesque blunder which will take a firm place in the history of bibliography, the entrance of Happy Struggle (*Felix Ago*) as an *author* instead of a *subject*, is matched, if not beaten, by what occurs in the deliberate publication of a time-honoured university. The above-mentioned catalogue, made folio by pasted margin, and interleaved for manuscript additions, is that which is in use at the Museum up to this day: and the evidence proves that, far as it is from perfection, there is nothing like it in any continental library for the free and sole use of the readers, who, indeed, but seldom have direct access to any catalogue at all. Its want of fulness, and *consequent* inaccuracy, were known and felt when a committee of the Commons inquired into the state of the Museum in 1835 and 1836: and the cry of the literary public, which determined the recommendation of that committee, was for 'full and accurate' catalogues in opposition to 'compendious' ones. This cry is now reversed: that is to say, a majority (but by no means so large as asserted) of those who think themselves entitled to offer an opinion to the Commissioners demand short and rapidly constructed auction-lists, to give them their proper name. Within a period of twenty years, then, the majority have fronted two opposite ways, according to what they took for the emergency of the moment: under a compendious catalogue, they have raised their voices for the full and the accurate; under the delay which the full and the accurate require, they have clamoured for the compendious.

The trustees of the Museum, unfortunately, tried to reconcile incompatibilities. A certain D.D., a dry divine, found their requirements, he says, in an old manuscript, where indeed we have no doubt he did find every word of his list of the duties of a librarian, of which this is a part. 'Item, he shal make the 'sayde kalendars and inventories with grete aduice, and moche

'circumspectlie: and shal recognize the same manie tymes wyth 'al dylygence. Item, he shal make them presentlie; so that no 'man be hyndered to haue the same, ne doe tarye therfor.' This is not only a compendious, but also a full and accurate account of the undertaking which the trustees attempted in the first instance. In 1838, it was resolved that the full catalogue, on which much labour had been already expended, should be printed forthwith; that is to say, that as soon as a part of letter A. could be got ready, the printing of it should proceed while the rest of that very letter was in preparation, and so on. This unfortunate determination, the fruit of a praiseworthy desire to give all possible satisfaction to the literary world, was taken in opposition to the earnest advice of Mr. Panizzi, to whom its execution was entrusted, and who had in 1837 been promoted, after six years' experience in a subordinate post, to the office of Keeper of the Printed Books: and the first volume, containing letter A. was actually published in 1841. The printing was afterwards suspended, a proceeding approved of by the trustees early in 1846, from the mere impossibility of the mode of proceeding above described; and the dissatisfaction of a portion of the literary public at this step, augmented by various misconceptions, had a large share in producing the Royal Commission.

Having brought Mr. Panizzi upon the ground, we must needs describe the very remarkable position in which he stands. For many years he has been held up to the English public as a kind of Italian ogre, placed in the library of the Museum to maintain foreign refinements against 'English common sense.' His opponents, than whom no men were ever more certain of complete victory, now feel, as we may almost collect from their own admissions, that they have been met by a power of knowledge on which they did not calculate. Year after year has a portion of the press made him the object of personal attack, attributing to him alone all of which they thought there was ground to complain, and imputing to him all the craft and subtlety which the English common nonsense awards to his countrymen in the mass. At one time he is the favourite of the trustees, at another his excessive cleverness and astuteness make them his dupes: the very witnesses who give their evidence in favour of his views, are primed and let off by him; he is everywhere and everything. No sooner does the Commission report in his favour, than its members become either his friends or his pupils, and their report a job of his own; even Mr. Hume cannot resist him. He is not only a magician himself, but he makes magicians of the Commissioners, whose court resembles that of the Lord High Steward, because (we are repeating a mixture of

allusions actually employed) the noble Prospero in the chair, breaks his staff at the close of the proceedings. In short, Signor Panizzi is described as an Italian 'Napoleon of librarians,' the worker of feats so numerous and wonderful that Archbishop Whateley might easily prove he never existed. While we were doubting whether such a phrase did not exaggerate the feeling of our contemporaries, we actually found it in one of them. He has his marshals too, giant bibliographers like himself, moulded and disciplined to his own notions, formidable in everything but that they possess homely vernacular names, unfit to raise terror in English ears. The plain truth is that Mr. Panizzi is simply a very efficient public officer, who, besides his qualifications as a man of letters, has learned by experience, and special study of the subject, how to preserve, augment, and catalogue a library. He has been hardly dealt with by those who have used the letters that spell his name as significative of all they oppose, without the least attention to the fact that such a paranomasia is not fair to the man whose signature is thus appropriated. But the day of redress is come: and the English public, which will not readily believe that twelve such names* as are appended to the Report of the Commission are united against evidence in the defence of a train of unworthy proceedings, will read the following sentences† of the Report with confidence in the opinion arrived at.

'This desire [that of avoiding delay], creditable in itself to the Trustees, it was, which, in our opinion, led them to attempt the accomplishment of two purposes practically and utterly irreconcilable with each other — the construction of a catalogue alphabetical, ample, and accurate, and its publication in successive parts during the progress of its preparation in MSS. In the pursuit of the first of these objects . . . . they adopted a plan which appears to have been originally suggested, when the Catalogue of 1819 was under discussion, on the high authority of the late Mr. Heber. This plan received, through a long series of meetings and discussions, the

* Lords Ellesmere, Seymour, Canning, and Wrottesley, Sir P. Egerton, Sir C. Lemon, Sir R. Murchison, the Lord Advocate, J. Hume, S. Rogers, R. M. Milnes, J. G. S. Lefevre.

† The trustees of the Museum referred this report to the consideration of a committee of their own body, who reported upon the 'suggestions and observations' of the Royal Commissioners on May 20. 1850. This report on the report rather lightens our labour by dismissing all we are here concerned with in one sentence, as follows, 'In respect to the Catalogue, the opinion of the Commissioners agrees so nearly with that of the Board of Trustees, that your 'Committee think it unnecessary to enter into any detailed discussion.' We confess ourselves puzzled: does this apply to the *suggestions* only, or does it include the *observations?*

deliberate sanction and careful revision of the Trustees. It was kept under their notice through successive stages of its development by constant reports from those employed in its execution, and especially by discussions on the rules, which, at first comparatively few in number as devised by Mr. Baber, gradually swelled in bulk, as various difficulties and doubtful cases suggested themselves, till they were digested into the existing code under ninety-one distinct heads, published in the printed volume, letter A. The Trustees, in this matter of the rules for compilation, evidently did not consider it consistent with their duty, to leave the subject in the hands of their officers. . . . . We must fairly confess that our inquiries, especially into the whole subject of the Catalogue, lead us to doubt whether there is not some hazard in the practice of interfering in the details of the library on the part of a Board, even so constituted as that of the Trustees. . . . . Be this as it may, the fact of their constant supervision and frequent authoritative interference is not unimportant as bearing on a question of justice to an individual officer of the Museum, Mr. Panizzi. We have had occasion, in the course of our inquiry, to ascertain the prevalence among many persons of an impression which attributes to that gentleman not only the adoption of a plan for a catalogue of which those parties, on various grounds presently to be noticed, disapprove, but also the delay of which they complain in the execution of the plan so adopted. It becomes our incidental duty to do him justice in these particulars. From what we have already stated it will appear that, with respect to the system and form of the catalogue, whatever be its defects, Mr. Panizzi can be charged with nothing further than the constant approval and acceptance of one leading principle, that of fulness and accuracy, suggested on high authority, adopted by an able superior and predecessor in office, indicated by the statutes of the Museum, and enforced by the deliberate sanction of the Trustees and the recommendations of a Parliamentary Committee. With respect to delay in the execution of the plan adopted, we are certainly of opinion that any delay which could have been avoided without a sacrifice of all essential features of the intended work, is mainly ascribable to the desire of the Trustees to hurry on the printing. In order to carry out their resolution to publish the catalogue in successive portions, it became obviously necessary to select from all parts of the library the volumes in alphabetical succession. If the Trustees, adhering how firmly soever to their intention of eventual printing, had been satisfied with the reasons, strongly urged by Mr. Panizzi, for postponing that operation until the MSS were completed, it would have been easy to have gone through the whole library in an uninterrupted progress shelf by shelf. The difference with respect to expedition and labour between these two modes would probably be considerable even in the case of a limited collection; but when the extent of the Museum is considered and the spaces to be traversed, that difference is beyond our calculation. It appears that the whole length of the bookshelves of the Museum exceeds twelve miles. We see no reason to doubt the supposition that, but for the perseverance in this process, in conjunc-

tion with other avoidable causes of delay, the catalogue would now have been finished according to its original intention, and finished in respect of cross references especially, in a form more satisfactory than any labour under the present system could produce. . . . To another instance in which Mr. Panizzi's opinion was overruled by that of the Trustees, he attributes much avoidable delay and expense; we allude to the thirty-third and seven following rules, which govern the process of cataloguing anonymous works. . . . Mr. Panizzi, having to deal with an immense mass of works under this head, advocates the adoption and the rigid observance of a rule by which the main entries of all such works should find their places in the catalogue in alphabetical order under the first word of the title, not an article or a preposition. . . . It is very evident that the principal entry of an anonymous work, framed on the principle recommended by Mr. Panizzi on the authority of Audiffredi, will often afford no facilities to a searcher who has not an exact transcript or other precise information of its title. If it were possible in all, or the great majority of cases, of the absence of an author's name, to give clearly and accurately under a leading word the subject matter of a work, an useful and satisfactory, and so far a classed catalogue might be made on this principle. If it were possible for the framer of the entry to do this without hesitation and deliberation, such a catalogue might possibly be prepared without greater delay or expense than Audiffredi's or any other analogous mode of proceeding would require. We are, however, satisfied that neither of these desiderata are attainable, and that the difficulty, whether as to execution or rate of progress, is only to be met by numerous cross-references.'

Our readers must carefully attend to this extract, which is much more than mere matter of back reference from our subsequent remarks. These it would be impossible to throw into any form which would make them follow the order of the evidence given; which is, moreover, so bulky, and takes in so many collateral details, that we have much to leave behind* without an allusion, even on the subject of the Catalogue.

Were we to proceed at once to the main discussion, we should probably omit what should by no means be omitted,—some allusion to the gentle flights of fancy which may recreate the reader of the voluminous mass. The gaieties of a body of evidence are

* We should like to do what we can to urge forward the appearance of the *Index*. The Appendix has been printed and published. We have seen it stated that part of what was intended to appear in this appendix has been omitted. This we are told is true; but we have reason to believe that the omissions consist mostly of Mr. Panizzi's own reports on the Grenville Library, and that the occurrence is merely through forgetfulness, arising out of some peculiar circumstances attending the latter meetings of the Commissioners, to which we do not feel at liberty to do more than allude.

some key to the value of its gravities. Mr. Carlyle, who describes himself as 'rather a thin-skinned sort of student,' is of opinon that many of the readers are 'a very thick-skinned race,'—persons whose inquiries do not involve much 'delicate intellect,' who get up 'the stuff called useful knowledge,' and 'whom it is not 'worth while to take much trouble to accommodate.' These persons, it seems, tolerated a reader of weak intellect, who was sent to the Museum by his friends, and 'made extracts 'out of books, and puddled away his time there:' this man used 'to blow his nose very loudly every half hour.' Subsequently Mr. Carlyle generalises this description, and deposes that men who come for such purposes as his should be separated from 'the men who come to read now in the reading room, and who 'blow their noses in an insane state.' He is also of opinion that none but good books ought to be bought, of which he seems to think that the librarian or the trustees ought to judge. 'Where the man,' says he, 'was a quack, and his work de-'cidedly bad, I should consider I was doing God service, and 'the poor man himself service, in extinguishing such a book.' He also states that he gets a 'museum headache' whenever he goes there: the character of this malady is not specified. Another witness of more precision, Mr. T. Hudson Turner (who, we hope, will register his psyllometer,) gives it in evidence that 'there is a flea generated in that room that is larger than any 'to be found elsewhere, except in the receiving rooms of work-'houses.' To these instances of strength and oddity of assertion we may add the following example—an extreme one certainly —of the mode in which casualties are described as ordinary events. Mr. George Soane, who has used the reading-room 'constantly, for many years, from nine till four, and sometimes 'later,' brings forward, as his self-selected first point of examination, 'the way' in which manuscripts are withheld. Having mentioned one instance in which Sir F. Madden kept back for half an hour a manuscript which he himself was using, Mr. Soane is asked, 'Is that a solitary instance?' to which he answers, 'I have known no other instances; but these things 'cannot occur every day.' When it is remembered that every witness received proof-sheets of his own evidence, with an implied invitation to prune down the exuberances of oral communication, some of these things will appear surprising. Again, we note, once for all, the manner in which the avowed reason for the wish of a witness is sometimes one which deteriorates the value of the whole evidence. And here, again, we take an extreme case. We should have read with the utmost attention, and desire of giving it its full weight, the evidence of

so able a bibliographer as Mr. Bolton Corney, had he grounded his observations upon what could be made a national view of the difficulty. But when we came to this question and answer, we could not prevent their accompanying us through all that followed. 'Do you approve of the present system of cataloguing 'the books?' 'I cannot say that I do, because I see no chance, 'at my time of life, of ever having before me a catalogue which 'is carried on upon so elaborate a plan.' The Commissioners, we observe, carefully avoided all appearance of baiting cross-examination towards the witnesses who did not belong to the Museum; nor towards these last was it carried one bit further than would have been courted by the witnesses themselves, as public men against whom various charges had been made, both in newspapers and by other witnesses. But, though highly approving of this, we could almost wish that Mr. B. Corney had been asked up to what age he considered his answer to be a valid one. We fancy that it must have been difficult, sometimes, to repress a sly hit: one appears even in the Report; a witness complains that there is but one copy of Facciolati in the Library, on which the Commissioners remark that 'four editions 'of Forcellini are at the disposal of the readers; which, inas-'much as Forcellini * was the real author of the work in ques-'tion, appears as complete an answer as can be given.'

It seems to have been almost universally agreed that the catalogue ought to be alphabetical. Some time ago the current of opinion among literary men seemed to be setting towards classed catalogues, or those in which the books are arranged according to subjects. We had hardly supposed that this illusion (as we hold it to be) had become so nearly obsolete as the evidence before us shows that it is: and this disappearance of a most injurious opinion, which never was entertained to any extent by the really experienced in bibliography, encourages us to hope that it will not be long before the *professional* persons just alluded to will be admitted to know best on all the points which have been raised relative to the care of a large library. Of these the one with which we are now most concerned is as follows:—Is it, or is it not, requisite for the formation of a good catalogue that the titles of books should be *fully* given? that is, with such fulness as shall not fail both to represent the author's intention, in every point in which he allowed his title-page to declare it, and also to supply such information with

* Let us express our hope that one of the results of this inquiry may be the restoration of Forcellini's name to that association with his work of which he has been most unjustly deprived.

regard to appendices, annotations, &c., as a correct author would advertise in his title-page, when the actual author does not do it? All parties are agreed that this question of fulness is merely an appendage to that of accuracy: all are agreed that the catalogue must be accurate, that is, must give such a description of each book as will enable the reader to know, in the author's words, whether it be the *precise* work and edition that he wants: all are agreed that a catalogue is bad, when it often happens, in consequence of its faultiness, that the book which is ordered turns out to be the wrong one. We mean, all who know what strict research is. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, says that 'it is not once in a dozen times that one 'cares about a particular edition:' the only *one* of whom we believe this, is the one who declares it of himself;—their Majesties might have a right to take brother Neale's money, since brother Neale offers it. We should rather, in catalogue matters, trust those by whom it is only once in a dozen times that a particular edition is *not* wanted, or a choice of particular editions. The question then is, what degree of fulness is essential to the required accuracy; and as there cannot be different catalogues for different classes of inquirers, (though this has been proposed, and the proposal has been likened to that of the small hole for the small cat, and the large hole for the large one,) it is as necessary that the one constructed should meet the wants of the most profound investigation, as that the engine should be able to draw the longest train which is to be attached to it throughout the whole journey. If, indeed, it could be shown that the catalogue requisite for investigations of greater accuracy could not be used by those for whom less might be sufficient, there would be a case made out for two catalogues. But this has not been attempted; that is to say, all the main objections made to the proposed plan have been described as referring equally to all kinds of use. Mr. G. L. Craik, when asked whether he thinks a catalogue *not bibliographical* would answer the purposes of the reading room, replies, 'not all the purposes, but nine out of ten of them.' To this we agree, though probably nine-tenths is too large a fraction. At the same time, nine-tenths is almost a recognised term for an indefinite majority. It is confidently asserted that nine-tenths of literary men are against the proposed plan: we suspect, first, that both the fractions must be cut down, and next, that the two have some connexion with one another.

The following is the briefest possible summary of the tendencies of the evidence with respect to full titles as against condensed ones; and from it can be collected, as nearly as may be, the numerical amount of evidence for and against the plan which Mr. Panizzi's opponents persist in giving to him entire. We

allow Mr. Panizzi and Sir H. Ellis to pair off on opposite sides, as the actual constructors of two opposed catalogues. The naturalists appear to favour a classed catalogue, and (with the exception of Drs. Grant and Lindley, who gave opinions in writing,) approve the plan of Dryander, which involves long titles: so said Mr. Robert Brown, Mr. König, and Professor Owen, the first of whom would also have a succinct alphabetical catalogue. Mr. Adolphus Asher, the well known Berlin bookseller, thinks long titles the only mode. Mr. W. D. Cooley, who proposes to stereotype the titles separately, would only strike out superfluities, and leaves us to infer that he leans to longer titles than the professed advocates of brevity. Mr. G. L. Craik, who considers the common idea that a good catalogue is an easy thing to be a wild and ludicrous delusion, would have a short catalogue constructed for present use, and a long one at deliberate leisure; but is sure the short catalogue would be very unsatisfactory to the public. Mr. John Wilson Croker, who has had much more to do with cataloguing than those who know him only as a public man would think, is as firmly and exclusively for long titles as Mr. Asher. Mr. P. Cunningham thinks the principle of the long catalogue excellent, but wants something immediately. The Rev. W. Cureton is decidedly for long titles, as is Mr. E. Edwards. Professor De Morgan, who has entered more fully than any one except Mr. Panizzi into the errors which arise from short titles, would have very full ones; he finds even the new catalogue rather too brief than otherwise. Mr. H. Hallam is for full titles, but on the supposition, which he advocates in any case, that the catalogue is not to be printed. The Rev. S. R. Maitland also would have full titles, but also would not print them. Mr. W. R. Hamilton would have the titles as full as possible: Mr. J. H. Parry the same. Lord Strangford thinks a bibliographical catalogue desirable, but is afraid of the length of time it would take. Mr. E. Doubleday, Professor Forbes, Mr. E. Hawkins, Mr. G. Soane, and Mr. C. Tomlinson, are not precise as to what they think on the point. Mr. J. J. Bennett, the Rev. G. E. Biber, and Mr. J. Bruce are for short titles. Mr. Carlyle is the same, and thinks that *any* intelligible way would do. Mr. J. G. Cochrane is for short titles, but objects to any rules in drawing up a catalogue; and certainly his practice, as evidenced by his catalogue of the London Library, is in conformity with his theory. Mr. J. Payne Collier, of whom more presently, is for short titles; as is Mr. Bolton Corney, whose reason has been already mentioned. Mr. G. Dodd thinks the new catalogue too ample. The Rev. J. Forshall thinks that the larger the library,

the more succinct should be the catalogue: that is, as appears to us, the greater the danger of confusion, the more it should be courted. Mr. J. E. Gray is for short titles, as is also Sir R. H. Inglis, who, we strongly suspect, confounds *bibliography* with *bibliomania*. Mr. Edmund Hodgson, the auctioneer, seems to think that consulting the Museum Library in Great Russell Street, and selling it off in Fleet Street, are entirely the same questions as to catalogue: we cannot imagine how or why he was invited to give evidence. Did the *Panizzi faction* bring him forward as a caricature of some of their literary opponents? If so, though the joke was a good one, it was too broad, was likely to give offence, and was not altogether the mode in which men of education should oppose each other. Sir F. Madden advocates short titles, and considers the Bodleian catalogue as a sufficient model: of this we shall presently speak. Lord Mahon is for short titles; and Mr. T. Hudson Turner thinks even the old catalogue too complicated. Such is the abridgment of our abridgment of the mass of answers on this one point; and it has been no short nor easy task. We cannot hope to satisfy any of the witnesses by it; but many a reader will get a better notion from it, than he would have had courage to get for himself from the original materials.

As to the order of the evidence, the following plan was adopted. Mr. Panizzi gave a general account of the state of the collection, &c., all the witnesses who volunteered or were asked for evidence were then heard, (the willingness of the Commission to receive it having been publicly announced in the 'Athenæum' No. 1111., together with Mr. Panizzi's request that all complainants would come forward,) and, finally, Mr. Panizzi was heard in detailed defence. To this course we have since seen strong objection made by those who thought that, after the defence, the replies of the assailing witnesses should have been heard. For ourselves, we can hardly reconcile such a demand with the principle or usage of such inquiries. Mr. Panizzi was the party on his trial, and those who attacked him had had years of newspaper opportunity, most vigorously used: while he, a public officer, was prevented by his position, as well as by the relation in which his defence would have placed him to the Trustees, from making any reply. The defence was here strictly in answer, in every instance but one; if any body were entitled to reply, it was Mr. Payne Collier, in the matter of which we shall presently speak; but even in that case the right was very doubtful.

Having now given our readers a general view of the principal authorities on either side, we proceed to grapple with the case

raised. It is most obvious that the *onus* lies with the complainants assailing the present plan, which was recommended by grave authority, initiated under the sanction of the House of Commons, and which has only been prevented from a more speedy proof of its efficiency by the stress of external clamour acting on the well-intentioned indecision of the Trustees. When a plan is thus in possession, it can only be properly driven out in one of two ways; either by proving that something better has been done, or that something better can be done. We do not demand that the superiority should be so excessive as to balance the evil of rendering nugatory all that has been accomplished; we concede that the importance of the end to be gained would make the sacrifice well worth while, if any reasonably better project could be shown to be very certain to gain the end. That end is a correct catalogue — a *commonly* correct catalogue as it is called: for common correctness, like common sense and common honesty, is assumed to be rightly adjectived. Of course the defenders of the existing scheme pressed for something crucial on one or the other of these points: show us, they said, in existence, the catalogue you would have, or if not, at least show us how you would give it existence. With that downright mode of meeting adverse arguments which both sides have displayed throughout this inquiry — and which, we may stop to say, makes the blue book before us much more interesting to read than most others — both questions were responded to. The parties who ventured virtually to stake their cause, — we must not say they did so in terms, — the one upon a catalogue *in esse*, the other upon one *in posse*, were among the most eminent in letters of those who took part in the discussion, Sir Frederic Madden and Mr. Payne Collier. Both had right of access to hear the evidence, and were furnished with proof sheets of it; the former as an officer of the Museum, the latter as secretary to the Commission. Both took up the glove at an advanced period of the evidence, when it had become exceedingly apparent that the assertions of such men as themselves would be subjected to sifting scrutiny. The two challenges, therefore, were most deliberately answered.

Sir F. Madden (p. 478.) pointed out the Bodleian* catalogue in the following terms; the italics are our own: —

* This catalogue was spoken of as if it contained the whole of the Bodleian collection. Far from it: there will be six more alphabets, and there are five. The Douce, Malone, Gough, and Oppenheimer collections, and that of dissertations and theses, are printed: and a supplement to the catalogue of which we speak in the text, is now, we understand, in the press.

'The catalogue of the Bodleian library, which I do not think the Commissioners have had before them or have referred to, was compiled by gentlemen, who, in station and acquirements, are equal, if not superior, to any gentlemen here in the Printed Book Department. That catalogue is compiled upon an alphabetical plan, *and, with regard to the entries, is in all respects creditable to the University instead of a disgrace.* . . . I take that catalogue to be *in all respects* preferable to the one Mr. Panizzi has proposed; it is not so laborious, it is true, but yet in one detail infinitely more so with regard to *the dissection of collections of works, or where small pieces, with authors' names, occur incidentally with other writers,* and entering then under the authors' names; that is carried to a very great extent in the Bodleian catalogue. . . . .'

The Bodleian catalogue, in three folio volumes, published in 1843, contains within itself the three preceding catalogues by James, Hyde, and Fisher. It is not to be supposed, as was observed in answer, that the Oxford bibliographers, how expedient soever they might find it to bring up their old catalogues, would put forward this quadripartite compilation as fit to be a model for a national undertaking. It was examined, with reference to this last point, by Mr. De Morgan; and the result was, as he phrased it, that 'nothing better illustrates the 'manner in which learning may exist without any care to 'promote a sound knowledge of its sources, than the emanation 'of such a catalogue from such a university.' He produced (offering more if wanted) more than four folio pages (with comments) full of such mistakes as the affirmation that Briggs's folio 'Arithmetica Logarithmica' is reprinted at the end of Wells's octavo 'Art of Shadowes,' because a small table of logarithms *on Briggs's system* happens to be there. Examining the article Euclid, and making it his own condition that he would stop as soon as he came to any entry which was not very objectionable, he could make no pause before the *eighth* work entered under that name: the very first entry containing a concealment of the fact that Gregory's celebrated *Oxford* edition has *a Greek text.* With respect to the vaunted dissection of works, it appeared that eleven volumes of the splendid collection of Halma, containing Ptolemy, Proclus, Geminus, Theon, &c., made no appearance except under Ptolemy: and that not a single writer in Masères's *Scriptores Logarithmici* was to be found under his own name. But, *per contrâ,* dissection invented non-existing works, one of which was more* remarkable than

* This unfortunate instance, though it shows what may happen if proper time be not taken, is really nothing against the cataloguers. Imagine a person cataloguing by short titles at the very top of his

Felix Ago. In the sixteenth century lived G. J. Rheticus, well known as the most laborious calculator of tables that ever lived, and the friend and follower of Copernicus: a worthy man, who had nothing to do with beer or ale except to drink that modicum which would strengthen him without unfitting him for going from his dinner to his slow and laborious calculation of sines. The Bodleian catalogue has him down for a treatise on beer, 'Rheticus (G. J.) Cervisia,' said to be contained in the *Amphitheatrum sapientiæ Socraticæ joco-seriæ* of Dornavius, a kind of folio light reading of the year 1619. Now the fact is that Rheticus, honest man, made a joke—or what was called a joke* in his day—upon the *signs of the zodiac and Breslau beer,* on which joke one Brusch wrote verses which Dornavius inserted in his miscellany: and hence the asserted work of Rheticus on beer, to the exclusion even of the zodiac, though he was an astronomer.

The University ought to acknowledge its obligations to Sir F. Madden, who has been the means of pointing out that very imperfect notions of a book catalogue prevail at Oxford, as elsewhere: and further, it ought to proceed to the inculcation of better principles, which ought also to be done elsewhere.

We should, if library catalogues were generally accurate, at once impeach Sir F. Madden of most extreme carelessness: but, as things are, our power to do so is as small as our will. Except for such instances, we could not dare to assert what we now, of knowledge gained before this inquiry took place, do assert, namely, that there is among men of letters generally a degree of laxity, both in theory and practice, with regard to descriptions of

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speed, and meeting with *Relatio Felicis Agonis* &c.: is it wonderful that he should make the mistake; is it not rather very creditable that such things were not frequent?

* As Mr. De Morgan did not favour the commissioners with this joke, which is wanted for the history of bibliography, we had recourse ourselves to the old folio, and we found it to be as follows. Breslau beer was called *scheps* from its strength (our cognate word *swipes* is of a different allusion): this the comical calculator altered into *schöpps,* a wether sheep, and this again into *Aries,* and joked something to this effect, that the various stages of intoxication might be likened to the several zodiacal animals; so that a man who goes through them all may be said to *box the zodiac* in one day. Witness the four last of the verses,

> 'Ille [*sc.* sol] duodenis percurrit mensibus illud
> Immensum spacium quod Jovis aula capit:
> Tu poteris quocunque die hos implere labores;
> Atque ita Zodiacum constituisse tuum.'

books, and to catalogues, which almost defies description. Most fortunate will it be for literature that this Royal Commission has brought out the fact, and set it in the public light of day, where 'English common sense' may see and judge it. Knowing what we did of book-lists, and the undeserved characters they have, we were not in the least surprised to find such a man as Sir F. Madden committing himself to almost unqualified praise of systematic inaccuracy. Every genus of literary man has, we suppose, his model notion of a catalogue, and in most cases below what one would take to be his proper standard. If we descend from Sir F. Madden — we may say this without offence, speaking of bibliographical qualifications — we come to Mr. Carlyle, who is enamoured of the catalogue of the London Library in St. James's Square, which is as much below that of the Bodleian, as St. James's Square is in the history of letters below Oxford. But the reformation is at hand; the disclosures which this inquiry has made will provoke a discussion, which, after the usual amount of giving and taking, will probably enable Mr. Carlyle to appreciate better the relative merit of the Bodleian, and will convert Sir F. Madden into a disciple of Audiffredi, and Barbier, and Panizzi.

Mr. Payne Collier, the secretary of the Commission, undertook to show how the Museum catalogue *should* be made, without reference to any preceding one. Those who have objected to Mr. Panizzi being present during the inquiry, forgot that the secretary of the Commission, an extreme partizan of the other side, was not only present, but was allowed by his official superiors to circulate pamphlets among them during the progress of the evidence. Mr. Collier prepared, according to his own views, twenty-five titles, done in an hour, of books from his own library, and with which he was therefore previously well acquainted. They were handed to Mr. Panizzi, with the full consent of the writer, and an invitation of criticism. Mr. Payne Collier is known to our readers: but to 'excuse the tone of 'confidence' he assumed, he described himself, in handing over these slips, as having attained a certain reputation in letters and particularly in antiquarian literature. The description is as correct a one as could be looked for from Mr. Collier himself: and the Society of Antiquaries, the Shakspeare and Camden Societies, and the Royal Society of Literature, could inform the public, if need were, that he did not overrate himself. Moreover, his confidence was proved and supported by the most explicit dealing: he willingly lent those of the books he had described which were not in the Museum library, and, after the criticism to which we are coming, he offered no plea of haste.

On the contrary, when a contemporary journal, of opposite views to our own, called them, by way of extenuation, his 'hurried slips,' he wrote a public letter in correction of the designation, maintaining that they were 'not hurried in any sense of the word,' and adhering to the defence, presently to be noticed, which he had circulated among the Commissioners in a private pamphlet.

Mr. Panizzi put these slips into the hands of Mr. Jones, his senior assistant, requesting him to report upon them. The report was as follows: —

'These twenty-five titles contain almost every possible error which can be committed in cataloguing books, and are open to almost every possible objection which can be brought against concise titles. The faults may be classed as follows:—1st. Incorrect or insufficient description, calculated to mislead as to the nature or condition of the work specified. 2nd. Omission of the names of editors, whereby we lose a most necessary guide in selecting among different editions of the same work. 3rd. Omission of the Christian names of authors, causing great confusion between the works of different authors who have the same surname — a confusion increasing in proportion to the extent of the catalogue. 4th. Omission of the names of annotators. 5th. Omission of the names of translators. 6th. Omission of the number of the edition, thus rejecting a most important and direct evidence of the value of a work. 7th. Adopting the name of the editor as a heading, when the name of the author appears in the title-page. 8th. Adopting the name of the translator as a heading, when the name of the author appears on the title-page. 9th. Adopting as a heading the title or name of the author merely as it appears on the title-page — a practice which would distribute the works of the Bishop of London under the names Blomfield, Chester, and London; and those of Lord Ellesmere under Gower, Egerton, and Ellesmere. 10th. Using English or some other language instead of the language of the title-page. 11th. Cataloguing anonymous works, or works published under initials, under the name of the supposed author. Where this practice is adopted, the books so catalogued can be found only by those who possess the same information as the cataloguer, and uniformity of system is impossible, unless the cataloguer know the author of every work published anonymously or under initials. 12th. Errors in grammar. 13th. Errors in description of the size of the book. We have here faults of thirteen different kinds in twenty-five titles, and the number of these faults amount to more than two in each title. A large proportion of them, moreover, is of such a nature that it would be impossible to detect them when the written title is separated from the book; for example, Mr. Collier has catalogued an edition of the Odyssey, with a Latin title, as though the title were in Greek. A mere perusal of Mr. Collier's title would not lead any person to suspect the existence of such a blunder. [I may say (says Mr. Panizzi), by way of parenthesis, that when I saw this

Odyssey, printed at Oxford, with a Greek title, I sent everywhere to try to find it. I had one with a Latin title, of the same year, and of the same size, but I could not be sure that it was the same. I sent to Oxford; I made all sorts of inquiries; nobody knew such an Odyssey with a Greek title; but still this was negative evidence, until I begged the favour of Mr. Collier to show me the book itself from which he drew up his title. The title is in Latin, therefore the idea created by his title, that there was another edition of the Odyssey in the same year and of the same size, at Oxford, is wrong; there was only one.] Two editions of Madame de Stael's work on the French Revolution appeared at Paris in 1818; but Mr. Collier's title making no mention of the edition, the inference would arise that the copy to which it referred was of the *first* rather than of the *second* edition. It is a fallacy to say that errors can be corrected on a subsequent perusal of the titles or in print, unless that perusal be an actual comparison of the title with the book. [In fact, in the case of the Odyssey with the Greek title, the title looked to all intents and purposes very correct, but it was not correct.] Where we see such a result as is shown above, from an experiment made by a gentleman of education, accustomed to research, and acquainted with books generally, upon only twenty-five works, taken from his own library, and of the most easy description, we may form some idea of what a catalogue would be, drawn up, in the same manner, by ten persons, of about 600,000 works, embracing every branch of human learning, and presenting difficulties of every possible description. The average number of faults being more than two to a title, the total is somewhat startling — about 1,300,000 faults for the 600,000 works; that is, supposing the proportion to continue the same. But it must be borne in mind that the proportion of errors would increase with the number of titles; that to errors in drawing up each individual title would be superadded the errors which would unavoidably occur in the process of arranging the titles, and subsequently in the printing. In short, I humbly conceive that it would be impossible to prove the inexpediency of Mr. Collier's plan more effectually than he has himself done; and I hope I may add, without giving offence, that, had I seen these titles under any other circumstances than the present, I should have concluded that the object was to show how nearly worthless would be a catalogue, the proposed advantages of which were short titles, drawn up and printed within the shortest possible period of time.'

Mr. Jones then proceeded to a detailed proof of his assertions. In a case of this kind, we are inclined to think that Mr. Collier should have had a reply: but the question is complicated, for though here assailed, he was an assailant, and moreover was an officer of the court who had been permitted to make himself a partizan, and to support his own views by circulating pamphlets among the judges, which a sense of official propriety prevented Mr. Panizzi from answering in the same way. Mr. Collier did answer in a pamphlet addressed to the Commissioners, as well as

(recently) in the journal alluded to. The answer does not deny one iota of Mr. Jones's imputation: it merely protests against being tried by Mr. Panizzi's rules. 'I intended,' says Mr. Collier, 'my English mode of cataloguing to be diametrically opposed to his foreign mode, which might do well enough for stationary or retrograding countries, where want of enlightenment is at this hour producing the most lamentable consequences, but which was totally unfit for this country, where inquiry is active, where education is daily extending, and which mainly owes to the spread of education* the happiness and tranquillity it enjoys. Nothing therefore could be more obviously unjust than *to test my titles by Mr. Panizzi's rules.* I discarded them altogether; I threw them overboard at once, and *en masse.* . . . .'

We are English as well as Mr. Collier; but we do not see that progress and enlightenment are essentially connected with bad bibliography at two errors and a fraction per title. Neither do we think Mr. Collier's defence more valid than would be that of an incorrect arithmetician who should attribute the rules to Cocker or Walkingame, and protest against the jurisdiction. Mr. Panizzi's rules, like all other codes, contain offences divisible into *mala in se* and *mala prohibita:* Mr. Collier justifies his departures from the morals of bibliography, by alleging his right to differ from Mr. Panizzi about its expediencies. He leaves out an author's Christian name, or substitutes his translator for him, and says he is not bound to follow Mr. Panizzi's foreign modes: and therein he resembles those reasoners who have defended false inference by renouncing Aristotle. But his own argument may be turned against him: it is a strong presumption in favour of the materiality of Mr. Panizzi's rules, that so able an opponent finds himself under the necessity of implying the following alternative — either those rules, or such bibliography as is seen in *this* rejection of them. We dwell the more upon this point because we observe that some of the journals adopt the defence, and say in terms that what Mr. Panizzi calls errors are deviations from his own ninety-one rules. Are we really to believe that, if Mr. Collier had chosen to spell author's names backwards, it would have been a sufficient answer to an objection from Mr. Panizzi, that the plan of writing them forwards was one of his own rules? According to Mr. Collier and his defenders, *English grammar* is only one of

* We understand Mr. Collier to imply that education is much more extended in England than in Prussia.

Mr. Panizzi's foreign modes, repudiated by English common sense.

We will not discredit the sagacity of our readers by insisting further upon our opinion, that there is among men of letters a wide-spread incompetency to describe books correctly, and a great want of aspiration after a healthier state. The volume A. of the Museum is by no means faultless, owing much to the collection and printing taking place before the whole catalogue was finished: the opponents have detected some errors, and Mr. Panizzi says he knows of others, worse than any they have found. We now proceed, by way of comparison of opinions, to one of the most material points of this or any catalogue; the mode of entering anonymous and initialled works. With regard to initials, the rule of the Museum (in which it is the great principle that there *shall always be a rule*) is to enter the work under the last letter: thus a pamphlet by A. B. C. would be entered as by C. (A. B.). This meets the majority of cases, in which the last letter is the initial of a surname: and provides a rule for all cases, by which every one will know at once, if he know the book, whether it be in the Museum. But the opponents would enter it under such letter as should seem most likely to begin the surname: thus J. J. M. A. would be presumed to be the work of some Master of Arts whose initials were J. J.; and an initialled tract by M[ark] A[kenside] would pass as written by a master of arts. The confusion that might thence arise was ably illustrated by Mr. Panizzi, with reference to a nautico-theological pamphlet on floating chapels by R. A. D. D.: this one person might take as by *Doctor* R. A., another as by *Rear Admiral* D. D.: for official initials are not always at the end, particularly in old works. On this, as on other points, we may observe that two descriptions of persons consult a catalogue — those who know *precisely* what book they are in search of, and those who do not. The first will find by any rule, so soon as they have learnt it; and will be glad indeed of a catalogue which preserves its consistency, even though 600,000 titles, running over four quarters of the globe, four centuries of time, and four hundred varieties of usage, should actually require *ninety-one** rules of digestion. The second class could easily be

* These are not all that might be wanted. For example, the case is not provided for, though it has occurred, in which an author, in his title-page, invites the reader to make his choice between two ways of spelling his own name. Here, we are to presume, some of our witnesses would take the first method given, others would leave the cataloguer to comply with the author's request.

suited, if all their imperfect conceptions tended to the same case of confusion: and, as being the majority, would have a right to the adoption of the one nearly universal misconception; which, being one, would furnish a rule. But it is truth which is single, while error is manifold; and consequently, it is clear to every common sense except that of men of letters claiming, as such, to be bibliographers, that one of two things should be done:—either the truth should be taken, when known, or in the event of it being possible to be wrong (as in the case of the last initial letter assumed to be that of a surname), the error should be the consequence of a digested and easily-apprehended rule, consistently applied throughout. If the framer of the catalogue be allowed to do as he likes, the consulter of it must do as he can. Now which of the two classes should be considered in preference,—those who know what they want or those who do not? The Doctor of Divinity already quoted, gives this as one of his rules: 'Item, whan anie man comith and wotteth not what he 'wold haue, then he (the keper of the Bokys) shal tell hym, 'and doe hym to understond hys besynesse.' This can be done, to a certain extent, by *cross-references;* that is, when a title occurs which is likely to be looked for under a leading word which is not that of the main entry, a reference to the latter may be made from the former. Such a plan has been followed to a very considerable extent in the catalogue now preparing: and it is possible to carry it yet further. But, all cross-references being concessions to want of accurate knowledge, it is plain that discretionary entries, with discretionary cross-references, would form a plan which puts entirely out of the question the convenience of the person who knows exactly what he wants; which kills both calf and cow for the less deserving son, without giving the power of making any answer to the complaint of the one who never fed on husks. Nothing is stranger in the course of the evidence before us, than the quiet manner in which the opponents of the existing plan take it for granted that no one ever goes with a precise knowledge of the title-page of the work he seeks, unless it be the coolness with which this accurate inquirer is told, as Mr. Carlyle said to those who write useful knowledge, that he is one 'whom it is not worth while to take 'much trouble to accommodate.'

Anonymous works form a respectable proportion of every large library: and if there be any justice in our preceding remarks, it is clear that some simple rule or rules should be adopted with respect to them, which will enable the man who knows what he wants to find it at once; with the addition of discretionary cross-references, to the greatest convenient extent,

for the assistance of those who are not so well provided. Of all rules which are equally easy and definite, the best is that which enables the cataloguers to proceed most rapidly. Some of the most eminent foreign bibliographers have adopted the rule of entering the work by the first word of the title which is not an article or a preposition; some by the first substantive. Mr. Panizzi desired to adopt one or other of these plans, but was overruled by the Trustees, who imposed various rules (still *rules*) by which classes of anonymous works were referred to names to which they had relation, and left the residue to be entered under the first substantive. But the opponents of the whole plan would have no rule at all, except the discretion of the cataloguers, to whom they thought it should be referred to enter the works according to their *subjects*, or otherwise, at their discretion. Thus one man might enter the 'Rejected Addresses' under *Satire*, another under *Drury Lane Theatre*, a third under *Parodies*, a fourth under *Imitations*, a fifth under *Horace Smith*, a sixth under *James Smith*, a seventh possibly under *Courtship:* if seven cataloguers were employed, it might depend upon which of the seven got this book to do; and if four different editions happened to fall to four different men, they might be distributed under four different heads. This subject produced a good deal of evidence, some of it rather strange. One of the witnesses was asked where he would enter 'The History of George Hicks' (a fictitious personage), and he answered 'With the other pamphlets;' imagining, no doubt, that a good large head of *Pamphlets* would take in all the small anonymous works out of half a million. Mr. Panizzi brought forward two works, which were entered, and correctly, under their subjects in the old printed catalogue: and he invited his opponents to find them out, which challenge no one answered; we have no reason to suppose that any one found them out. The first was entered as 'The State and Condition of our 'Taxes considered. 8vo. London, 1714;' the second as 'Re-'flexions sur la Requeste de Denize ou Nizette, 4to. 1735.' Mr. Panizzi, with whom the key has remained up to this time, informs us that the first work must be looked for under *Funds;* and the second under *Convulsions.* The first title runs on, 'being a proposal for a tax upon funds,' which shows the subject. The second relates to that sect of the later Jansenists who were called *Convulsionnaires.* Two test works were continually brought forward during the examination of evidence: the one, a work called 'Is this Religion?' the other a tract headed 'Ye must 'be born again.' Some were for entering the first under *Religion:* it is in fact a controversial novel, and to enter it properly under its subject, it must be examined, to see which sect of Christians

is attacked. On the second there were various opinions, one for *Regeneration*, another for *Religion*, another for *Born*, &c. We think it hardly necessary to go through all the cases produced. We shall only observe that the subject of a book is one thing to one person, another to another; and that unless a Royal Commission were appointed to examine the Panizzis and the Colliers against one another upon the whole range of anonymous works, it would be impossible so to describe them by subjects as to give an average satisfaction to those who are to use the catalogue. Circumstances, too, determine opinion about reference by subject: it is hardly out of the question, if a certain spasm in the church should lead to further consequences, that a cataloguer might think he was doing right in entering the tract 'Ye must be born again,' under *Gorham*, with a cross reference from *Phillpotts*. The plan imposed upon Mr. Panizzi by the departure of the Trustees from his simple rule has increased the work of the catalogue about one fifth, and has multiplied its difficulties enormously; in fact, most of the stoppages are occasioned by anonymous works. Had the rule of taking 'the first 'word not an article or preposition' been adhered to in all cases, the main entry would have proceeded rapidly, and the cross-references would have given little comparative trouble.

Whether the catalogue should be printed, or whether it should exist only in a manuscript of several copies, was one of the much agitated questions. Mr. Panizzi was from the beginning entirely against the printing: a circumstance which in itself is an answer to one of the imputations against him. It was affirmed that in promoting an extensive bibliographical catalogue, he was sacrificing the benefit of the nation to his own desire for fame. Had this been the case, he would have advocated the printing: the manuscript would give him but a life reputation within the walls of the Museum, while the published work would ensure him a permanent European name.

The disadvantages of printing are, that the publication can never represent the state of a continually increasing library, and that supplements are very unsatisfactory additions to a work of reference. To these may be added, that a mixed catalogue of print and manuscript, such as must be provided for the readers within the Museum, presents some minor difficulties as to ready use, the magnification of which was one of the grandest exaggerations in the evidence. The advantages are, that a student not residing in London can ascertain, either by buying the catalogue, or by consulting it at the nearest town which has a library, whether the books he wants were in the Museum at a certain date. The demand for a *printed* catalogue is strong—

almost clamorous: though it is well known that the public never bought so many as twenty perfect copies of the eight-volume catalogue which was completed* in 1819. It was proposed, in order to meet the wants of those who live at a distance, that a clerk at the Museum should answer letters (with return postage inclosed) inquiring whether specified books are or are not in the library. Mr. Panizzi was disposed to think this feasible, and the Commissioners seemed to incline towards it. If the convenience of the majority is to be consulted, unquestionably this plan (the expense of which would not equal the interest of the money spent upon printing a catalogue) should be adopted. For the many are those whose wants are comparatively of rare occurrence, and who would not buy a catalogue for infrequent and occasional use. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the corresponding clerk would answer upon all that had been entered up to the date of the letter, while the catalogue would give only the answer of, it might be, several years before. Upon the balance of all the arguments, the Commissioners decided upon recommending that the catalogue should *not* be printed: and, looking upon the question as merely one of library management, we agree with them. But, seeing how much a more correct knowledge of books, and idea of book-knowledge, is wanted, even by distinguished literary men—looking also to the great number of errors which have arisen from insufficient bibliography—we are of opinion that a full and accurate catalogue should be printed, sold at a cheap rate, and widely presented to public institutions. Not merely as a catalogue of the Museum library, but as a contribution from the national funds to the promotion of sound and accurate literature, both in letters commonly so called, and in science: a contribution which would have its value, independently of the accessions which the library had received since its publication. It is to be remembered that the investigations of a student not only require him to consult many books, but to have a correct knowledge of more which he need not consult: and also that the question whether he need consult or not may very often be settled, and his valuable time saved, by nothing more than a full and accurate catalogue description of the work in question: and nothing less will do. Consequently, an excellent catalogue is a valuable literary companion, even though its parent library be at a distance, or dispersed, or burnt. Nothing but national

* As soon as this work was either contemplated or completed, we do not know which, a stock of the old *folio* catalogue of 1789 was *cancelled*, i. e. destroyed.

power can supply this want to a sufficient extent, or can foster in the nation which it belongs to that love of accuracy which is wanted, by furnishing the means of being accurate, at a moderate expense of labour. We do no more than hint at this subject because we have not space to develope it; and also because we are afraid that, in like manner as men of letters are not yet bibliographers, bibliographers are not yet much more than librarians, that is, not sufficiently alive to the fact that a part of their function is public instruction. They are too much isolated, too much among themselves and for themselves. At the same time we must say that in the new Museum Catalogue the duty of giving information, where it may be briefly done, is acknowledged; and the entries show that the books have been properly examined. Inquiries of the kind which we have been discussing, have a tendency to shake the classes together, and the result begins to show itself in a remarkable manner. As soon as it became apparent that the field was lost, a proposal immediately emanated from the anti-bibliographical side, as we must call it, of the controversy, bold enough in character to make the regular librarian stare. It is not uncommon for a party which cannot obtain what it wants, to outbid the opponent in his own ground, to win the trick by putting on a higher trump. In the present case, the 'Athenæum' journal, the most prominent organ of the assailants of the Museum, in concluding its remarks upon the Report of the Commissioners, astonished its readers by proposing a *Universal Catalogue*, to contain all the books that ever were printed. The plan was, that our Government should catalogue all British works, and every other one its own.* Such a catalogue, when complete, would serve for every library; nothing would be necessary, in any one such institution, except to indicate the presence of each work in the library by affixing to each its press mark, or designation of its place on the shelves. Separate stereotype blocks for each title are proposed, to be presented by each government to the rest; out of which any variety of plans of cataloguing might be made feasible. This magnificent design has presented itself to many, and has, we doubt not, been only rejected with regret, as much too good to be hoped for. If we saw the slightest chance of its accomplishment, we should be only too happy to lend our voices in favour of it, provided that it was to be a *full and accurate* catalogue, not a *compendious* one. If those who made the proposal fancied that short titles

* This part, we are perfectly satisfied, is impracticable. Our Government must do it all, employing such agency in foreign countries as shall be found necessary.

must needs be secured by the vastness of the plan, which it would seem impossible to execute on the fuller scale, we answer that we put on a higher trump than theirs, and will win the trick by showing that our addition will render the whole execution more easy. Almost all who have themselves catalogued books gave evidence that a short title, carefully done, takes more *time* than a long one: that it is shorter to write out the titles on Mr. Panizzi's scale, than to make the deliberate examination which the best abbreviation, or any good abbreviation, requires. That short titles take short time, was one of the master fallacies of the discussion: true only in the sense in which it may be said that no titles at all take less time still. Now we put the following considerations forward, not as having an immediate practical bearing upon anything we have much hope of seeing; but because any step which goes beyond the utmost limits of the current routine, must be familiarised by speculative thought, before it can possibly induce a sufficient number to think it can be done. And, if we may venture to say it, it is not only true that without faith no man can see God, but also that without faith no man can see the next step in that career of improvement which God has ordained for man. It was the greatest stumbling-block in the transition from the turnpike-road to the railway, to create the first degree of belief in its possibility: and of this we may always be sure, that there never was a moment at which there did not exist numerous plans which were really and truly impossible—but only because they were thought to be so.

The world is to go forward; and its literature, the history of its mind, is to be preserved: of this no one doubts. The task of preservation will become more and more difficult as time runs on; and to meet the difficulty, engines of increased power must, and therefore will, be invented: to doubt this is rather to reject history than to prophesy. The day will come when the record which it is thought worth while in Great Britain to give to the documents of all times and all tongues will involve as much printing as the United Parliament orders in three years, and a proportionate quantity of mechanical preparation. Imagine that time *come now*, and no bolder flight is necessary. We believe that we much overrate the printing of the world in each particular, if we describe it as done in four hundred years, by ten literary nations, at the rate of a thousand titles each year from the beginning: and we are afraid we must say that one fourth of this is irrecoverably lost. Perhaps our readers will think more: if it be so, our calculation is the more what we intend it to be, above the mark. This gives three million of titles; which,

entered without cross-reference, in the manner proposed by Mr. Panizzi, would go into three hundred volumes of five hundred pages each. A finding *companion*, rather than index, being a repetition of each leading word and date, with reference to volume and page, furnished with cross-references, one for each original entry, at the rate of four hundred in each folio page, would give thirty volumes more. Now when Mr. Panizzi's opponents described* his proposed *manuscript* catalogue of the British Museum as to be in five hundred volumes, monstrous as such a thing appeared to them, there was a certain limit to their wonder: no one was made seriously ill by the idea; no one proposed a rising in arms. We are inclined to think then that if, after deliberation, they should hold our figures to be rather above than below the mark (which we regret to say we think they are) there would be nothing to repel further deliberation upon the surrender of the short titles, and an agitation for a full and complete catalogue of all the books in the world up to 1850, to be carefully kept up in time to come. At any rate, we gladly join them in familiarizing the public ear with large undertakings.

One practical bearing of such aspirations upon the existing state of things is as follows. In order to further the execution of some grand ultimate plan, we are disposed to press forward the printing of the intended Museum Catalogue, so soon as (but not sooner than) the manuscript shall be complete and ready for press. We do not think anything would be gained by surrendering the existing project as a part of the consideration for a greater one. The public is a very peculiar individual: he resolves himself into millions of components for the purpose of discussion; but when reunited into one for action, he is another creature, with habits, associations, and foibles, which could not be deduced from those of his molecules. And those who know him never hope to get any thing out of him by giving up something in return: and above all, they never ask him to abandon the smaller plan in favour of a larger, or one plan in favour of

* The *five hundred volume catalogue* has been the *Carthage* of Mr. Panizzi's opponents: and journals and newspapers have echoed the assertion that he proposed, *for the Museum as it stands*, a manuscript catalogue in five hundred volumes. The truth is as follows;—In a letter to Lord Ellesmere, printed in the appendix to the evidence (p. 394.) Mr. Panizzi, after describing his manuscript catalogue, says 'Five hundred *such* volumes would contain *one million and fifty thousand* entries, with space to increase the whole to *one million seven hundred and fifty thousand*.' The estimate for the present catalogue is half a million.

another. He either finishes what he has begun, or he sinks into perfect inaction. To abandon the project of so many years, under the notion that a larger one might then be undertaken, would lead, we think, to this result, that in fifty years our descendants would be recommencing at 1838, so far as this question is concerned, and with a much larger mass of materials to deal with.

In the meanwhile, anxious as we are for the most speedy execution of the sound and (so far as the Museum is concerned) sufficient plan in question, we know by experience, as do the great majority of those who frequent the reading room, that there is not any necessity for the excessive hurry which has been called for—in any point but one. The catalogue now in use is available for everything which it contains, and, in spite of all that has been said against it, serves many purposes. It is of course most desirable that it should be speedily reinforced by lists of the accessions which the Museum has received, and in particular of the Grenville Library, that splendid bequest, which, as all our readers do not know, is very much due to Mr. Panizzi's* influence with its munificent donor. We are assured that this reinforcement will very speedily† arrive; and we feel convinced that it would have arrived long ago, if the pressure from without had not tended to paralyse the institution and distract its officers.

If due assistance be afforded; if the catalogue be allowed to make the utmost haste which, in the opinion of those who can best judge, is consistent with good speed; if the House of Commons be moved rather to supply ample funds to those who know how to do this, than to issue directions as to the mode in which it should be done,—the present difficulty will be overcome in a much shorter time than the opponents of the plan think of.

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* Mr. Panizzi was in Mr. Grenville's confidence on this matter: and, among the most expensive of the books which he was charged with not buying for the Museum when he might have bought them were some which he knew would soon arrive in the course of nature. Public officers very often know something which they may not tell, but which their critics do not know.

† It has arrived since we wrote this. On the 9th of September were added to the reading-room two copies of 153 manuscript volumes of supplemental catalogue, commenced in 1849; together with a catalogue of the Grenville Library, being the existing printed catalogue, with its errors and deficiencies (no small number), supplied in manuscript. By the end of the year the catalogue will be *at par* in its entries.

It will take, we apprehend, about as long as will be necessary to prepare the public mind for seriously saying yes or no upon the question of the Universal Catalogue.

ART. IV. — *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By WILLIAM MURE of Caldwell. 3 vols. London: 1850.

A GENERAL acquaintance with the literature, and some knowledge of the language of ancient Greece, have long been regarded in this country as essential parts of a liberal education. But many, even of those who have been debarred by circumstances from the latter attainment, will still be desirous of becoming well-informed respecting those masterpieces of poetry and eloquence which have been the models of all subsequent ages, and of acquiring a popular idea of that literature which has been to a great extent the source and the model of all that have succeeded it. It is difficult to calculate, and impossible to overrate, the influence which Greek literature has exercised upon modern Europe, whether directly or through the medium of that of Rome, — itself but a bastard branch of the great Hellenic stock. But it may safely be affirmed that as no one can thoroughly understand the etymology of much of his own language who is ignorant of that of Greece, it is equally impossible for him to enter fully into the merits of the great writers of his own country, without some acquaintance with the poets and the orators, the historians and the philosophers of ancient Greece. It is, therefore, not a little remarkable that there should not exist in English any general history of Greek literature, or even any work calculated to convey to the English reader a systematic view of any one of its branches. While Homer is universally read in our schools, and the Greek dramatists familiarly studied in our universities, we do not possess any connected survey of the poetry of the Greeks as a whole, nor an intelligent guide-book to its æsthetic appreciation. Equally deficient are we in any historical view of the prose writers of Greece, or any critical estimate of her historians, her orators, or her philosophers; and the student who would seek for information concerning any of those authors who are not included in the ordinary course of school and college reading, is left to glean it at home as best he may from a variety of compilations, or to have recourse to the more copious stores of German learning.

Our previous attempts to supply these deficiencies may be disposed of very briefly. The pleasantly-written, but somewhat superficial, volume of Mr. Nelson Coleridge on the Homeric poems, was designed as the commencement of a series of similar introductions to all the classic poets of Greece—a design which we deeply regret that he was prevented from completing. However such a popular introduction might have failed in satisfying the wants of the more advanced scholar, it would have been invaluable to the young student, to whom it could scarcely have failed to impart something of that purity of taste and enlightened sensibility to the highest poetical qualities so conspicuous in its pages. Such a work was the more to be desired, because the method of instruction commonly pursued among us has unfortunately a tendency to draw off the attention of the learner from the more substantial merits of the ancient authors to grammatical distinctions and metrical refinements. Even of those who have been most distinguished at our universities, but too many, we fear, are more occupied in the vain endeavour to imitate the language and versification of the Greek tragedians than in examining or appreciating their inimitable beauties.

Of far higher pretensions, both in the comprehensiveness of its scheme and the qualifications of the writer, is the unfinished work of K. O. Müller, first presented to the public in an English dress by the Society of Useful Knowledge. Imperfect as it was unfortunately destined to remain, this work is unquestionably a most valuable addition to our knowledge of ancient literature, and had it not been cut short by the premature death of its highly-gifted author, would have probably in a great degree anticipated our complaint. But the plan on which it was conceived, and the limits within which it was confined, while they prevented it from discussing all the topics, or entering into all the details, on which the professed student might be desirous of information, necessarily rendered it dry and unattractive to the general reader. In attempting to hold a middle course between the popular and the critical character, it has failed, we think, in fully securing the advantages of either class.

The elaborate work of Colonel Mure, of which the volumes now before us are, we trust, but the first instalment, has therefore the advantage of occupying ground almost untrodden by any English rival, and supplying a deficiency long felt by every classical scholar.

It must be admitted that the difficulties of the task were of no ordinary character. Literary history in general is a branch of composition wholly of modern growth, and even in recent times has been one of the least cultivated. Among the Greeks them-

selves, notwithstanding the variety of channels into which their literary industry was directed during the latter periods of their national existence, and the vast masses of literary and historical disquisition which they accumulated, we find no trace of anything like a systematic history of their literature as a whole. Their Roman successors were equally wanting in this respect, for the brief review of the principal Greek and Roman authors by Quintilian is far too slight a sketch to be considered as an exception. Even in modern times works of this description have not been numerous; and it is remarkable that neither we ourselves nor our French neighbours possess even any attempt to present a connected and complete history of our respective literatures. Italy and Spain have been far more fortunate. Tiraboschi has presented the students of Italian literature with the most complete and elaborate review of his whole subject of which any modern language can boast; while the more popular and agreeable, though diffuse, volumes of Ginguénè amply suffice for the requirements of the ordinary reader. The well-known work of Sismondi on the Literature of the South of Europe, comprises in a smaller compass a pleasing, yet by no means scanty or superficial, review of the best authors of Spain as well as Italy. And to these must now be added the recently published History of Spanish Literature by Mr. Ticknor; a masterly performance, and which perhaps of all compositions of the kind has the most successfully combined popularity of style with sound criticism and extensive research within its own compartment.

But whatever may be the difficulties which beset the literary historian of any other age or country, these assume a far more formidable aspect in the case of the classical languages of antiquity, and especially that of ancient Greece. Here he labours at once under disadvantages apparently the most opposite. His materials are at the same time lamentably deficient and overwhelmingly copious; his subject at once too familiar and too abstruse. On the one hand, he has to deplore the almost entire loss of the writings of many of the most distinguished authors; while on the other, the few and scanty fragments which remain of their compositions, and the almost equally scanty notices of their lives and writings have been made the subject of a mass of commentary, dissertation, and conjecture, which may well appal the most stout-hearted man of letters. The literature of the Homeric question alone would fill a library of no mean dimensions. The remains of the poems known as the Epic Cycle, of which not fifty complete lines have come down to us, have afforded to one of the most eminent German scholars of the present day the subject of two goodly octavo

volumes, published at an interval of not less than fourteen years, —a singular instance of devotion to a special branch of study! In like manner, of the Lyric Poets of Greece, while Pindar is the only one of whom more than a few fragments have been transmitted to us, there is not one whose scanty *débris* have not been collected and re-collected, commented and re-commented, as if we could compensate for the loss of what has perished by excess of labour bestowed on what remains. Again, the leading authors of ancient Greece may be thought to be so familiar to all persons who have received a school and college education, that there is little new to be said about them. Every one knows, whether from the originals or by translations, the story of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the names and characters of the Homeric heroes, and the plots and persons of the principal Attic tragedies. But when the historian, quitting these beaten tracks of criticism, begins to wander into more remote and unfrequented paths, the reader can with difficulty be induced to follow him through the thorny mazes of German criticism, or to share in the labour of gleaning from the arid pages of ancient grammarians the few facts which they supply in the illustration of his subject.

To the execution of this arduous task Colonel Mure has brought no ordinary qualifications. He is indebted, we believe, for his classical education to a German university; but, while he has thence derived all the best qualities of modern German scholarship, — a minute accuracy, an extensive range of reading, and a philosophical application of philological principles, —his natural clearsightedness and calmness of judgment have preserved him from the defects which too often accompany these merits. While he is keenly alive to the minutest distinctions of style, of dialect, or of metre, he never allows himself to be led away by the consideration of these petty details, to the neglect of the broader features of his subject, or the more important questions of taste and sentiment. Familiar with all that has been written on ancient literature by the critics of Germany, he is not misled by their vague and often fanciful theories, and continually recurs from the most subtle and ingenious of their speculations to the arguments of common sense, or the plain and obvious meaning of the text. Indeed, his criticisms and opinions strike us as exhibiting in general a remarkable independence of mind; whatever may be his views on any particular question, they are essentially his own; he avails himself of the labours of preceding critics as useful auxiliaries for arriving at a sound conclusion, but never permits their authority, however deservedly great, to bias him in the exercise of his own unfettered judgment. The opinions thus definitely

formed are enunciated with equal distinctness; if his style be sometimes deficient in fluency, it is rarely wanting in clearness, and the reader is never left in that maze of bewilderment, in which he too often finds himself, after toiling through the laborious pages of many Teutonic critics.

The general tendency of Colonel's Mure's views on the numerous subjects of controversy, which have been agitated of late years in the world of classical criticism, may be characterised as essentially *conservative.* He tells us of himself in regard to the Homeric question, that he was at one period of his life, 'like most 'young scholars,' a zealous disciple of the Wolfian school, but that a diligent scrutiny of its doctrines, continued through a space of twenty years, has left him with a full conviction of their fallacy. The change is certainly complete, and, as is often the case with literary as well as religious converts, the bias of his mind is now decidedly in the contrary direction. While we entirely concur with him in rejecting the extreme views of Wolf and his followers, we cannot but think that (independent as he is,) he has on some occasions displayed too much deference for the authority of the ancient critics, and has been inclined to acquiesce in their established conclusions and received traditions, without always examining with sufficient care *how* they were established and *why* they were received. As it is the prevailing error of the modern German school of criticism to seek rather for novelty than truth, so it is the present disposition of Colonel Mure, now that he is restored to the bosom of the ancient faith, to look with suspicion upon every new theory, and to distrust its truth on account of its novelty.

The title of his book sufficiently indicates the particular scope which the author has proposed to himself, and the class to which he designs his work to be referred. It is a *Critical* History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece; as such, it is addressed principally to the classical scholar, and is designed not so much to give a popular introduction to the subject for those previously unacquainted with it, as to supply to the riper student a more complete and systematic survey of the whole field of Hellenic literature, than he would have been able to attain by his own unassisted endeavours. At the same time there are large portions of the work which almost every reader may peruse with interest and pleasure, and any one who possesses the commonest schoolboy's power of construing the Homeric poems will be able to derive delight and instruction from the masterly analysis and review of them, to which Colonel Mure has devoted so large a portion of the present volumes.

The Literary History of Greece divides itself almost spon-

taneously into six great periods, which are thus characterised by Colonel Mure:—

'I. The first, or Mythical period, comprised the origin and early culture of the nation and its language, with the legendary notices of those fabulous heroes and sages, to whom popular belief ascribed the first advances in elegant art or science, but of whose existence or influence no authentic monuments have been preserved.

'II. The second, or Poetical period, extends from the epoch of the earliest authenticated productions of Greek poetical genius, through those ages in which poetry continued to be the only cultivated branch of composition, and terminates about the fifty-fourth Olympiad. (B.C. 560.)

'III. The third, or Attic period, commences with the rise of the Attic drama and of prose literature, and closes with the establishment of the Macedonian ascendancy and the consequent extinction of republican freedom in Greece.

'IV. The fourth, or Alexandrian period, may be dated from the foundation of Alexandria, and ends with the fall of the Græco-Egyptian empire.

'V. The fifth, or Roman period, succeeds and extends to the foundation of Constantinople.

'VI. The sixth, or Byzantine period, comprises the remaining ages of the decay and corruption of ancient civilisation, until the final extinction of the classical Greek as a living language.' (Vol. i. p. 6.)

Of these six periods the volumes before us at present comprise only the two first; and, since the Mythical period is briefly dismissed, by far the greater part of them is devoted to the second, or Poetical period. Some readers will perhaps be startled at learning that the three volumes now published bring down the subject only to the age of Solon, thus stopping short at the very threshold of that brilliant age of Athenian genius which gave rise to so many masterpieces in literature as well as art. For the rise and progress of the Attic drama as well as for the productions of its greatest splendour, for the earliest prose writers and the great Athenian historians as well as for her orators and philosophers, for Æschylus and Aristophanes as well as Demosthenes and Plato, we must look to future volumes. But whatever untoward apprehensions this consideration may suggest,—as for instance, lest the completion of his task upon the same extensive scale as he has commenced it should be more than Colonel Mure may be destined to accomplish,—the scholar will certainly have no cause to complain of any want of interest or variety in the portion now presented to him. In addition to the numerous questions connected with the origin and authorship of the Homeric poems, which occupy great part of the first

two volumes, the third volume contains a very copious and interesting review, both biographical and literary, of the early lyric poets of Greece, among whom are the great and stirring names of Archilochus and Tyrtæus, of Alcæus and Sappho, Alcman and Stesichorus. To other chapters, if not so attractive, perhaps of a higher value, — as those on the general structure and natural affinities of the Greek language, on the relations of the Hellenic race with the Pelasgic stock, on the formation of the Greek alphabet, and the mode of its derivation from that of the Phœnicians, and to those on the early history of the art of writing in Greece, we can do no more than direct the attention of our readers. But there is one question, which meets us at the very outset of the work, to which we must briefly advert, as the views of Colonel Mure differ materially from those which we have on several occasions been called upon to express. We refer to the historical value to be attached to the mythical and poetical legends of Greece.

On this point the views of Colonel Mure accord more nearly with those of Mr. Clinton and other writers of the older school of historical criticism, than with those of Mr. Grote and most recent German writers. He contends strongly for the existence of a substratum of historical fact in these poetical tales; and while he rejects in name 'the errors of the "old pragmatical '"school of interpretation,"' he appears to us to retain very much of its substance. Unquestionably it is as erroneous, and as liable to the charge of dogmatical presumption, to deny, as to affirm, with positiveness, the historical reality of any of the persons and events prior to the historical era; but all that Mr. Grote has done, — and in which we must express our entire concurrence, — is to deny that we have, *or can have,* any proof of it. The real question at issue is not so much whether there ever was a basis of historical truth for the poetical legend, — whether any such events as the siege of Thebes or the expedition against Troy ever actually occurred, — as whether we are now able to extricate this kernel of truth from the mass of fable with which it is overgrown, and to exhibit the naked skeleton of historical fact stripped of all its coverings of poetical embellishment. If we cannot do this, it appears to us perfectly immaterial whether it exist or not. It is quite true that, in the instances appealed to by Colonel Mure, of the Teutonic legends of Etzeland Dietrich, in the Spanish poem of the Cid, and in our own ballads of Chevy Chase and Otterbourne, we find a mixture of truth and fable similar to that which he conceives to have existed in the Greek legends; and yet we know, *from other sources,* that Attila and Theodoric, the Cid and Percy Hotspur,

are real historical persons, and that there is a certain foundation of truth in the tales which relate to them. The two may be found together. But if we had no other sources than the poetical legends themselves, what assurance could we have of this? 'Had 'the parallel letter of monkish chronicle (observes Colonel Mure), 'which, in each of these cases, establishes the connexion between 'fact and fable, been swept away, *the element of truth in the poems* '*would not the less remain.*' This is perfectly true; but though the element would be still *there*, it would have become to us utterly unascertainable. And this is precisely the position in which we find ourselves in regard to the Greek legends,—to that of Troy in particular. 'Whether there may not really have occurred, at 'the foot of the hill of Ilium, a war purely human and political, 'without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, 'without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Eos, without the 'wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features 'of the old epical war?'—this is a question, as Mr. Grote has justly remarked, which we are equally unable to answer in the affirmative or the negative. And we should certainly have been disposed to add that it would have been indifferent to us, whether we could answer it or not. To us the 'tale of Troy 'divine' will remain the only *true* tale,—the only *real* Achilles will be the Achilles of Homer. It is, therefore, with no little surprise that we find Colonel Mure treating this question as of no less importance in a literary than in an historical point of view; and regarding it as essential to our enjoyment of the great national poems of Greece, that we should believe their heroes to have been real men, and not mere creations of poetical fancy. Will he consent to apply the same test to our own literature? Has Macbeth a more powerful hold on our sympathies than Hamlet or Lear, because the one is probably based on a foundation of truth, while the legends of the other two, though equally historical in form, are unquestionably fabulous? Or does any one prefer the Sejanus or Catiline of Ben Jonson to Shakspeare's Coriolanus, because he has been convinced by Niebuhr's arguments of the unhistorical character of the latter? To take another instance from a hero and a poem which present, according to Colonel Mure himself, the nearest parallel to Achilles and the Iliad. The real existence of the Cid and a certain foundation of fact for the history of his exploits, are established beyond all reasonable doubt by historical testimony; but if this evidence were less satisfactory, and the sceptical views of Masdeu and Dr. Dunham (who almost go the length of disputing his personal reality) were better founded than we believe them to be, would his character, as exhibited in

the old Spanish poem, be rendered less striking? Would it not still remain that which it now is, and which alone constitutes its interest at the present day,—a noble impersonation of the feelings and ideas of the chivalrous ages of Spain? Whether the Cid really conquered Valencia is important as an historical question; as a poetical one, it appears to us, we confess, a matter of perfect indifference.

But it is high time that we should quit this discussion to follow Colonel Mure into that portion of his subject which forms the most prominent feature of the present volumes,—the inquiry into the origin and character of the immortal poems which bear the name of Homer. This part of his work is stamped with every characteristic of a 'labour of love;' and Colonel Mure is certainly entitled, in this instance, to put forward his claim on our attention in the words of the Tuscan poet:—

> 'Vagliami *il lungo studio e' l grande amore*,
> Che m' han fatto cercar lo suo volume.'

The account of the Homeric poems, which occupies a large part of these two first volumes, is the result of the studies of twenty years; during which it is evident that his favourite author has never been absent from his thoughts.* Throughout this branch of his subject, Colonel Mure has combined the examination of the poems themselves, and the analysis of their beauties and peculiarities, with the investigation and refutation of the theories of the Wolfian school. The two inquiries are indeed inseparable: it is only by a continual and diligent study of the Homeric poems in their present form, by a thorough familiarity with their real nature and character, that we can hope to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions with regard to their origin and authorship.

More than fifty years have now elapsed since the publication by Wolf of his celebrated Prolegomena or Prefatory Essay to Homer, and in the course of the long and animated discussions to which the whole question has been subjected in the interval the controversy has in great measure shifted its ground.† Wolf

* The classical reader will hardly need to be reminded of the striking manner in which this is displayed in Colonel Mure's 'Tour in Greece,' published in 1842, and of the numerous illustrations of the Homeric poems which he has there derived from his own observations on the physical peculiarities of the country, and the manners and customs of its present inhabitants.

† An excellent review of the whole course of this controversy, and the leading arguments which have been brought forward by the different writers on each side, will be found in the Appendix (vol. i.

himself had dwelt principally upon the external or historical arguments, and laboured to show from these, that it was *impossible* for the Homeric poems to have been originally produced in the form in which we now possess them; while he maintained at the same time that it was clear from the testimony of ancient writers that they actually *were not* so produced. Few of his followers, however, have adopted the extreme views of their master on these points, or admitted in their full extent the functions ascribed by him to Pisistratus, — functions so important, that if Wolf's estimate of them were correct, we should be compelled to attribute no small portion of the merit of Homer to the Athenian despot, or the poets who assisted him in the task.* The questions connected with the introduction and early use of the art of writing in Greece, have also been subjected to a more searching investigation, — especially by Hug, Kreuser, and Nitzsch, — and it has been shown that on this point also the sceptical conclusions of Wolf were carried to an extent which it was impossible to defend.

Thus step by step have his followers been compelled to abandon many of the positions which their leader had assumed to be impregnable. But in proportion as they have been driven from the strongholds of historical proof, they have fallen back upon arguments derived from internal evidence, and endeavoured to show from the examination of the Homeric poems themselves, that these could not have been originally composed in the form in which we now possess them, and that their alleged epic consistency, in so far as it actually exists, is the result of subsequent adjustment and rearrangement. This line of investigation has been carried to its extremest point by Lachmann, who in his recent work (*Betrachtungen über Homer's Ilias.* Berlin, 1847, originally inserted in the Transactions of the Berlin Academy) has attempted to prove from internal evidence alone that the Iliad must have been made up out of not less than eighteen different lays or songs, probably the productions of as many different poets, and some of them, as he confidently asserts, so totally distinct in tone and character, that whoever does not at the first glance perceive the difference, may as

No. 1.) to the *new edition* of Bishop Thirlwall's 'History of Greece.' We regret that Colonel Mure has not given some such summary, which, in however brief a form, would have been a valuable addition to the exposition of his own views.

* Lachmann, however, appears to form an exception, and to have adopted on this point, as on most others, the views of Wolf in their fullest extent. See his 'Betrachtungen über Homer's Ilias,' pp. 31—33.

well cease to trouble himself with inquiries for which he is totally incompetent!

There is something more curious in their confidence than creditable to their judgment or their candour, to contrast the arrogant tone assumed by these later critics of the Wolfian school with that of their master himself. The most enthusiastic admirer of Homer has never borne stronger testimony than Wolf has done in more than one passage, not only to the pervading excellence of the two poems, but to that general uniformity of style, which carries the reader along with it, like the full and smooth current of some majestic stream.* It is only in obedience to the *necessity* imposed upon him as he conceives by the historical and other external evidences that he shuts his eyes to this strong internal testimony, and ventures to ascribe that 'marvellous consistency' (*mirificum illum concentum* — Prolegom. p. cclxv.), which he cannot refuse to admit, to the long-continued labours of successive critics, and the polishing care of the Alexandrian grammarians.

At the present day, on the contrary, it may, we think, be fairly assumed, that the question must be decided upon the internal evidence of the poems themselves. For while, on the one hand, the advocates of the Wolfian doctrines can scarcely maintain, after the searching investigation to which the historical and external evidences have been submitted, that these evidences are conclusive against the old tradition, as received from the days of Aristotle to our own, it must be admitted on the other hand, by all candid adherents to the ancient faith, that the historical arguments which can be adduced in support of it are extremely slender and dwindle into insignificance when critically

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* It would be difficult to sum up, more forcibly or more eloquently, the internal arguments in favour of the original unity of each poem, than is done by Wolf himself in the following striking passage: 'Nunc quoque usu mihi evenit nonnunquam, quod non dubito eventurum item multis esse, ut quoties abducto ab historicis argumentis animo redeo ad continentem Homeri lectionem et interpretationem . . . . atque ita penitus immergor in *illum veluti prono et liquido alveo decurrentem tenorem actionum et narrationum;* quoties animadverto ac reputo mecum, *quam in universum æstimanti unus his Carminibus insit color, aut certe quam egregie Carmini utrique suus color constet, quam apte ubique tempora rebus, res temporibus, aliquot loci adeo sibi alludentes, congruant et constent, quam denique æquabiliter in primariis personis eadem lineamenta serventur et ingeniorum et animorum;* vix mihi quisquam irasci et succensere gravius poterit, quam ipse facio mihi, simulque veteribus illis, qui tot non temere jactis indiciis destruunt vulgarem fidem ac suam. (Præf. ad Iliad, p. xxii.)

examined. It is therefore not a little remarkable, as Colonel Mure justly observes, that while the internal evidence has been thoroughly ransacked by the sceptical critics in search of every flaw or blemish which the most perverse ingenuity can convert into an argument in support of their views, no part of the subject has been so greatly neglected by their opponents. The importance and necessity of a systematic analysis of the Iliad and Odyssey, based upon enlarged principles and impartial views, was pointed out many years ago by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer *; and it must, we think, be apparent to every reader of taste that it is only on such a general examination that any conclusions can be safely founded. We cannot therefore express too strongly our obligations to Colonel Mure for the zeal and diligence with which he has followed out this inquiry. The able and elaborate analysis of the two poems, and of all the arguments that can be derived from their internal evidence, which occupies a great part of the first two volumes of his work, can leave but little for the scholar to desire or the future critic to contribute.

It will probably occur to the reader, though it has been habitually forgotten or studiously kept out of sight by the Wolfian critics, that it is no such easy matter in any case to prove by a conclusive line of argument, *in the absence of all external evidence*, the original unity of any long poem, composed as it necessarily is of many various parts and distinct episodes; still less to demonstrate two separate works, like the Iliad and the Odyssey, to be the productions of the same author. Were we called upon, apart from all historical testimony, to prove the Paradise of Dante to have really emanated from the same mind as the Inferno, or to convince a sceptical adversary that the Paradise Regained was truly the production of Milton himself, and not the work of a different and inferior hand, however strong might be our own conviction of the fact, we fear that we should find some difficulty in conveying that impression to another. And it is but reasonable to expect that similar obstacles should encounter us on the very threshold of our inquiry, in the case of the Homeric poems.

But these difficulties are greatly augmented by one leading characteristic of the Iliad and Odyssey, to which we feel it the more necessary to call our readers' attention, because Colonel Mure has omitted to assign to it the prominence which, in our opinion, it deserves. We can hardly express the peculiarity to which we advert, otherwise than by terming it their *ballad-like* character. Mr. Macaulay has observed†

* Bulwer's 'Athens,' vol. i., viii. 6.

† Preface to 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' p. 12.

that '*the great Homeric poems are generically ballads*, though 'widely indeed distinguished from all other ballads, and 'indeed from almost all other human composition, by transcen-'dent merit.' It is this character which constitutes the entire and total difference between them and all other epic poems — a difference not merely of *degree*, but of *kind*. It is this also which separates them so completely from all the translations in which they have been disguised for the readers of modern languages, and in most of which the simple grandeur of the ancient bard figures very much like an Indian chief decked out in a dress coat and ruffles. Those peculiarities of the Homeric poems to which we have been so accustomed from our childhood that we almost forget that they *are* peculiarities — the repetitions of lines and phrases, sometimes even of whole passages; the frequent recurrence of certain conventional forms of expression, the formal introductions to the speeches, the habitual association of certain epithets with particular objects or persons — all these are essentially characteristics of the popular or ballad class of poetry, and are never found in the more elaborate compositions of a literary and refined age; or — if occasionally so introduced, as in the Æneid — are at once felt to be tasteless and incongruous imitations. If we would seek for any similarity of tone or spirit to the Homeric poems, we must turn from the stately and artificial epics of Virgil or Tasso to the heroic poetry of the Middle Ages, and especially to the noble old Spanish poem of the Cid. Rude as are the versification and language of this striking composition — the longest ballad in any modern language, but still essentially a ballad — it partakes, beyond any other production of modern poetry with which we are acquainted, in the fire and spirit of the Iliad; while it presents all those peculiarities in the form and mode of narration to which we have just adverted in the Homeric poems. This resemblance is the more remarkable because the age in which the Spanish poem was produced, and the circumstances under which it must have been composed, preclude all possibility of direct imitation. The similarity between the chant of the Castilian minstrel and that of the blind old bard of Chios can have arisen only from the similar conditions under which they were produced — from the appearance, in a comparatively rude age, of a poetical genius of a very high order, who ennobled the simple strains which he found popular among his countrymen, without divesting them of their primitive simplicity.

To this characteristic of the Homeric poems we believe the Wolfian theory has mainly owed its popularity, and it constitutes a partial justification of a line of criticism which

would otherwise have been unpardonably absurd. No man in his senses would ever have either suggested or adopted such an hypothesis in regard to the Divina Commedia, or the Paradise Lost, even if we had been as entirely destitute of outward evidence in their case as we are in that of the Iliad and Odyssey. But it was felt, and justly felt, that these great poems were, after all, only a kind of epic ballads, narrating in a manner not unlike that of other patriotic poetry a series of adventures and episodes, which it was easy to conceive as having once constituted the subjects of separate songs or lays wholly independent of one another. We learn from Homer himself that such was the form in which the events of the Trojan war, and the adventures of its principal heroes, were originally sung by minstrels like Phemius and Demodocus. There was nothing, therefore, improbable in the suggestion that a number of these detached songs might have been strung together into one continuous poem; and the historical arguments adduced by Wolf were considered both by himself and his followers as proving that this had actually been the process by which the Iliad and Odyssey were constructed. Setting aside, for the reasons already stated, these supposed historical proofs, we are perfectly willing to admit that *an* Iliad and *an* Odyssey *might have been* produced in the manner suggested by Wolf. All that we maintain is, that *the* Iliad and Odyssey, such as we now possess them, *were not* so produced; and in proof of this assertion we confidently appeal to the testimony of the poems themselves.

The arguments which may be deduced from their own internal evidence may be classed under three heads: — 1. The unity of plan, and conduct of the action; 2. The consistent portraiture of character; and 3. The uniformity of style, using this term in its widest and most extensive acceptation. All these three branches of the argument are very fully developed by Colonel Mure, who has united throughout a careful examination and judicious appreciation of the qualities and excellences of the poems, with a full controversial argument against the Wolfian critics. We cannot attempt to follow him through this analysis, but we must endeavour, so far as our limits will allow, to put our readers in possession of the main outlines of the argument.

The first question — that of the unity of plan in each of the two poems — has been presented by Colonel Mure under an aspect at once novel and ingenious. Most recent critics, from Wolf himself down to Mr. Grote, have been occupied chiefly with the inquiry *whether the unity of action is complete?* whether every part can be shown to belong to the whole, as *necessary*

to the conduct of the poem, and essential to the end which the poet can be supposed to have had in view? And they seem to have assumed that any portion which was not thus *necessary* to the completion of the plot, must be an extraneous addition, and therefore cannot have emanated from the mind of the original poet. Now, it appears to us that this line of criticism, if judiciously applied, might prove clearly enough that the structure of the poem is unartificial or unskilful, but certainly cannot show that it is not the original structure, as conceived by the poet. Homer may have been mistaken in continuing the Iliad after the death of Hector (though we can hardly believe any reader of taste will think so); but we are no more justified in rejecting the two last books of the Iliad on this ground alone, than we should be in declaring the two last books of the Pharsalia not to be Lucan's, because we may think he should have closed his poem with the death of Pompey. The real question is, whether the several parts of each poem are so connected together as to exclude the idea of their having been once distinct and separate? — whether they are bound together, not by mere juxtaposition, but by mutual reference and organic connexion?

Let us apply this test to some one of those portions which may plausibly be supposed, according to the Wolfian theory, to have once existed in an independent form. The one selected by Colonel Mure is the *Ἀριστεια Διομήδους*, or 'Prowess of 'Diomed,' which we find cited under this separate title by ancient authors, and which may therefore be presumed to have been frequently sung as a separate rhapsody, and to have as fair a claim as any other canto of the Iliad to the character of an independent poem.* It comprises the fifth and part of the ninth books, according to the existing arrangement.

'The first line (observes Colonel Mure) ushers the reader into the midst of a battle, without any notice of where or why it was fought, or who were the contending parties, — by the announcement that "Pallas there urged Diomed into the thickest of the fight." Such an exordium plainly assumes, on the part of the poet's audience, a previous knowledge of a combat already commenced and interrupted. II. That this combat belonged to the few weeks of the Trojan war marked by the secession of Achilles, is proved, not only by his absence from the field, but by several pointed allusions to its cause. III. The deities left in immediate charge of the interrupted action of the previous book, were, Mars on the side of the Trojans, Minerva on that of the Greeks. At the commencement of this book, accordingly, Minerva's first care is, by a stratagem, to procure Mars's retirement

* It is accordingly so regarded both by Heyne (Not. ad Iliad, tom. v. p. 3.), and by Lachmann (Betrachtungen, p. 20.).

from the field, and a consequent freer scope for the exploits of her favourite hero. IV. The leading occurrence of the previous book is the violation of the truce between the two armies, by the treacherous shot of Pandarus. To this outrage Pandarus himself alludes in the renewed action, expressing his mortification at its only partial success; and his own death, by the hand of Diomed, forms an appropriate conclusion of his career. V. Diomed defeats Æneas, and obtains possession of his horses. This prize, with the circumstances attending its acquisition, is afterwards noticed by the victor; first in the eighth book, and again in the twenty-third. VI. Diomed successively wounds Venus and Mars. The latter achievement is referred to, in the twenty-first book, by the injured god himself. VII. Minerva reminds the Greeks that "while Achilles fought in their ranks, the "Trojans never ventured to advance beyond the gates of their city." This statement is confirmed by Achilles himself in the ninth book, and by other heroes in numerous parallel passages. VIII. Diomed and Glaucus, after their dialogue, agree to avoid hostile encounter during the remainder of the war, and the compact is carefully observed in the sequel. IX. Paris, who acts a prominent part in the preceding and subsequent engagements, does not appear in that now described, —having in the third book, after his defeat by Menelaus, been carried off by Venus to repose in his wife's apartments. X. Accordingly, Hector, on his visit to Troy to propitiate Minerva, finds him loitering in Helen's chamber, and orders him back to the field. XI. Andromache describes Achilles as destroyer of her native city. This exploit is ascribed to the same hero in numerous other parts of the poem.' (Vol. i. pp. 253—255.)

'The same species of interconnexion (adds Colonel Mure) 'might be exemplified throughout.' But it is not only such distinct proofs of mutual relation that attest the fact of the particular books or passages in which they occur, having originally been designed as parts of one entire whole, not as separate and independent lays: almost equally conclusive, though certainly less obvious, is the inference to be derived throughout from the tacit assumption of that particular state of things which has been brought about by the events already narrated. Every portion of the seventeen books of the Iliad, from the beginning of the second to the end of the eighteenth (as Colonel Mure justly observes) *assumes* the anger and the consequent absence of Achilles from the field: and no part of them would be intelligible without supposing the reader acquainted with these facts. Nowhere is this more strongly exemplified than in the celebrated passage familiar to the ancients under the title of the Τειχοσκοπία, or 'View from the Walls.' This episode contains no such specific reference to any other part of the poem as those above alluded to, nor is it itself afterwards referred to: it is, strictly speaking, an episode, and had it been absent from the

Iliad no one would have felt the want of it. But the remarkable fact that among the Greek leaders singled out by Priam, Achilles alone is wanting, at once proves that this episode must have been composed with reference to the particular period at which it is supposed to take place, and the state of things then existing. We might perhaps fancy such a review of the Greek chieftains, and even,—though this is far more difficult,—the peculiar dramatic form in which it is presented through the agency of Priam and Helen, to have originally formed a separate and independent lay: but why should it then have been adapted to this particular period? or why should the most prominent and celebrated of all the Greek heroes be omitted, unless the scene be supposed to have occurred at this precise juncture of the war? It may be added that the glaring improbability that the Greeks should have fought for nine years under the walls of Troy, without Priam having learned to know one of their leading warriors by sight, becomes a gratuitous absurdity, if not required by the poetical necessity of its insertion at a particular point of the narrative.

'Whoever, therefore (continues Colonel Mure), subdivides Homer's personality, as has been proposed, must subscribe to the following singularly improbable assumptions:—first, that all the more excellent poets who had selected the war of Troy as their subject, had limited themselves, not only to the tenth year of the siege, but to the particular month of that year signalised by the quarrel between the chiefs; secondly, that more than three-fourths of them had, in their choice of adventures, preferred those involving the defeat and disgrace of their countrymen; thirdly, that all the second-rate authors of the same primitive period,—such as Arctinus, Stasinus, or Lesches,—who treated of the same war, had as scrupulously confined themselves to its previous or subsequent stages. It is, in fact, only by reference to the primary concentration of the whole Iliad around the destinies and influence of Achilles, that the above anomaly of its subject—the humiliation of the national arms during so large a portion of its action—can be explained. The cantos celebrating these disgraces and disasters are of the very essence of an entire Iliad; but the notion of a separate poem or ballad, of whatever length, exclusively devoted to such matter, having ever been composed by a popular Greek minstrel, for a popular audience, seems altogether monstrous.' (Vol. i. p. 256.)

We cannot follow Colonel Mure through the other instances in which he exemplifies the same argument: but we must briefly advert to one or two of those portions of the Iliad and Odyssey which appear peculiarly detached from the rest, and which have been on this account the most unhesitatingly pronounced to have been originally separate poems. Scarcely any part of

the Iliad is less obviously connected with the general plan of the poem, and appears at first sight (to the modern reader at least) more unnecessary, than the Catalogue of the Forces in the second book. And yet it seems altogether impossible to conceive this as standing alone. Such an enumeration of the Greek leaders, the troops under their command, and the cities which furnished these contingents, is not unnatural as a preliminary to the long narrative of their combats and exploits; and the strong local interest which it must have possessed for a Greek audience would induce them readily to excuse that minuteness of detail which the modern reader is apt to regard as needless prolixity. But with every allowance for this peculiar source of interest, it is inconceivable that such a catalogue of names, many of them obscure and unimportant, many altogether fictitious, should ever have constituted a separate poem, with nothing to introduce or follow it, ending as abruptly as it began, and conveying to the audience merely the names of heroes and warriors of whom they had never heard before, and were to hear nothing afterwards. Still more inconceivable is it that such a vast number of proper names as are accumulated in these few hundred lines, with all the genealogical and geographical details connected with them, should be found strictly in accordance with the same names and details wherever they occur in any of the subsequent books of the Iliad.* Such perfect consistency in minute points argues a degree of care in the ancient bard rarely equalled by more modern poets, but would be perfectly inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that of the common authorship of the Catalogue and the rest of the poem. The omission of all mention of Achilles and his myrmidons here also attests that this rhapsody must have been composed with particular reference to the period when they had withdrawn from the Greek army. But would any ancient bard have chosen precisely this moment for the enumeration of the Greek forces, had the Catalogue been designed merely as an independent recital of the heroes who fought under the walls of Troy?'†

* The Wolfian critics have indeed attempted to dispute the *fact* of this accordance; but the small success of their endeavours, considering the extent of the field and the variety of details, may be regarded as its strongest confirmation. This point is fully discussed by Col. Mure in the Appendix D. to vol. i.

† Colonel Mure urges (p. 263.) as an additional argument in favour of the Catalogue as an original ingredient of the Iliad, that the Cypria (one of the most ancient of the post-Homeric poems) contained a similar enumeration of the *Trojan forces only:* but he appears to have forgotten that if this forms a strong argument *in favour* of

Still more conclusive are the similar arguments in favour of the 'Shield of Achilles:' another portion of the Iliad which has been selected by several modern critics as having originally constituted an independent poem. But Colonel Mure has pointed out (vol. i. p. 303.) the peculiar propriety with which this episode is introduced in the Iliad, as compared with the imitation of it in the Æneid; and the admirable care and skill with which the poet has prepared beforehand for the introduction of this brilliant piece of description. The loss of his armour—the sacred arms which had been presented by the gods themselves to his father Peleus—is announced to Achilles in the very same breath with the first tidings of the death of Patroclus; and forms a prominent subject of his lamentations in his interview with his mother. And when he himself forgets it in his eagerness to avenge himself on Hector, Thetis naturally reminds him of the impossibility of his doing so without arms, and promises to procure them for him from Vulcan. In the interval the same deficiency is again assigned by the hero himself, as preventing him from supporting the efforts of the Greek champions when invited to do so by a direct message from Juno, and compels him to confine his assistance to the terror produced by his shouting from the rampart. Then follows a detailed narrative of the visit of Thetis to Olympus, and her interview with Vulcan: a minute account of the workshop and machinery of the god, and of his elaborate preparations for the production of some great work — something that was to be a masterpiece even of the divine artist. All this preliminary matter could never (remarks Colonel Mure) have been intended to usher in the simple statement, in a few lines, that Vulcan made for the hero, a shield, a helmet, and a breastplate, with a passing hint that the first was adorned with many elaborate ornaments.

We must therefore either admit the description of the shield itself to have formed part of the poet's original conception, or associate with it, as having belonged to the same detached lay, all those passages of the eighteenth book just alluded to, which are evidently designed as introductory to this splendid episode. Many of these, however, are so closely interwoven with the

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the authenticity of the Catalogue of the Greeks, it is equally strong *against* that of the Trojan Catalogue which we now find in Homer. Had that subsisted, in its present form, in the age when the Cypria was composed, it is not easy to see why Stasinus (or whoever was the author of that poem) should have inserted another. This is by no means the only objection to the Trojan Catalogue, which we are strongly disposed to regard as a later addition.

general narrative, and so essential to the progress of the action, that it appears altogether impossible to detach them from it. The shield may thus be considered as the key to the composition of the eighteenth book; and the only alternative which presents itself is the supposition that the whole of this book (with the first thirty-nine lines of the following one) originally formed a separate and independent poem. But this last resource appears to be wholly excluded by the peculiar position which it holds in regard to the action of the Iliad. It is in fact the turning point of the whole, the transition from the wrath of Achilles to his repentance; and, as such, absolutely necessary to establish the connexion between these two great divisions of the poem, from either of which it is equally inseparable.

Among the principal episodes of the Iliad the only one which can really be conceived as having once stood alone, is the tenth book or Dolonea, as it was commonly termed by ancient grammarians; but the question in this case stands upon grounds so entirely peculiar, that even their admission in this instance, would tend rather to confirm than invalidate their rejection in most others. Its entire isolation from the rest of the poem was early perceived, and was explained even by some ancient critics on the hypothesis that it had been composed by Homer himself as a separate poem, and had not been incorporated in the Iliad till the days of Pisistratus — a suggestion especially worthy of remark as the only approach to the Wolfian theory which we find among the Alexandrian grammarians. On the other hand Colonel Mure vindicates, and, as appears to us, with considerable success, the genuine Homeric character of its style and versification; but we can hardly concur with him in the assertion that 'few portions 'of either poem are better entitled to the honour of emanating 'from the genuine Homer.' Mr. Grote has, we think correctly, expressed the impression it produces by saying 'that it seems 'conceived in a lower vein,' and we confess to the feeling that the Iliad would suffer but little from its loss. But may not the same thing be said of some portion or other of every long poem? Is it reasonable to expect, even of Homer, that he should be always equal to himself?

In the above arguments we have confined ourselves to the Iliad: for it is this poem which has always been the favourite battle-field of the Wolfian critics. In the Odyssey, indeed, the artificial construction of the plan, the subordination of the several parts to one principal end and scheme, are so obvious that it is difficult to believe that the hypothesis of their independent origin could ever have been for a moment entertained, had not the sceptical critics been in a manner compelled by

their theories to apply the same rule to both poems. Few, however, even among the most ardent followers of Wolf, have gone so far as to dispute the existence of an original Odyssey,—a lay of the return of Ulysses and of his victory over the suitors,—but they have confined this within such narrow bounds, and have ascribed so large a part of the present poem, including so much of what is best in it, to subsequent interpolators, that little if anything has been gained by this partial admission of a poetic unity. Hermann, for instance*, thus describes what he conceives to have constituted the primitive Odyssey. 'The poet (he suggests) would, after introducing the subject as at present, with the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso, have conducted him from thence *straight to Ithaca*, (!) where, presenting himself in the garb of a mendicant, he might have made himself known by his success in the proposed trial of strength for the hand of Penelope, and have then slain the suitors with the bow of which he had thus recovered possession.' According to this view, therefore, not only those incidents which are more obviously episodes, such as the visit of Telemachus to Sparta and Pylos, or the scenes in the hut of Eumæus, but the greater part of the fortunes of Ulysses himself, his shipwreck and reception by the Phæacians, and the whole of his earlier adventures as related by him to Alcinous — the Sirens and Circe, the cave of the Cyclops, and the descent to Hades — all these are to be regarded as later additions, having no share whatever in the original design. Yet the slightest examination will show that the greater part of these could never have existed as separate poems. The voyage of Telemachus, for example, which, with the preparations for it, occupies almost the whole of the first four books, would be without interest or object except as subordinate to the main action of the poem — the return of Ulysses. And though nothing can be more easily conceived than that the voyage and wanderings of the hero himself, from Troy to the island of Calypso, should have formed the subject of one or more separate lays, these could never have assumed the peculiar *autobiographical* form in which we now possess them, until they were incorporated into a longer poem. Hermann's hypothesis, therefore, absolutely requires that all these portions of the Odyssey should be *intentional additions to the original scheme*, and that various poets, capable of producing compositions of such first-rate eminence, should all have combined to fill up the canvas of a design originally so meagre and common-place. It seems far simpler to admit that a bard, capable of conceiving

* *De Interpolationibus Homeri*, p. 54. in his 'Opuscula,' tom. v.

and composing the magnificent passage in which Ulysses, after stringing the fatal bow addresses himself to the work of destruction, should have also been gifted with genius enough to devise the plan of the present Odyssey, and to adjust to their respective places the various episodes which it comprises.

But while the general unity of design is certainly far more apparent in the Odyssey than in the Iliad, the Odyssey contains at the same time, we think, more passages which bear the stamp of later interpolations. One of the most glaring of these is the Song of Demodocus, in the Eighth Book, the genuine character of which was already questioned by some ancient critics*, and has been very generally rejected in modern times. Nor do Colonel Mure's arguments in its defence appear to us satisfactory; and we certainly cannot agree with him in the opinion that 'there are few portions of either poem which are more 'worthy of the varied powers of Homer's art, or more com-'pletely in the spirit of the Odyssey.' It is because the whole tone and style of the composition strike us as alien to the genius of Homer, that we are disposed to attach importance in this case to discrepancies of detail, which we should otherwise regard as of little consequence.† Far more serious would be the loss of that part of the Necromancy or Descent to Hades, which was condemned by Aristarchus, on account of its manifest discordance with the rest of the episode. And yet it appears to us impossible to read that portion of the poem with attention without perceiving manifest marks of interpolation, though it is not easy to determine the precise extent to which it has been carried. The same may be said of the last book of the Odyssey, of which the first part, at least, (containing the Psychopompia or Descent of the Suitors to Hades) has been generally condemned, from the days of Aristarchus to our own, and is abandoned even by Colonel Mure as unworthy of the poet's genius.

That *conservative* tendency of mind, which we have already remarked in the general tone of Colonel Mure's criticisms, is nowhere more strongly displayed than in his chapter on these alleged interpolations of the Homeric poems. We entirely agree with him in deprecating the unsparing use which has been

* See Schol. ad Aristoph. Pac. v. 778.

† One of the most important of these is the circumstance that in this passage Venus appears as the wife of Vulcan, according to the mythology current in later days; while in the Iliad he is married to one of the Graces. We can scarcely believe Colonel Mure to be serious in his attempt to explain away this contradiction by supposing that Vulcan *divorced* Venus on account of the very amour with Mars here related, and that it is his *second* wife who figures in the Iliad.

made of this expedient by many modern critics, but at the same time we cannot but feel disposed to allow far more latitude than he would concede to this element of Homeric criticism. That the circumstances under which the poems were produced, and the conditions attending their transmission to posterity, were such as to render their interpolation and corruption not only possible, but highly probable, Colonel Mure is obliged to admit; but he is always reluctant to apply this admission in practice, and, in his eagerness to vindicate the integrity of the poems as we now possess them, has more than once exceeded the bounds of a sound critical discretion.

The second head under which Colonel Mure has arranged his arguments in favour of the original unity of the Homeric poems, —that of their consistent and uniform delineation of character,— is developed by him with great ability. Indeed, there is no part of his task which he has executed more carefully, or with greater success. Strange as it may appear, this line of proof has the farther advantage of being almost entirely new. While the variety, the distinctness, and the consistency of the several characters introduced by Homer have been in all ages the theme of admiration, and are felt by every schoolboy, the important argument, which this fact supplies in favour of unity of authorship, has been in great measure neglected. Even the Æsthetic appreciation of the characters themselves, with which this argument is essentially connected, has been rarely followed out with the fulness of detail essential to its perfect comprehension. The broader strokes with which the outlines are sketched are obvious to every reader, but it is precisely in those nicer shades of discrimination, those delicate touches of individuality which escape superficial observation, that consists the main strength of the argument, as well as the highest excellence of the poet.

'It is probable' (as Colonel Mure has truly remarked) 'that, 'like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his prin- 'cipal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little 'more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished por- 'traits of the Iliad and Odyssey, must rank as his own genuine 'productions.' The number and variety of these portraits greatly exceed that produced by any other epic poet, and have, perhaps, been equalled only by our great English dramatist. Homer's characters, indeed, are not less essentially dramatic than those of Shakspeare. We have no formal delineation of their portraits, no elaborate contrasting of their peculiarities; the only instance in which any person is ushered in by the sort of description so usual with modern writers of fiction is that

of Thersites, who is brought on the stage for too short a time to enable him fully to develope his own personality; in every other case they are allowed to tell their own tale, and the reader is left to learn their characters, as we do those of people in real life, from their words and actions. This mode of dealing with his actors, while it enhances to an almost incalculable extent the artistic merit of the poet, increases, in at least the same degree, the improbability of such portraits being the result of the combined labour of many hands. To conceive and maintain throughout with perfect consistency even one such character as Achilles in the Iliad, or Ulysses in the Odyssey, is, perhaps, the highest attribute of poetic genius, and to suppose such a picture to be produced by two or more poets without previous concert, would appear to us next to impossible; but when we have to extend the same individuality not only to a whole series of other heroes, but to many subordinate and incidental persons, some of them, as Alcinous and Nausicaa, unquestionably pure creatures of fiction, the impossibility becomes, we should have thought, too palpable to be entertained for a moment. Even in the character of Achilles himself, how delicate are the traits by which the poet has softened down those sterner and fiercer features with which tradition had doubtless transmitted it, and which the nature of his subject compelled him to bring into prominent relief. We have no doubt that the youthful hero figured in poetic lays and ballads, long before the time of Homer, with the same leading characteristics as he is described in the Horatian precepts:—

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.'

But we believe that it was Homer who first added the softer shades which redeem and palliate his ferocity. Just in the same manner, the character of Lady Macbeth was received by Shakspeare from the chronicles of his time as a woman of an aspiring and ambitious character, of fierce passions, and strong resolutions; but he found there no trace of her subsequent hesitations and regrets, no suggestion of those dark whisperings of remorse which would not suffer her to rest in her sleep. In the delineation of Achilles Homer never forgets these gentle characteristics of his hero. The same chivalrous courtesy which leads him to greet with a kindly welcome, as the unwilling ministers of his violence, the heralds sent by Agamemnon to wrest Briseis from her captor, is displayed again in the ninth book towards the deputation from Agamemnon, and still more strikingly in his pathetic

interview with Priam in the twenty-fourth.* Both these books have been stigmatised by some modern critics as later interpolations or additions to the original poem; but both appear to us, on the contrary, essential to the development of the character of Achilles. We have already had occasion in a former Number to express our entire dissent from the objections brought by Mr. Grote against the Ninth Book of the Iliad, objections founded, in part at least, upon the supposed incongruity of the character of Achilles, as there represented, with other parts of the poem; and we rejoice to find that we are supported by the high authority of Colonel Mure. With his remarks upon this subject we cordially concur:—

'It is in his address to Agamemnon's deputation in the ninth book, that the genius of the hero's eloquence is most vividly displayed. This whole debate is indeed a wonderful specimen of rhetorical as well as poetical power,—perhaps the highest effort of Homer's dramatic art. The order and dignity with which it is conducted,—the happy allotment to each speaker of his own characteristic tone and style,—and the skill with which their respective resources of natural oratory are brought to bear on the momentous question at issue, are all equally admirable. The harangue of Ulysses is distinguished by the persuasive eloquence of the sage, the courtier, and the practised pleader: that of Phœnix is the touching, but somewhat diffuse, appeal of the ancient guardian to his beloved pupil; while Ajax steps in at the close, cutting short the fruitless negociation by a blunt expression of sullen resentment at the stern unforgiving temper of their host. The address of Achilles himself is one continued struggle of a proud spirit, to preserve calmness amid a fierce conflict of passions. So long as the train of his discourse is confined to explanation of his own conduct, it maintains a comparatively equable tenor: but no sooner does it involve any closer allusion to the author of his wrong, than his indignation effervesces into sallies of virulent, almost bewildered invective. It is this mixture of calmness and impetuosity, of haughty self-command and fervid agitation, which gives tone to the whole speech, subdividing it, by successive bursts of excited feeling, into clauses or paragraphs, which rising in pathos to a sort of climax, again subside into more placid mood, until a fresh recurrence of the former stimulus.'

It is unnecessary to recall to the reader's attention the wonder-

* Observe particularly the exquisite delicacy with which (v. 583—586.), after commanding his handmaids to wash and anoint the body of Hector, he desires them to keep it out of the sight of Priam till the moment of his departure, lest the aspect of it should lead the old man to break out into lamentations and upbraidings, which might again arouse the fiery passions of Achilles himself, and endanger the safety of his guest.

ful dramatic excellence of the final interview between Achilles and Priam, in the twenty-fourth book, — for the surpassing merit of the scene has been acknowledged by all critics, and must be felt by every reader. But it may be worth while to remark how closely the mixture of generous sympathy and fiery impetuosity displayed by Achilles on this occasion accords with the similar qualities exhibited in the ninth book, as well as with the general character of the hero as displayed throughout the poem. It has been repeatedly and justly urged, in defence of the genuineness of this last book, that it was necessary to complete the plan of the Iliad, and that we could never have been content to part from our heroes, — leaving the corpse of Hector naked, mutilated and unburied, and his ferocious victor still venting his vindictive fury on the lifeless remains. But it appears to us still more necessary to the complete development of the character of Achilles. Had he been represented throughout only as fierce, vindictive, and unrelenting, we should have seen nothing inconsistent in parting with him at the close of the poem still in the same implacable mood. But the effect of those softer traits which had been so skilfully introduced upon other occasions, would have been altogether marred, had not some similar touches been introduced into the closing scenes. And this could only be done by a sudden revulsion of feeling, calculated to awaken emotions of sympathy and compassion, as vehement in their kind and as passionate in their expression, as had been his wrath and his vengeance.

We cannot follow Colonel Mure through his detailed analysis of the other more prominent characters of the Iliad, though we are sure that all true lovers of poetry will rejoice in an opportunity of doing so. Every reader of the Iliad must have felt — even if he has not paused to analyse and examine the grounds of his impression — that Agamemnon and Menelaus, Diomed and Ajax, Hector and Æneas, have each their peculiar and individual nature. They all alike bear the stamp of their common age and position; all alike are the heroes or warrior chiefs of a rude and semi-barbarous period; and yet the poet has contrived, with that consummate art which eludes observation, to impart to each a particular tone and colouring.

In no instance is the skilful adaptation of these nicer shades of distinction more strikingly displayed than in the portraits of Nestor and Phœnix. The former is perhaps the most obvious and popular specimen of Homer's genius in the delineation of character: its leading features are prominent and easily seized, it required, however, no ordinary skill to introduce another actor presenting so many points of similarity to the Pylian king, and yet

retain their distinct individualities. But no one, we think, can study with attention the character of Phœnix, as displayed in the ninth book of the Iliad, without feeling at once the resemblance and the differences of the two.

'Nestor (observes Colonel Mure) is the self-satisfied old veteran, dwelling with garrulous complacency on the glories of the past, and the degeneracy of the present race of heroes; assuming, as a matter of course, the superiority of his own wisdom and experience to that of the existing generation; omitting no opportunity of fighting his battles over again; and swelling his harangues on these favourite topics with diffuse historical illustrations, derived chiefly from his personal achievements. . . . . Phœnix also is an aged Mentor, with similar credit in his own sphere for wisdom and persuasive oratory. No less diffuse in his discourse, he is equally fond of seasoning it with the experience of his early days. But the same features are presented under different colours. In Phœnix a grave, even sad, composure is substituted for the hearty self-sufficiency of the Pylian chief.'

His speech in the ninth book is tinged throughout with a gentle melancholy, which we feel to be habitual to the old man — the result of his early misfortunes and of the dependent position in which they had placed him. He refers to his own experience as a warning and a lesson; but, when he seeks for one more immediately applicable to the pride and position of Achilles, it is not to his own exploits or achievements that he turns, but to an old tale — one of the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*, the famous deeds of men of by-gone days — which had still been fresh in the memory of his early contemporaries.

Still more striking than these two pictures, and equally distinct from both, is that of the aged monarch of Troy. We know not that any critic before Colonel Mure has done justice to this beautiful portrait; but we entirely agree with him in regarding it as one of the most delicately conceived and beautifully drawn in the whole poem. When, however, he ranks it as second only to that of Achilles himself, we are rather inclined to claim this pre-eminence for the Homeric Helen — a conception of singular beauty and refinement, in which the frailties of the erring woman, and the wayward impulses of a passionate temperament, are wonderfully blended with the tenderness of a grateful and affectionate disposition, and with the dignity of carriage and demeanour beseeming the princess of royal lineage and the daughter of Jove. The Helen of Homer never appears upon the stage without our feeling disposed to exclaim with the Trojan elders —

οὐ νέμεσις, Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
τοιῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν.

The conduct of Priam to his daughter-in-law is strictly in accordance with the characters of both, and the feeling and encouraging regard with which he greets her appearance on the ramparts (in the third book) is in perfect keeping with her own incidental admission (in the twenty-third) that 'he had ever 'been gentle and kind to her as a father,'

ἑκυρὸς δὲ, πατὴρ ὥς, ἤπιος ἀιεί.

It is such undesigned coincidences as this — touches which, although they occur in the most distant parts of the poem, betray the workings of the same creative mind — that afford, to our apprehension, the strongest proof of its original unity of conception.

Imperfectly as we have been able to do justice to this part of our subject, we trust that we have said enough to convey to the minds of our readers the same impression which we feel certain they will derive from the complete analysis of Colonel Mure; and which he has well summed up in the following words: —

'It seems difficult to understand how any impartial reader, who has carefully weighed these facts and citations, can believe it possible that a series of such singularly delicate portraits, individualised by so subtle an unity of mechanism, not only in their broader features of peculiarity, but in the nicest turns of sentiment and phraseology, can be the produce of the medley of artists to which the Wolfian school assigns them. It were about as probable that some ten or twenty sculptors of the age of Pericles, undertaking each a different part or limb of a statue of Jupiter, should have produced the Olympian Jove of Phidias, as that a number of ballad-singers of the ante-Olympic era should have combined, by a similar process of patchwork, in producing the Achilles or Agamemnon, the Priam, the Hector, or the Helen of Homer.' (Vol. i. p. 361.)

The arguments classed by Colonel Mure under the third head, that of Style — a term which he employs in its widest sense, as including all peculiarities, not only of language and phraseology, but of sentiment and imagery — except in as far as these last were turned directly to the delineation of character — admit of condensation and abridgment in a still less degree than those which we have been already considering. Yet they are in one respect of even greater importance, because it is almost exclusively from this source that must be derived all arguments in favour of the common authorship of the two poems. It is hardly necessary to observe that this question stands on grounds wholly distinct from that of the unity of composition of each, separately considered. Even in ancient times, while we find scarcely any approach to the boldness of the Wolfian school in their attempt to break up each poem into separate portions, we

know that there existed a sect or school of critics distinguished as οἱ χωρίζοντες—'the Separatists'—who maintained that the Iliad and the Odyssey were the productions of different authors. This doctrine, however, (first advanced by an Alexandrian critic of the name of Xenon) appears to have always been regarded as a kind of literary heresy; and no ancient writer of eminence is ever cited as having given it his sanction. In modern times, on the contrary, it has found favour with many eminent critics, even among those who have rejected the other theories of the Wolfian school; while the old and orthodox tradition has been but feebly and faintly defended. The latter has, however, found a zealous advocate in Colonel Mure; and he has laboured with much zeal and considerable success to support it, by an elaborate comparison of the style, the language, and the sentiments of the two poems.

The question is one of no little difficulty: and while we ourselves incline strongly in favour of the same side of the question, we are painfully sensible of the almost insuperable obstacles to its satisfactory proof. Even the most orthodox adherents of the old doctrine must admit that the similarity of style is by no means perfect. A sense of a certain prevailing difference in the tone and spirit of the two poems is implied in the suggestion of Longinus that the Iliad was composed in the full vigour of the author's manhood—the Odyssey in his declining age; and the same feeling is finely expressed by that great critic in the comparison of the latter poem to the setting sun, which retains its grandeur, though it has lost its fiery ardour. On the other hand, Colonel Mure has endeavoured to show, by a careful collation of parallel passages in the two poems, that there exist numerous instances of the recurrence of corresponding trains of thought, expressed in language strikingly similar, though neither identical nor designedly imitated; while, in other cases again, we not only find particular lines and forms of expression recurring in both poems, but sometimes whole passages are in great measure composed of such repetitions,—though they are, nevertheless, introduced with such artistic skill as to have every appearance of originality.*

These arguments are unquestionably entitled to great weight,

* One of the most striking instances of this is in the account of the combat with the Ciconians (Odyss. ix. 39—61.), which, as Colonel Mure has shown (vol. ii. p. 65.), is little more than a cento made up of lines and phrases common to the Iliad: yet the spirit and freedom of the passage render it almost impossible to suppose it an *intentional compilation.*

but they are hardly of a nature to be quite conclusive. The distinction between mere resemblance and direct imitation is one extremely difficult to draw with accuracy or to define in words. Like those nice shades and touches in painting, by which the connoisseur recognises the original hand of the master, it is rather to be felt than expressed; and however strong may be the conviction produced on our own mind, it is scarcely possible to convey it to the apprehension of another. Still more difficult is it to determine how far similar habits of thought, common to two poets of the same age and state of society, may not have clothed themselves naturally in similar language, borrowed from the common stock of epic phraseology. In this respect the modern critic labours under a special disadvantage, from the loss of all those works which would have furnished the other term of comparison. If we still possessed in their integrity any one of those poems which were assigned to Homer by the voice of early antiquity, but rejected by the more advanced criticism of a later period — were we able to bring into comparison with the Iliad and Odyssey, the Cypria, the Thebais or the Epigoni — we should have been far better able to judge how much of the similarity of sentiment and expression observable in the two poems now extant was peculiar to them alone, or was to be found in others of the same heroic character: how much of the style and language which we now regard as essentially Homeric was, in fact, conventional and common to the whole cycle of early popular poetry.

If, indeed, it could be shown, as has been contended by several modern critics, that the Iliad and the Odyssey present such differences in the state of manners and society which they represent, as to render it impossible that they should be the production of the same author, or even of the same age, this would be an argument of a far more conclusive character. But we think it has been satisfactorily proved by Colonel Mure (following out the same line of argument as K. O. Müller and Mr. Grote) that the differences observable in these respects are certainly not greater than may fairly be attributed to the different subjects of the two poems — the one displaying more of the arts of peace, the other wholly occupied with scenes of war — the one exhibiting the courts, the other the camp of the Greek chieftains.

The main question, therefore, whether they can properly be attributed to one author, must rest, we think, wholly on the broad arguments: first, of such a general similarity in the tone and spirit, as well as the style and language of the two, as is *most easily* explained by the supposition of their common authorship;

secondly, of the improbability that there should have arisen, in the same age and country, *two* poetical geniuses of the very highest order, presenting such marked features of resemblance with one another, and both alike rising immeasurably above all who preceded, as well as all who followed them; so that their works have survived through all succeeding ages, like two mighty landmarks looming through the mists of antiquity as models of unapproachable excellence. To those who consider, with Mr. Grote, this improbability to be less than those which attend the contrary view of the question, we confess that we have no reply: to ourselves, the difficulty of conceiving that the plan of *one* poem of such magnitude and such uniform excellence should have been imagined and carried out by the bard of a rude age, with the imperfect appliances which he could have possessed, is unquestionably great; but once admitting the possibility of this, and having the *fact* of such a poem before our eyes, it appears to us far easier to believe that the same extraordinary genius should have been capable of a second effort, than that all the conditions requisite to its production should have again been united in another individual.

In the able and elaborate analysis which Colonel Mure has given of all the leading properties of the Homeric style — by far the most complete and satisfactory review of the subject which we have ever met with — we, for the most part, entirely concur. We must, however, make a decided exception in regard to what he has termed the 'comic element' of Homer's style, — a characteristic to which he recurs upon various occasions, and to which he assigns such a prominence as will probably excite the surprise of most of his readers. Indeed, Colonel Mure himself is aware that he is here introducing, in great measure, a new element into Homeric criticism; and repeatedly expresses his wonder that so important a feature, of the Odyssey especially, should have been almost wholly overlooked by previous commentators. We believe the error of the commentators to have been, in this instance, shared by almost every reader in proportion to his discernment; and we must plead guilty to participating in that 'general blindness to the facetious element of 'the Homeric poems,' with which Colonel Mure reproaches all preceding critics. No one, of course, could fail to observe that both poems occasionally present images and descriptions of a ludicrous class. Such, for example, are the description of Thersites and his treatment by Ulysses in the second book of the Iliad, and the combat between Ulysses and Irus in the Odyssey. The scenes in the cave of Polyphemus, and the manner in which the ferocious but stupid giant is deluded by his crafty adversary,

are a still stronger instance, and undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of the ludicrous with the terrible. But, far from the effect of these scenes being enhanced by the humorous tone of the narration itself, we are convinced that most readers will have been struck with the very contrary; and will have perceived in the striking simplicity with which they are introduced, but little distinction made between them and the graver portions of the poem. Such we believe to be the character of all popular poetry of the narrative class; and we see in these occasional passages only a fresh proof of what we have already stated,—that the Homeric poems, with all their merit, retain the stamp of their having had their origin in a comparatively rude age, and that they are still essentially heroic ballads. Just in the same manner that we find the poem of the Cid relating, in almost precisely the same tone with the martial exploits of its hero, the crafty device by which he swindled two unfortunate Jews out of the money which he needed for his expedition.

But Colonel Mure is not satisfied with attaching what we must deem a very undue degree of importance to the occasional introduction of such ludicrous images and incidents as those referred to, but he assigns to his author a strong turn for satirical humour and for a sly and concealed irony — qualities which we regard essentially foreign to his genius, as well as to that of every people in a primitive and imperfect state of civilisation. It is especially in the episode of the Phæacians that Colonel Mure thinks he discovers these qualities; and he does not hesitate to pronounce the whole episode to be *intended as a satire on the habits of some real people with whom the poet was familiar.* With all deference for the judgment of a critic of great ability who has bestowed infinite study upon his author, we must venture to doubt the existence of any such intention.

The Phæacians are represented as a gay and luxurious people, inhabiting a sort of land of Cockaigne, where all their wants were abundantly provided for with little exertion on their part, and having therefore nothing to divert their attention from the pleasures of the moment; even their nautical enterprises, which formed their only serious occupation, being accomplished with superhuman facility. The whole delineation of their character appears to us strictly in keeping with this idea of their position; lively, careless, and good-humoured, open-handed and generous, hospitable and courteous, but vain and self-sufficient, and somewhat addicted to boasting,—although in regard to their skill in navigation it must be admitted that their vaunts were fully borne out by the result. Notwithstanding their self-conceit, we must confess ourselves utterly unable to

discover in it that humorous tone which Colonel Mure considers to pervade the whole description, or to see anything to justify the expressions of 'mock heroic,' and 'burlesque,' which he applies to some portions of it. Had this been the intention of the poet, we can conceive nothing more incongruous and ill-judged than the admission — into such a picture — of a portrait like that of Nausicaa, the beauty and delicacy of which is fully acknowledged by Colonel Mure.

'The dream of Nausicaa, the most charming of her nation and her sex, her conversation with her father, her descent with her maidens to wash the family linen at the river's mouth, the nymphish sports with which they enliven their task, and their encounter with Ulysses, offer a beautiful picture of the ancient simplicity of domestic manners, and of virgin innocence, vivacity, and tenderness.'* (Vol. i. p. 405.)

Surely such an exquisite picture, or rather succession of pictures, would have been a strange introduction to a series of scenes designed to be essentially satirical and burlesque. But even in the midst of the subsequent intercourse of Ulysses with the Phæacians themselves, and just where the boastful levity of their character is most prominently displayed, the poet has tempered the tone of the picture with admirable skill by the beautiful passage in which the young Phæacian Euryalus apologizes to the stranger for his previous insolence. Never, we believe, from that day to this, has an apology been tendered and accepted in terms of more genuine courtesy. There are few passages in the Homeric poems which we should cite as more striking examples of that innate refinement of feeling which stamps true good breeding, in every age and country; few in which we should have been less disposed to suspect anything of a burlesque or satirical character.

But if any doubt could remain on our minds that the whole

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* Yet shortly afterwards (p. 411.), Colonel Mure expressly draws attention to the simile of the lion, introduced into this very passage as a 'specimen of the mock heroic,' and a 'travesty of the more dignified 'epical style.' There is undoubtedly something strange to our ideas in the simile in question; but not stranger than the comparison of Penelope to a lion in the fourth book (v. 791.), on occasion of which Colonel Mure adverts to the partiality of Homer for the lion as a source of figurative illustration. The simile in the present instance may be fully explained by that peculiarity of Homer in the use of such comparisons, elsewhere so ably discussed and developed by Colonel Mure himself, — the enlargement of the simile beyond the actual point of resemblance. In this case the similarity consists only in the suffering from hunger and the inclemency of the weather, which drives Ulysses forth, *just as it does the lion*, — the rest is all poetic ornament; the tail put on to it.

of this episode has been regarded by Colonel Mure from a false point of view, our hesitation would be removed at once by his concluding remarks.

'The *facetious spirit* of the adventure (he tells us) is maintained to the close. Laden with compliments and presents, the hero embarks in the evening, in a galley expressly fitted out for his service. Before daybreak the ship reaches the coast of Ithaca, where he is conveyed gently from the deck, on his bed, by the *waggish* crew (!), and deposited fast asleep, together with his goods, on his native rocks. On awakening, he is at a loss to know where he is, when he is relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of his divine patroness Minerva.'

That a critic of such taste and discernment as Colonel Mure should have been able to read the beautiful lines at the opening of the thirteenth book in which the nocturnal voyage of Ulysses is described, and associate with them any facetious import, is utterly inexplicable to us. Without going so far as Mr. Milnes, who, with a far truer conception of the poet's meaning, has pronounced the passage to be the most affecting in the whole Odyssey*, we have always felt that there was something singularly touching and beautiful in the idea of thus conveying to his home the man of many sorrows, after all the toils and perils he had encountered both in war and tempest, 'sleeping sweetly as a child forgetful of all that he had suffered.' No version can do justice to the exquisite sweetness of the original lines, and we trust that no reader of Homer will require to have them recalled to his memory.†

* Memorials of a Tour in Greece, p. 29.

† It may seem unnecessary to seek any other reason for a poetical conception which afforded the opportunity of so beautiful a contrast: but if we must ask, with Nitzsch (upon whom Colonel Mure is, we think, in this instance very unjustly severe), *why* the Phæacians should have landed Ulysses in his sleep, the answer appears to us obvious. Besides the poetical necessity that Ulysses should arrive in his native land secretly and unobserved, the incident serves to keep up the peculiar veil of mystery thrown around the Phæacians and every thing connected with them. Welcker has very justly pointed out (*Die Homerischen Phäacher*, in his 'Kleine Schriften,' vol. ii. p. 1.) that Scheria and its inhabitants are not less essentially mythical than the Cyclopes or Laestrygones, the floating island of Æolus or the abode of Calypso. The Phæacians are indeed mere men in their ordinary ways of life, but we are continually reminded that there was something superhuman and mysterious about them: they are nearly connected with the gods (ἀγχίθεοι), and cousins of the Cyclopes and Giants: a mysterious prophecy, the fulfilment of which is left in uncertainty, foretold their total annihilation by the wrath of Neptune:

But strongly as we deprecate the attempt of Colonel Mure to impart a burlesque character to the beautiful episode of the Phæacians, we must protest still more earnestly against his forcing the same element into the loftier mechanism of the Iliad. The impropriety of some of the scenes represented in that poem as passing in the halls of Olympus, and especially how unbecoming the squabbles of Jupiter and Juno, was an objection early felt by the Greeks themselves. In their earnest desire at once to rescue the popular theology from the imputation of indecorum, and to maintain the credit of Homer, some of the philosophers had recourse to the allegorical system of interpretation; and regarded or affected to regard these descriptions as symbolical of physical phenomena, or involving a recondite ethical meaning.

All such attempts to vindicate the reputation of the poet, have been justly rejected by modern critics. But we are not the less surprised to find Colonel Mure resorting for the same purpose to the supposition that such passages are *satirical*, and designed by the poet himself 'to banter the extravagance of the 'popular theology.' Idle as we conceive the allegorical explanation to be, we confess that we should much prefer it to this new solution of the difficulty.

It strikes us as almost impossible, that in so rude a state of society, as that in which Homer must have flourished, he should have been so much in advance of the theology of his contemporaries, as to have regarded with contempt the notions commonly entertained by them of the divine nature and attributes; but it is still more incredible, even if he had entertained such views, that he should have ventured to express them. The poetry of Homer was thoroughly popular both in spirit and detail; it was addressed solely to his own countrymen and contemporaries; no thought of future critics, no appeal to the superior refinement of a distant age, can be supposed to have entered into the mind of the blind and wandering minstrel. To whom then should any such covert meaning and refined irony be addressed? If not adapted to the taste and feelings of his contemporaries, the pictures in question would have been felt by them, as they were felt by their successors, to be irre-

—every thing appears designed to separate them from the domain of reality, and it was nothing but the most prosaic and pragmatical spirit that could identify them with the mere human inhabitants of Corcyra. The nocturnal voyage,—a thing wholly contrary to the ideas and practice of Greek navigators,—and the landing the hero in his sleep, appear to us strictly in unison with this conception and necessary to keep up the veil of separation between the real and the imaginary.

verent and offensive; and in this case we are convinced that they would never have been introduced. If, on the contrary, they *were* so adapted, — if the audience for whom alone Homer sang, saw nothing incongruous or profane in thus ascribing to the deities the passions and foibles of human beings, — it is surely the simplest and most natural explanation, to admit that the poet himself did not in this respect rise above the conceptions of his contemporaries.*

To the numerous evidences thus furnished by the Homeric poems themselves in favour of their original unity of design and composition — derived both from the mutual interconnexion of their several parts and from the consistent development of character, as well as from the general uniformity of style, — it has been the fashion of the Wolfian critics to oppose the fact of the occurrence in each poem of certain incongruities and discrepancies in regard to points of detail. Such inconsistencies in matters of fact, they allege, cannot by possibility have proceeded from the mind of one and the same writer. Of the frequent instances of such alleged discordance, which have been detected by their minute ingenuity, some disappear on a calmer and fairer consideration of the passages in question, and many do not exceed that amount of poetical licence which has been accorded in all ages to writers of fiction, but others unquestionably *are* discordances; and the inference derived from them can be met only as Colonel Mure has met it, — by boldly denying that such petty discrepancies of detail afford any legitimate ground of argument against unity of authorship. Should such a line of proof be once admitted, he has shown that it may be applied with at least equal force to the Æneid as to the Iliad — to Milton as well as to Homer — to the romantic fictions of Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott, as well as to the heroic poetry of the early ages of Greece. One of the most striking instances of such discrepancy occurs in the 'Antiquary' of the great novelist, the scene of which is laid on the *east* coast of Scotland, and yet in the

* One passage, however, at which Colonel Mure takes reasonable umbrage, as Aristarchus and Montaigne had done before him, — the lines in the fourteenth book (v. 317—327.) where Jupiter goes through the catalogue of his illicit amours, — admits, we think, of another explanation, namely, that it is not Homer's at all. We entirely concur with the judgment of the Alexandrian grammarians in rejecting these lines as a later interpolation; they appear to us to bear the manifest stamp of the mythological and genealogical school of poetry which grew out of that of Hesiod. To suppose them, with Colonel Mure, to be *satirical*, may avoid in some degree the *theological* impropriety; but in our apprehension, it only enhances the *poetical* one, which we look upon as far the most important of the two.

adventure of the storm on the beach, *the sun is described as setting in the sea.* Such a discordance as this in a plain matter of fact would, on the principles of the Wolfian school, prove conclusively that the fine scene in which it occurs could never have formed part of the original novel. We believe the fact to be, that such occasional oversights and negligences have in all ages been the inevitable accompaniments of great works of genius. The minute diligence which can alone guard against them belongs rather to the 'æqualis mediocritas' of an Apollonius, than to the lofty inspirations of Homer. On the other hand, these flaws and blemishes are precisely of such a character as might have been easily removed by subsequent emendation. If the Homeric poems had really been patched together in the manner supposed by Wolf, it appears to us incredible that Pisistratus and his assistants, or the Alexandrian grammarians who succeeded them, would have allowed these petty discrepancies to remain when they might have been so easily removed by the interpolation or omission of a line or two here and there. We can easily fancy such trifling details to have been overlooked or forgotten by the bard himself; but they are exactly what the grammarian or compiler would not have failed to notice.

But our limits warn us that we must conclude; and we can do no more than briefly allude to one other topic: it is so immediately connected with the Homeric controversy that the whole question was at one time thought to turn principally upon it. We mean the period at which the art of writing was introduced, or at least came into general use among the ancient Greeks. Whether the Iliad and Odyssey were originally written or not, was assumed by Wolf and his immediate followers to be a question almost identical with that of the existence of the poems in a complete and connected form. Accordingly there is no part of the controversy which has been more warmly debated: and while the discussion of it has thrown much additional light upon the subject itself, it has led, we think, to a very general belief, that the importance of the point has been overrated. Colonel Mure has devoted the last two chapters of the present volumes to a very careful and elaborate investigation of the whole subject, embracing not only the question of the application of writing to literary purposes, but that also of the period and extent of its employment for monumental inscriptions. It is with the first question alone that we are here concerned; and, —while we fully acknowledge the value and importance of his researches, as a contribution to the literary history of Greece, —we must confess that he has failed to convince us either that the poems of Homer were originally written, or that there is

any necessity for supposing them to have been so. Startling as it may appear to our modern habits of thought, to conceive poems of such extent to have been composed and preserved without the aid of writing, — yet the instances which have been brought forward from various quarters conclusively demonstrate the *possibility* of such a supposition. And the whole analogy of early Greek literature appears to point to it as a fact. We know that oral recitation continued, down to a comparatively late period, to be the only mode by which poetry was promulgated, or, if we may use the term, published, in Greece. Can we suppose the Homeric poems, at a period so much more remote, to have been communicated to the public in any other manner? And does not this necessarily require that the poet himself at least, if not his successors, should have been able to recite the whole? For the present purpose, it is of very little use to admit that Homer himself possessed the art of writing, unless we suppose the use of it to have been extended and familiar, to a degree for which the most sanguine advocate will scarcely contend. The bare existence of one or two written copies of the Iliad or Odyssey would not dispense with the necessity of a continuous succession or school of Homerids, in case the poems were to be kept alive in the popular mind, as we know in fact they were, by oral recitation alone. And if once the existence of such a peculiar guild or fraternity devoted to this especial object be admitted, we can see no difficulty in supposing the poems to have been transmitted from one generation to another by the unaided power of memory.

Numerous as are the other subjects of interest connected with the name of Homer, into which we would gladly follow Colonel Mure, our limits preclude us from entering upon them. Still less can we attempt to accompany him into that brilliant period of Greek literature which forms the subject of his third volume: we can only express our hope that we may be able at no very distant time to recur to this portion of the subject. The lyric poetry of Greece requires indeed to be considered and examined as a whole; and bright as are the names which adorn the pages now before us, we are not unwilling to postpone the consideration of them until those of Anacreon, of Pindar, and Simonides, are added to the constellation of which they are such conspicuous luminaries. That Colonel Mure may speedily afford us the advantage of his guidance throughout this domain of criticism is a wish, in which we feel sure of the hearty sympathies and concurrence of every scholar.

ART. V. — 1. *The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, carried on by Order of the British Government in the Years* 1835, 1836, *and* 1837; *preceded by Geographical and Historical Notices of the Regions situated between the Rivers Nile and Indus.* In Four Volumes, with Fourteen Maps and Charts, and embellished with Ninety-seven Plates, besides numerous Woodcuts. By Lieutenant-Colonel CHESNEY, R.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., Colonel in Asia, Commander of the Expedition. By Authority. Vols. I. II. London: 1850.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation to India; with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 14th July, 1834. Sessional Paper, No. 478.

3. *Copies or Extracts from Communications or Dispatches, addressed to the Board of Control, relating to the recent Expedition to the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and its Result.* Ordered to be printed, 22d February, 1838. Sessional Paper, No. 75.

IN 1833, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the means of promoting communication with India by steam. The evidence taken by it contains the views and suggestions of probably as able a body of witnesses as have ever been brought before those celebrated tribunals. Engineers, men of science, military and naval commanders, merchants, travellers, diplomatists, geographers, and antiquaries, all contributed to its instruction. It is true, seventeen years' experience has displaced many of the considerations relied on by the advocates of the line by the Euphrates in preference to that by Suez and the Red Sea. The south-west monsoon is not found to impede the progress of a sea-going steamer from Bombay to Aden: the plague at Alexandria does not shut up that port from European intercourse through three months of the year. Coal depôts have been formed, wherever requisite, between Bombay and Suez, without the risk of either deterioration or combustion. Above all, the objections to the overland route by Egypt have been refuted by the one effectual method of meeting speculative objections, — by doing the thing in question. We have now a safe, regular, and expeditious steam communication with India by way of Suez. But if we can obtain a still more safe and expeditious communication, and at the same time equally regular by the Euphrates, Suez in its

turn must share the fate of Cape Town; and if again, the mighty project of a continuous railway from Ostend to Calcutta should be actually carried out, Antioch and Aleppo would have to resign the stream of traffic to Constantinople. In the mean time the commercial instinct will not cease exploring the shortest and most profitable path; and there are certain undisputed facts in favour of the line of the Euphrates, which must always keep alive our interest in any additional information respecting it.

The advantages are apparent on an inspection of the map. From the shore of the Mediterranean at Alexandria *viâ* Suez and the Red Sea, is 3255 miles, including 1725 miles of open sea voyage; from the shore of the Mediterranean at Scanderoon to Bombay, *viâ* Antioch, the Euphrates, and the Persian Gulf, is 2574 miles, including only 800 miles of open sea voyage; making a difference of 681 miles in absolute distance in favour of the latter route, in addition to the advantage of exchanging 938 miles of sea voyage for an equal length of river navigation. These were the broad grounds insisted upon by Captain Chesney for the experimental expedition, which the Committee recommended on his evidence. He grounded nothing on the supposed difficulty of overcoming the monsoon: he had sagacity enough to foresee that steam navigation would ultimately prevail over winds and waves, and that, wherever coals were needed, commerce could and would supply them; but he urged stoutly and successfully the plain proposition that,—if, instead of traversing the two sides of the peninsular triangle of Arabia by sea, we could pass direct from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf along its base, by a route which, for upwards of one thousand miles would lead us through lands capable of producing silk, cotton, sugar, and tobacco,—we should gain both in point of time and of commercial capabilities. For the sea is barren: no produce springs up in the track of a ship: while even in the desert the passage of the caravan leaves here and there the seeds of life and fertility. All speculations, however, on the comparative advantages of the route suppose a preliminary question to be answered in the affirmative:—Could the Euphrates, throughout that long distance, be navigated by steam vessels?

Captain Chesney was entitled here to speak with some authority. He had descended on a raft from El Kaim through 962 miles of the distance in 1831, (being the first European who had accomplished the continuous descent of the Euphrates in modern times); and he had also seen the river 300 miles higher up, from Bir to Samosat, in 1832. The information collected on these occasions had been so carefully considered by him during the in-

terval, that he was enabled to come before the Committee with fully-digested plans and estimates for a surveying expedition, comprising two iron steamers and an adequate scientific corps. He proposed that the steamers should be sent out in pieces to the coast near Scanderoon or Antioch; that they should be transported thence 122 miles across the country to a depôt to be established at Bir, 1197 miles from Bussorah; should be there put together and launched; and, after descending the Euphrates, should be handed over to the East India Company at the termination of their voyage. It appearing that the whole design might be accomplished at a cost of 20,000*l.*, the Committee recommended that that sum should be placed at the disposal of Government for the purpose; and accordingly, in November, 1834, Captain Chesney had the honour to be appointed, with the rank of Colonel, to the command of the expedition. The assent of the Turkish Government having been obtained, Colonel Chesney, on his arrival at the mouth of the Orontes, in April, 1835, was prepared to expect the support and assistance of Ibraham Pasha. From the 14th of April, however, till the 9th of July, the local authorities opposed various impediments to his procuring the necessary means of transport. The framework and machinery of two river-steamers, one of fifty and the other of twenty horse-powers, had been brought out. To move the boilers of their engines and the other heavy material proved an undertaking of considerable difficulty. The Orontes was navigable, however, for a part of the distance; so that the Tigris, the smaller of the two steamers, being put together and launched within the bar, transported the machinery and armament of the larger vessel to Murad Pasha, some miles in the interior. Here the transport was again taken to pieces, and, with her cargo, disposed on trucks to be drawn by bullocks across the table-land which intervenes between Murad Pasha and the valley of the Euphrates, at Bir. But the promised bullocks were not forthcoming: the waters of the river, in the valley of which the heavy goods were waiting the means of carriage, rose and submerged the boilers and the diving-bell. Meantime, the more portable material of the expedition had been forwarded by camels and horses, and even carried on the backs of the men; but the boilers and diving-bell remained immovable. At length, after nine weeks of thwarting opposition, Ibraham Pasha permitted the owners of the necessary number of cattle to supply them. The boilers and diving-bell were fished up and dragged to their destination. Unfortunately, the anxiety, exposure, and fatigue of these operations threw Colonel Chesney into a fever: indeed, none of the party escaped at least one attack of illness. Notwithstanding all obstacles, the depôt on

the Euphrates, a few miles below Bir, had been in the interval prepared by an active officer, Lieutenant Lynch: and here the task of framing and fitting up the steamers was carried on by workmen from the builders' yards at Liverpool. While the steamers were in progress on the stocks, the officers made good use of their leisure in a quasi-scientific recognisance of the upper valley of the river; where the discovery of a mine of plumbago on the Taurus, near Marash, and the identification of certain classical sites, rewarded the excursion. Colonel Chesney, who had been so ill on setting out that he had to be lifted to his horse, returned with restored health; and, the steamers having been completed and launched, the expedition set forth, on the 16th March, 1836, in high spirits, and full of splendid anticipations. The course of observation was as follows: —

'A boat was dispatched ahead usually for a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, sounding and taking bearings, which being placed on paper, when the officer returned he became pilot to the vessel for the distance examined, and a second set of bearings with a double set of soundings were taken from the steamer's deck. Simultaneously with the water operations thus carried on by Lieutenant Cleaveland and Messrs. Eden, Charlewood, Fitzjames, and Hector, there were two other sets on land, viz. a chain of ground trigonometrical angles along the principal heights based on astronomical points by Lieutenant Murphy, R. E., and a small one with a succession of short base lines from bend to bend by Captain Estcourt.'

We make this extract from a statement of the labours of the expedition (Dispatches, p. 78.), drawn up by Mr. Ainsworth, their surgeon and geologist, who at this period appears to have been their chief penman. Mr. Ainsworth is an eminently unsatisfactory writer; and we cannot but ascribe a good deal of the difficulty, which Colonel Chesney appears to have experienced in making the country aware of the value of his services, to the repulsiveness of Mr. Ainsworth's infelicitous method of composition. How far any knowledge acquired by the expedition on the nature of either the river, or the country, or the population, is likely to affect our communication with the East, for the present at least, is another question. The facts speak for themselves; and on this the public will pass judgment, if it has not already passed it.

But the expedition was now to experience a greater misfortune than that of having a tedious and perplexing penman for its chronicler. After descending 509 miles through a channel somewhat more intricate than was expected, but still with complete success, the steamers on the 21st of May had reached a place called Werdi, about twenty miles above El Kaim, when

a hurricane suddenly arose, in which the Tigris foundered. The hurricane was accompanied by thick darkness; and so powerful was the wind that it needed all the force of the engines of the Euphrates going at full speed, backed by three cables from the bank, to keep her from being driven from the berth, where Lieutenant Cleaveland had had the good fortune to make her fast on observing the first approach of the danger. Two officers, Messrs. R. B. Lynch and Cockburn, and twenty men, went down in the Tigris in five fathom water. She sank within eight or ten yards of the left bank; to which Colonel Chesney and the survivors managed to make their way, or were rather blown and washed by the force of the hurricane. They were, in fact, carried with the surf over the bank a considerable distance into a field of Indian corn. The loss of the Tigris was a severe blow. Drawing considerably less water than the Euphrates, she had hitherto led in the descent: and in her engine-room the experiments had been conducted on the comparative heating powers of wood, coal, and the native lignite and bitumen, which were supplied by the Arabs on the banks. A vessel of her small dimensions would have been of infinite use in the subsequent part of the survey, on passing through the narrow and tortuous channels of the Lamlum marshes. The loss, however, was irreparable, and the expedition proceeded. Colonel Chesney was now upon the waters he had formerly navigated on his raft; and repeated, in safety and at leisure, the observations which, in 1831, he had snatched furtively from behind his bulwark of sacks and portmanteaus. The whole descent to Bussorah was effected by the 19th of June. The Euphrates by this time stood in need of repairs, which, having been completed at Bushir, at the head of the Persian Gulf, Colonel Chesney resumed his exploration of the rivers which join the united stream of the Tigris and Euphrates near its mouth; after which he ascended the Tigris to Bagdat, for the purpose of obtaining a series of levels from that city to Felujah. Returning from Bagdat to Kurna, at the junction of the two rivers, the steamer took in the Indian mail, with the view of reascending the Euphrates with it. This would have been the grand feat of the expedition, if it had been accomplished. But the Euphrates was too large a boat, and drew too much water for the passage of the Lamlum marshes at that season—before they had ascended more than half way to Hillah, one of the engines became useless,—and the party, in deep disappointment, had to put about and return to Kurna. From Kurna Colonel Chesney proceeded to Bombay, leaving the command with Major Estcourt, who, after another ascent of the Tigris, and an extended examination of the delta

of the united rivers, finally, in obedience to orders from the Foreign Office, broke up the expedition towards the end of January, 1837.

The main object had been to test the navigability of the Euphrates. This was done. It has been established, in point of fact, that at the lowest period of the river it might be descended and ascended by river steamers of suitable dimensions; that abundance of fuel could be had all along the banks; and that the bordering tribes were eager to deal for articles of British produce and manufacture: And all this has been effected at a cost, including the value of the lost Tigris, of less than 30,000*l.* The expedition had not been designed for any special scientific purpose. It had no corps of *savans*, properly speaking. The surgeon volunteered the geology; the military officers performed the surveying; a German gentleman and his lady, in exchange for their passage down the river, took notes of the Fauna and Flora; all contributed their quotas of learning and sagacity, *tantum quantum*, in identifying the sites of ancient places, and fixing the routes by which the great armies of antiquity had marched and counter-marched across the vast field subjected to their examination. Thus Colonel Chesney had acquitted himself of the task confided to him; indeed, had performed more than was required of him; and, if he had been a mere soldier employed on a particular service, might have discharged his mind of all further regard for the Euphrates, or its commerce, after forwarding his last official letter to the Secretary of the Board of Control. But the commander of the Euphrates Expedition aimed at something beyond a mere record of distances and soundings. He aspired to the production of a work corresponding to the greatness of the subject in its widest aspect. The region he had explored was indeed the cradle of mankind, the seat of early civilisation and commerce, the theatre of the greatest military operations of antiquity; had been for many centuries the highway between the Oriental and the European markets; and, just in proportion to its present desertion and defencelessness, it sooner or later will probably be found to offer sufficient inducements to the great powers of the world to make it once again the battle-ground of rival operations, military, political, or commercial. But, great as the subject was, Colonel Chesney, in his over anxiety to do it justice, has conceived an exaggerated idea of its dimensions; until in the multifarious heap of matter constituting the preliminary portion of his work, and with which the two volumes, so far published, are almost wholly occupied, he has as much exceeded the just limits of a suitable memoir, as a river log book would have fallen short of them.

But, although a less ambitious arrangement, which had proceeded at once to deal with the immediate topics, would have been far preferable, we cannot deny to these volumes the respect due to a vast design, executed with infinite pains and fidelity, and in many respects worthy of the occasion. Looking at the plain of Assyria as the Western depôt for Asiatic commerce, and tracing the various channels by which those streams of wealth have been derived to it, we find it hard to set a boundary to the geographical field, which a full topography of the basin of the Euphrates and Tigris ought to embrace. But Colonel Chesney has carried his geographical excursions into countries plainly beyond his province. It is true we cannot but be struck with the latitudinarian nature of the subject at the outset. The space which forms the immediate topic of inquiry abuts on five great inland seas, situated in a symmetrical arrangement round its borders;—the Caspian and the Red Sea, in the line of one diagonal, the Persian Gulf and the Black Sea, in the line of the other, and the Mediterranean on one side. To this extent we could accompany Colonel Chesney in laying down the *terrene* with all the particularity he might deem necessary; but when he carries us beyond the Caspian to the Sea of Aral, and thence up the Oxus, and past the Solymean Mountains and Indus, to the rivers of the Punjaub, we no longer recognise our proper subject, and feel that we might, with nearly as much relevancy to the purposes of the inquiry proposed, be engaged on the physical conditions of the Rhine or the Danube. For our own part, and for the purposes of this notice, we are not disposed to leave the immediate basin of the Great River itself, farther than to connect it by the nearest route across the Syrian table-land with the shore of the Mediterranean; and we have to regret that, notwithstanding so great a profusion of topographical details, to the extent of hundreds of unnecessary miles on every side, we find no sufficient account, so far, of the surface, or levels, or geological constitution of this particular portion of the route; and this, we need hardly observe, is the very part of it which a practical inquirer would desire to be first informed about. We have, indeed, a line of levels surveyed by Lieutenant Murphy from the Orontes to Bir (Map 1.); but the elevations are much too considerable to allow us to speculate on that route,—especially as it appears that the line by Aleppo to Balis, a point equally near to the Mediterranean as Bir, and 101 miles lower down the river,—is much more practicable. Perhaps Colonel Chesney may have reserved these details for the latter portion of his work,—for these two volumes are almost wholly occupied with introductory or collateral discussions; mean-

while, ordinary inquirers, who wish to know what are the facilities for railroad, for canal, or for highway, between the point of debarkation from the Mediterranean and of embarkation on the Euphrates, will not be satisfied with the gradients of the Hindoo Koosh or with the geology of the Caucasus, no matter how accurately premised, instead. In the same way, as regards historical events, we must own we are more interested in the expedition of Colonel Chesney himself than in any new essay, however ingenious, on that of Nearchus; and would rather have had the personal views of an able and observant man, as Colonel Chesney plainly is, on the present policy of Persia and Russia, than the most erudite rehearsals of the wars of the Persians and Greeks. However, since he has been at so much pains to give us these preliminaries, it will be the better and more candid course to accept them as respectable, though inopportune, additions to the historic library. While we desire our readers to understand, that our main object is to concentrate their interest on the main object of the expedition, and that we shall take them at once to those portions of Colonel Chesney's volumes in which we may expect to find the facts relating to it.

A characteristic and clever drawing by Colonel Estcourt of the Depôt at the Mouth of the Orontes forms the frontispiece to the first volume; and there is another sketch, of the Scenery at the Camp of Murad Pasha (vol. i. p. 317.); which enable us to realise the general aspect of the route so far with sufficient clearness and satisfaction. But, alas! when we take up the topography of the Pashalic of Aleppo, and endeavour to make out the general features of the district eastward, through which, for a distance of one hundred miles, we have to conduct our reader to the nearest point of water carriage, we find ourselves lost in the evasive language of Mr. Ainsworth;—by whom, as we apprehend with a certainty proportioned to our sense of confusion as we read, the topography of this ill-fated portion of the route has been contributed. We gather, that the average elevation of the plain of Antioch is 300 feet above the Mediterranean; but that the windings of the Orontes carry the fall so gradually as not to impede navigation. To this succeeds a wide table-land, with an average elevation of 1300 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, extending quite across to the valley of the Euphrates.

The most practicable line across the upland appears to be immediately south of Aleppo, where the surface sinks to its lowest elevation of about 1100 feet above the Mediterranean; along the foot of the Jebel-el-Sis, Jebel-el-Amri, and Jebel-el-Haz ranges. These mountains extending from Balis on the

Euphrates to the valley of the Upper Orontes, mark the southern limit of the plateau of Aleppo; and at their bases the waters of the Koweik and Dhahab rivers, which traverse the plateau from north to south, but have not sufficient volume to make their way to the main lines of drainage on either side, stagnate in the respective salt lakes of El Melak and El Sabakhah. From Balis, by this route, to Aleppo is fifty-three miles, by a gradual and practicable ascent of about 400 feet. Lieutenant Cleaveland reports the distance to be 'only fifty miles from Aleppo, 'over a perfectly level country, well adapted for either a rail or 'post road, making a journey easily performed in five or six hours 'by these means.' (*Despatches*, p. 33.) This it must be borne in mind, was written in 1836; an hour and a half would be nearer the time required by a railway at present. A canal also has been projected across this district. In his examination before the Select Committee, Colonel Chesney gave in an estimate of the cost of completing a line of water carriage from the Orontes at Hems to the Euphrates at Balis, at the rate of 3600*l.* per mile; but at that time the levels had not been ascertained; and looking at the actual elevation of the upland, we must doubt whether he would now make the same proposal. Supposing, however, that either a canal or a railway were completed from Balis to Aleppo, and thence across the western division of the plateau to the heights above the valley of the Orontes or the Afrin, and within view of the Mediterranean, the real difficulty of the route would still remain to be surmounted. From Antioch, in whatever direction you seek to ascend the western slopes of the plateau, a difference of level of 600 feet has to be overcome, within distances ranging, we should suppose, from within half-a-mile to perhaps three or four miles. The affluents of the Afrin and of the Orontes respectively, descending by ravines prolonged into the interior of the table-land, offer the most convenient avenues of ascent; but from all we can collect of their character, we should suppose that none of them would be practicable for railway carriages drawn by locomotives. The torrents, however, which descend by these ravines probably afford a sufficient water power for working a short line of atmospheric or tractive railway; and if the difficulty of this portion of the passage were surmounted, there would appear nothing extravagant in speculating on a transit from water to water in five hours. But it cannot be denied that the passage from Cairo to Suez, whether in point of distance or of levels, offers facilities fully twice as eligible; and unless it can be shown that the descent of the river, after having so reached its bank, countervails these disadvantages by some

very great superiority, in speed or safety, over the open navigation of the Red Sea, the legitimate conclusion will be, that the latter is, on the whole, the preferable route for purposes of transit and communication; and that the navigation of the Euphrates ought to be looked to as a commercial and political, rather than a postal undertaking. This observation will bring us, in a subdued and reasonable frame of mind, to the bank of the stream at Balis, where we shall ask our reader to suppose himself now arrived, *viâ* Aleppo, after a three days' or a five hours' journey by dromedary or rail as his fancy may suggest.

He will here find himself at the apex of two converging lines of hills, on the bank of a deep and wide river washing the alluvial flat on which his journey has terminated. The traces of the ancient port are still visible; and the formation of docks would be attended with little difficulty. The remains of the town, formerly a considerable place, extend for a couple of miles along the chalk hills and dry valleys in which the Jebel-el-sis terminates towards the river. Looking up the stream a hilly and picturesque country is discovered stretching northward. On the right, at a distance of about five miles, a range of hills terminates in cliffs of 800 feet overhanging the channel; opposite to these, a remarkable white hill will guide the eye in the direction of the ruins of Hierapolis, the city of the Syrian goddess. These ruins occupy an extended site on the eastern brow of the plateau overlooking the valley of the Euphrates, which runs at a distance of about eight miles, and at a depth of 600 feet below. Nothing can now be more desolate than the situation of this once voluptuous city. Whence the supplies of water were obtained for the inhabitants, and for the lakes and fish ponds attached to its great temple, cannot now be discovered. An aqueduct is traceable from the ruins for several miles in a south-eastern direction; but its architecture would seem to refer it to the Mahomedan epoch. The remains of other water works extend northward towards the Sajur, an affluent of the Euphrates, which flows through a fertile valley about ten miles to the north: but to obtain water from the Sajur it must have been raised by hydraulic engines, with which we have no reason to suppose the Syrians of that period to have been acquainted. It is worthy of remark that on the opposite brow of the plateau from this celebrated city of the Phalli, stand the remains of the convent of St. Simon Stylites. The pillar of Simon now lies as prostrate as the Priap of 300 cubits, on which the devotee of the Syrian Apollo set the example of this solitary and suspicious method of adoration. How such a country as this—arid, stony, and severe, could have nurtured the mournful, effeminate

temperament of the Syrians of Lucian's time, seems hard to understand. The valley of the Orontes is still an alluring retreat; but Antioch itself was not a more delicious seat of luxury than the holy city of Semiramis, the air of which, we are assured, was so enchanting that the garments of those who visited it retained the perfume long afterwards. Now, every thing has dried up; lakes, ponds, and religious enthusiasm; and Hierapolis, the city of sacred sensualities, can hardly be discerned amid the sand of the desert. We collect from Colonel Chesney that the remains of two temples may still be traced; but we could have desired a more particular account of this Gentile Jerusalem, the seat of those rites, for the expulsion of which from Southern Syria no less mighty and majestic agencies were needed than the temple and the priesthood of Jehovah. Good part of an antiquary's life would be well bestowed in searching the vaults of the House of Semiramis for the aperture through which the waters of the annual commemorative flood of Deucalion were absorbed,—in exploring the site of the lake across which the devotees swam through the sacred fishes to deposit their offerings on the floating altar of Derceto; in determining the position and dimensions of the Phalli and their relation to the obelisks of Egypt and to the minarets and campaniles of modern mosque and church architecture; and in indicating the analogy between the fanatical exercises which used here to result in the voluntary mutilation of the Galli, and those similar methods of exciting religious enthusiasm still practised with a success equally debasing among the worshippers of more reputable deities:—But we must remember that the Euphrates flows at our feet, and that our present inquiry partakes rather of an engineering than of an antiquarian character. We take leave, therefore, of Lucian by remarking that the great river, on whose banks we have supposed ourselves at Balis, has descended by this time 250 miles from his native city of Samosata, through the hilly and somewhat barren country we have been describing; and has all along been carrying a volume of water, navigable but much interrupted, especially between Bir and Balis, by numerous windings, sand-banks, and islands.

At Balis, the stream, which so far has had a tendency to run westward, 'seems finally to have abandoned the struggle it had 'hitherto maintained to reach the shores of the Mediterranean;' it now turns abruptly from the extremity of Jebel-el-Sis into the south-eastern course,—the direction which it pursues through the rest of its passage to the sea. We are here in latitude 36° 1′ 21″ N., longitude 38° 7′ 10″ E.; 101½ miles from the Mediterranean by the air line, 118 miles by way of Aleppo and Scande-

roon, and 123 miles by way of Aleppo and the valley of the Orontes: we are distant from Bir, above, 101 miles, and from Bussorah, below, 1096 miles by the windings of the river. The stream is half a mile wide, with a depth in the low season of from twelve to seven feet in the principal channel. The banks, except where alluvial tracts occur at the mouths of tributary streams, are bold, occasionally precipitous; but the higher lines of hills, which constitute the proper valley of the river, stand at varying distances of from ten to twenty miles apart. Behind these hills, on the opposite bank, is the upland country of Upper Mesopotamia, an undulating, far-extended tract of stony hills and scanty pastures, inhabited by tribes of Turkomans, whose villages and tents of black camel hair cloth, now pitched here, now there, speckle all the surface between Samosata on the Euphrates, and Mosul on the Tigris. These celebrated rivers, 'never further than fifty, approach in the latitude of Bagdat 'within twenty-five miles of each other:' Colonel Chesney says, seventeen. We need not wonder at their ancient use and glory, especially considering the country they traverse. In the midst stands Orfah, a stone-built walled city, with mosques and minarets shining afar over the bare downs. Here, according to the traditionary nomenclature of tanks and wells — the objects in such a climate most likely to retain their original names — was the country of Job; as, further south, in the same hill country, was Haran, the resting-place of Abraham on his journey from Ur to Damascus. A bath, a castle, the remains of a temple, and the well of Rebecca, constitute the existing remains of Haran. This hill country extends southward to the range of the Sinjar Tagh mountains, which define the upper limits of the plain of Chaldea, extending, in a continuous line, from the valley of the Tigris at Old Mosul to that of the Euphrates at Queen Zenobia's city of Zelebi, 161 miles lower down the stream than where we are now supposed to be standing; and thence, after leaving room for the river to issue on the great alluvial plain, pursuing the same south-west direction through the desert to Palmyra. The Palmyrene and Syrian desert lies behind us on the south and east; and beyond its limits the high plateau and airy, aromatic, wilderness of the interior of Arabia. But we must not, by 'desert,' understand a Lybian Zahara or a sandy Syrtes. Mr. Ulney, Consul-General for Syria, states (vol. i. p. 579.), in reply to queries as to the loss of caravans by moving sands, that at a meeting of the native Sheiks at Beirout in 1838, he was assured that 'for thirty years such an accident, in any 'part of the desert, as the loss of a single animal or man had 'not been heard of from that cause.' The surface, in fact, is

generally of that kind called Barr by the Arabs, being 'merely 'an uncultivated land, diversified with hill and dale, like the 'Dorsetshire Downs.'

Such are the regions which lie on the traveller's left and right respectively as he embarks on the Euphrates at Balis, and descends past the site of Haroun-al-Raschid's palace at Rakkah, and through the willow and tamarisk forest of Amram, towards the apparently impassable line of the Sinjar Mountains. We have a good view from the pencil of Mr. Stanton of the general appearance of the stream at Zelebi, where it emerges from the defile by which it passes the mountain barrier. The natural quay wall of the bank is cut into steps at either side, which conduct to a ferry. Similar steps occur at various points along the upper valley of the river, where the channel at the low season runs at a considerable depth below the level of the banks. Zelebi itself is an interesting place, as well from its association with the name of Zenobia as on account of its architectural remains.

'This striking place is fortified with walls and towers which, as well as the public and private buildings, are constructed of fine gypsum. The town has the form of an acute triangle, whose base rests upon the river, whilst its sides ascend the steep acclivity of a conical hill, and terminate on its summit with a small acropolis. . . . . In the town are the remains of a temple, and an extensive palace containing many ornamented apartments; also numerous well constructed private dwellings, supported by arches; and, in general, the buildings are so well preserved, that the mind can scarcely be brought to feel that all have so long been unoccupied.

'Like the great city on which it was dependent, the Necropolis occupied a prominent situation in the valley and along the declivity of the hill westward of the town, and it is remarkable for a number of square (sepulchral) towers, precisely of the same construction as those near Palmyra. These monuments of mortality usually consist of three stories; the lowest and middle appear to have been tenements of the dead, whilst the upper story served as a place of defence, and was terminated either with a flat or pyramidal roof surrounded by battlements. In one of these tombs Captain Lynch recently discovered a female mummy, whose face was covered with a thin mask of the finest gold, which is to be seen at the India House.'

When Gaspar Balbi made the descent of this part of the river in 1579, it appears to have been much impeded by masses of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs. The only obstructions experienced thus far by the navigator at present arise from islands and sand-banks, with which the channel, although always practicable, is seriously encumbered all the way from Bir to the river's exit from the hill country. The river makes its escape at Deir, fifty miles from Zelebi. Below this point the

islands are by no means so numerous; but it must be borne in mind that the survey of the river to Rakkah was executed in the low season; from thence downward during the season of floods; hence, probably, the marked difference in the breadth and soundings of the stream on the map from Rakkah downwards. How fatal this difference was afterwards experienced, in the Lamlum marshes. The river here appears, on its first escape from the highlands of Upper Mesopotamia, to have a uniform width of three quarters of a mile, and an average depth of twenty-five feet. Carrying down this body of water, it passes by Deir, a place of considerable importance, in the event of steam navigation being ever established on the Euphrates, by reason of its beds of lignite or native wood coal. Great forests also line the banks at intervals through all this part of the river's course, from which abundant supplies of split wood and wood charcoal could be obtained with ease and regularity. We now approach the disastrous locality of Werdi, where the expedition took in wood from one of these forests, immediately previous to the occurrence of the hurricane which overwhelmed the Tigris. The boundary lines of the valley which from Zelebi receded until nearly lost in the plain, close in again on the river below Werdi; and the channel from hence to Hitt lies between banks of considerable elevation. This is the portion of the navigation in which the chief obstructions occur. At Karabla, an island about half a mile above the picturesque little town of Anah, which lies midway between Werdi and Hitt, a ledge of rock occupies the bed of the river for a distance of 600 yards, having ten feet of water in the flood season, but as little as twenty-two inches only over some parts of the rapids when the river is at its lowest level.

The bed of the river continues rocky for thirty miles farther down, although nowhere so shallow as at Karabla, and during the high season easily navigable all through by vessels drawing eight to ten feet of water. Hitherto permanent villages on the banks have been rare; the scene now changes. Fixed habitations and cultivated fields take the place of the tents and pastures of the upper valley. The constructions necessary for irrigation — the peculiar manure of a soil saturated as this is with the other elements of vegetation in excess — become prominent and even imposing objects. They are, however, to a great extent only the remains of former industry, and now no longer in use.

A cloud of black smoke issuing from the brow of an eminence on the right announces our arrival at the bitumen pits of Hitt. Here all the landscape appears dressed in brown. The town is mud-built, mud-walled, and many of the houses plastered and roofed with the black product of its smoking pitch fountains. 'One graceful minaret appears amid the mass of brown clay;

'and some respectable specimens of arabesque architecture are 'displayed in the saints' tombs, a little way out of the town; 'but the scenery is that of barren brown hills and a desert 'country.' This uninviting locality is, however, the seat of a considerable trade. Other bitumen pits occur higher up the river, as at Giaber, near Balis; nitre and naphtha are obtained at Anah; marble quarries abound in the mountains on both banks above Zelebi; but these advantages have not yet stimulated the Arab population to any commercial activity. It is only at Hitt that the rudiments of a real commerce become developed. Pitch, naphtha, salt, and lime are their raw products: these they exchange for the Arab luxuries of rice, tobacco, dates, oils, cloths, and Indian goods, coffee, sugar, powder, lead, &c., purchased at Bagdat and Bussorah and imported in lateen-rigged river boats, or by caravan. Their own boats, in which they ship their exports, never return; being broken up and sold for firewood and the worth of their pitch coating, at the end of every voyage.

The construction, as well as management, of these Hitt lumber boats is an operation of great simplicity. The materials for their framework, are brought down from the forest district about Deir in the form of still ruder rafts. A platform of pieces of timber laid on a sufficient number of inflated sheep or goat skins, and bound together with withes of tamarisk or willow, constitutes the whole apparatus of navigation. If the skins touch an obstacle they yield and rebound without a rupture, and the raft swings round and passes on with the current. It is not impossible that modern science might take a hint for the safer navigation of shallow rivers from this barbaric precedent. A false prow of gutta percha strained on elastic steel ribs might enable a river steamer to make the passage even of the rapids of Karabla with as little risk as now attends the raft on its yielding floats of inflated leather. The basket-boats of Herodotus, framed of woven oziers, and covered with hides, still ply on the Great Babylonian river: their cargoes indeed have fallen off to a smaller scale and a poorer kind of traffic, — but the round boats of the Euphrates and Tigris are even now the selfsame objects we read of in the pages of the father of history and see in the earliest sculptured monuments of the Assyrian kingdom.

The brow of limestone rock from which the bitumen founts of Hitt bubble forth is, with a single exception, the last considerable eminence visible from the Euphrates, which henceforth winds its way to the sea through the sea-like alluvial flat of Babylonia. The aqueducts now disappear and are succeeded by bullock mills, or rather by bullock-wrought pulleys for

raising water, which still continues to be the only and indispensable fertiliser of the tillage lands on either side. The quantities of water thus withdrawn from the Euphrates exceed the accessions brought to it by its affluents: and what with irrigating canals, hydraulic wheels, and evaporation, the volume of the river would be materially diminished, did not the deepening channel and slower movement of the column of water contained in it, counterbalance the loss. The navigation is now wholly unobstructed; and the banks recall those of the Danube between Widdin and Silistria, but are much more animated:

'Covered with Arab villages of mats or tents almost touching each other, with numerous flocks of goats and sheep and some cattle feeding near them: also beautiful mares clothed and piqueted close to the tents, their masters strolling about around, and the poorer males or slaves busily employed raising water by means of numerous water-pulleys, all in operation at the same time, and producing all the fertility of Egypt as far inwards as irrigation extends, beyond which the country is, generally speaking, "desert."' (*Appendix*, p. 55.)

Marshes and salt lakes on either hand mark the commencement of the great flat which, on the left, extends to the Tigris, and, on the right, to the foot of the hill country of Yemen. The 'tells,' or detached conical mounds, which, on the upland of Aleppo, seemed natural eminences, become more evidently artificial; and, associated with these, we discover, scattered over the plain, long barrow-like ridges, the remains of Babylonian constructions of the epoch, perhaps, of Semiramis, perhaps of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, or Cyrus; to such remote and renowned associations do all the monuments which present themselves from this point downwards carry back the mind of the spectator. On the left, just south of the point where the prolongation of the Median Wall would meet the river bank, a heap of crumbled brickwork still retains the name and possibly marks the site of Sippara, 'the city of the sun,' under which the Babylonian Noah of Berosus buried the yew-wood tablets, containing 'the beginning, intermediate state, and end of all things,' in anticipation of the deluge. The ruins exhibit the traces of two principal masses of building, surrounded by circular constructions, indicating, probably, an even higher antiquity than that of the rectangular mounds which, seventy miles lower down, mark the site of Babylon itself. South of the mounds of Sifara (its modern spelling) the canal of Nahr I'sa, crosses the intervening flat to Bagdat. It is navigable in the season of floods, and at that season terminates in a wide lake, which spreads along the left bank of the Tigris. On the western margin of this lake a vast solid tower of brickwork, the cone apparently of such another mound as the

Birs-Nimroud, raises itself over the wide-spread solitary plain and inundation, — an impressive memorial of departed power. From its name, Akar-Kûf, it is conjectured to be the Accad of Nimrod; as Colonel Chesney takes the mounds of Werka or Irak, about a hundred miles south of this locality, to be the Erech, — and Chalanne, near the foot of the Sinjar chain, at the junction of the Khabur with the Euphrates, to be the Khalne of the same mighty builder.

17. Descending by Felujah, a narrow strip of verdure divides us, on either hand, from the desert. Occasionally groves of date and palm tree, opening on the right and left, disclose the brown mass of a ruined mound, or a vista of the boundless yellow plain. In one of these breaks on our left, — excluding, through a distance of nearly three miles, the approach of vegetation, — the brown mouldering heaps of Mujelibeh, the overthrown, mark the north-eastern extremity of ancient Babylon. Four miles lower down we arrive at the town and bridge of boats of Hillah; and eight miles S.W. from Hillah, and about four miles from the right bank of the Euphrates, the Birs-Nimroud most probably marks the opposite diagonal of the great quadrangle described by Herodotus. Inward from the Mujelibeh, all across the intervening flat as far as the Tigris, there occur at intervals over the arid surface, mounds, tells, and long barrows; — a vast extent of ruin, doubtless destined to yield as rich a return to the investigator as the heaps which so long lay equally neglected on the bank of the Tigris opposite to Mosul. That the Kasr, one of the group which includes the Mujelibeh, contains chambers, has been an established fact ever since Mr. Rich's examination, in 1811. In the meantime the collation of binastic readings is daily making progress, and promises to prepare future explorers of Babylon for a use of materials wholly unavailable to earlier inquirers. The volume of the river, exhausted by the continual drain of irrigating canals, begins sensibly to diminish below Babylon; and several lateral branches being drawn off from it on the descent to Lamlum, it narrows at the latter point to a width of no more than sixty yards. This diminished breadth, — occasionally contracted to forty and even thirty yards, — it retains throughout the low tract of the Lamlum marshes, for a distance in direct measurement of twenty-three miles; after which the collateral branches beginning to fall in again, the river by degrees recovers its volume and dignity, and, from Al Khidr, flows nobly onward to meet the Tigris at Kurnah, — having already, before reaching the point of confluence, become sensible to the effect of the ocean tide.

There are, then, on the whole line of navigation, from Balis

downward, two material obstructions,—that, namely, at Karabla, and these marshes of Lamlum. A moderate expenditure of gunpowder would clear the channel at Karabla, and elsewhere, wherever rocks or gravel banks occur in the bed of the river. In the high season, even now, a vessel well piloted might ply through all the portion of the route above Lamlum, by night as well as day, and with such clearances might do so all the year round. But the narrowness, the abrupt windings, and in the low season the shallowness, of the channel from Lamlum to Al Khidr, would make it necessary either to transfer the cargo at Lamlum from the Balis steamer to others of smaller dimensions, or to undertake the serious operation of cutting a canal twenty-three miles in length from one end of the marsh district to the others. That undertaking, however, would not be by any means so difficult as, from the cost of similar operations in our part of the world, might be supposed. The soil is as easily removable as garden mould. Labour is as cheap, if not so abundant, as when the undiminished stream at Babylon was on one memorable occasion diverted into a completely new channel. A few cuts uniting the straighter portions of the river bed, and a temporary stoppage of the lateral branches so as to throw the whole current into the main channel, would probably suffice to deepen and straighten it to the requisite extent. Other projects have been suggested, such as deepening and repairing the Nahr I'sa Canal, so as to open the passage at all seasons of the year from Felujah to Bagdat;—or that of making an entirely new cut of only seventeen miles from river to river at the narrowest point, from the mounds of Mohammed, about midway between Sifara and Babylon, to the Tigris, immediately below Bagdat: but either of these expedients would considerably increase the distance to Bussorah, the terminus of the river route. Should the navigation of the Euphrates, therefore, be undertaken as a commercial or postal speculation, we must be prepared to expect a transfer of passengers and cargo at Lamlum, and a descent from that place in vessels of smaller dimensions and inferior power.

Supposing, however, everything to be accomplished which money and friendly relations can secure,—a railway partly locomotive and partly atmospheric or tractive, from the coast to Balis,—a clearance of the channel at Karabla and the other rapids,—a straight cut of sufficient width and depth to permit the passage of large river steamers direct to and from Bussorah,—and further, river depôts of wood and coal, buoys, lighthouses, and signals, so as to admit of full speed all the way by day, and half speed at night; supposing, also, a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour to be maintained

in the descent, and twelve miles an hour ascending,—the whole distance from the shore of the Mediterranean to Bussorah might be traversed in somewhat less than three days and a half; the reverse route in somewhat less than five days. Add now from Bussorah to Bombay five days, and from Antioch to Southampton twelve days, and the result will be, that under the most favourable circumstances, we shall be able to communicate with Bombay in twenty and in twenty-two days for the out and home voyages respectively. Taking this sanguine view of the case, we should have a saving of six to eight days over the present route; a saving of time on which four to five days more might still be gained, were we to transmit our mails by way of Trieste. For telegraphic communication, Trieste and London may already be considered as locally identified. So also, in the event of a Syrian railroad and Mesopotamian line of water carriage being established, we might look to an electric telegraph as their necessary attendant, and in that case, Antioch and Bussorah would cease to be divided by appreciable space. Intelligence might then reach London from Bombay in nine days: but we are here on a field of speculation to which imagination only can venture to assign a limit. The submarine telegraph now comes in. On the other hand, leaving speculation and looking at circumstances as they are; taking into account a land transit by dromedary or on horseback; a river navigation so interrupted as to prevent steaming by night; and a transhipment at Lamlum: in this case, the saving in absolute distance is more than countervailed, we apprehend, by the slower rate of progress, and, for all purposes of direct communication with our Indian possessions, the balance of advantage must be held to remain with the present route by Suez and the Red Sea. It is, therefore, rather as a possible field for commercial enterprise, than as a line of postal communication, as long as Egypt continues open to us, that the navigation of the Euphrates is still entitled to be regarded with almost undiminished interest.

Looking at the question in a commercial point of view, the two principal subjects for consideration are the products in which, and the people with whom, we should have to deal. A very able paper (Appendix N. vol. ii.) details the existing trade of the principal places from Ormuz, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, to Scanderoon. The raw materials of our own principal textile fabrics abound throughout the entire region: silks at both extremities of the line; cottons in the delta of the great rivers; and wools in inexhaustible abundance from the pastures of Upper Mesopotamia. The country is equally rich

in indigo, madder, gall-nuts, and other staple dye stuffs; although the growth of indigo is at present impeded by so heavy an excise as to make it the interest of the consumer to import it from Bombay. The best tobaccos in the world are grown in the pashalic of Aleppo at the hither end of the route, and in the Persian provinces, accessible from Bussorah and Bagdat, at its further extremity. The growth of wheat and maize along the middle line of the Euphrates, is limited only by the demand. A constant supply of Arab and Persian horses could also be depended upon, in case settled commercial relations were once established at the leading points of the route. In return for these exports, the eight millions of Arabs, Turkomans, Syrians, and Syro-Chaldeans, who inhabit the adjoining territory, eagerly seek for every form of cotton manufactured goods, light woollen cloths, linens, hardwares, china and delf pottery.

The sources from which these supplies are now derived, and to which, of course, the surplus wealth of Mesopotamia goes in return, are almost exclusively two,—Russia and British India. In the direct interchange of commodities, England participates to a very inconsiderable extent. It is true, whatever passes out of India conduces more or less to the advantage of this country; but these relations offer us no greater facilities for obtaining raw cotton nearer home. And, in the meantime, the greater part of the existing commerce does not flow even through these collateral channels to England, but to Russia. We are here on one of the most remarkable portions of Colonel Chesney's book; the part of his labours which does him most credit, and will confer a lasting value on his work. We mean his treatise on the ancient and modern commerce of Western Asia, which forms the subject of the eighteenth chapter of the second volume; it is learned and comprehensive, and embodies a variety of new facts both from original documents and personal observation. The earliest traffic of mankind was overland; and the great route between the chief trading nations of eastern and western Asia has been, from time immemorial, by that isthmus of well watered and habitable land lying between the desert of Tartary on the north and the great salt plain of Persia on the south, through the upper valley of the Oxus. Balkh, the Bactrian capital, was, in very early times, the central depôt of this system of traffic, commanding by its highways eastward the trade of China and India, and, by its western routes,—following the valleys of the Attruck and the Oxus—the markets of Persia on the one hand and of Transoxiana on the other. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, although it lessened, has never caused a permanent discontinuance of this

traffic; and the caravans, which still pass annually between Orenberg and the frontiers of China, so faithfully pursue the track of their commercial predecessors that the same route has been continuously used for probably three thousand years.

As Balkh was the chief diverging point of this chain of routes to the east, so Raï, the caravan station of Teheran, about midway between Ispahan and the Caspian, and once, as Chardin told us, second in size only to Babylon, was the key to their western ramifications.

'Eight days from Damaghan (twenty from Balkh) bring the caravan to Raï. The latter, as a free mercantile city and commercial republic, might then be considered the greatest emporium of trade in the world; and it was still an important place in the third century of the Hijrah. Here the route was crossed by another coming from the shores of the Caspian Sea, which took a southerly direction onwards through Ispahan to the Persian Gulf. The principal road, however, continued in a westerly course, having afterwards a branch to Tabriz, and from thence to Tarábuzún; whilst the other, as just noticed, passed through Hamadán and Mósul, &c., to Phœnicia. Raï was considered midway between Balkh and Tarábuzún, from which port, at a later period, goods were shipped for the coast of Cappadocia, to supply Asia Minor, as well as for some of the ports of the Mediterranean, and the more distant parts of Europe.'

The English reader would see his way much more clearly in these as in the other matters treated of, if a more familiar nomenclature were employed. It has been a prevalent affectation among successive Oriental writers to disguise the names of familiar places under new and continually varying phonetic equivalents. The Bedouin of the Desert has passed through as many transformations as the syllables of his name are capable of combinations. We do not find these fopperies in use in cases where they would be more excusable, as less likely to lead to confusion or misapprehension in a reader of ordinary intelligence. The traveller in Italy tells us what he finds at Florence or Leghorn, without considering himself under any obligation to write 'Firenze' or 'Livorno.' Vienna never figures in English literature as 'Wien.' Trebisonde and Bushir are pretty well known to persons of plain education as ports on the Black Sea and Persian Gulf; but Colonel Chesney's reader must understand, *a priori*, that Tarábuzún and Abú Shahir are the forms under which he is to recognise these localities in the midst of the multitude of other strangely circumflexed and accentuated names of places, which perplex his eye and task his sense of phonetic analogies in almost every page of these volumes.

The mercantile activity of the regions about the Caspian received a new impulse after the occupation of Egypt by the

Arabs. The line of the Red Sea, which, since Hippalus first took advantage of the recurrence of the monsoons, had served for the transit of the wealth of peninsular India, being closed to Christian enterprise, an indirect route was opened with Constantinople, whose long and circuitous course may serve as an illustration of the difficulties which may be overcome in order to satisfy the real or imaginary wants of mankind. The merchandise in question being carried for a certain distance up the Indus, was taken from thence to the Oxus, by which it was conveyed to the Caspian Sea. Having ascended the Wolga a certain distance, it was carried by land from the latter river to the Tanais, by which it descended into the Euxine, and was finally transported in vessels to Constantinople. The rivalry of the Venetians and Genoese led to a further cultivation of mercantile relations by this track, which is now one of the main routes of Russian enterprise. The Muscovite goods reach the plain of the two rivers partly through Persia by way of Raï, and thence to Mósul and Bagdat, and partly through Asia Minor by Trebizonde and Diarbekar. The supplies by the former channel are portions only of a much larger commerce, of which Orenberg is the source. 'Every year numerous and well-equipped caravans leave Orenberg with white cloths, muslins, woollens, chintzes, and heavy articles in metals; and proceed through Bokhárá and Samarcand to Kóba and Yarkund, in China; also to Orgunje and the small cantons around the capital, bringing black teas, silks, musks, rhubarb, and other products of China. The Russian traders study so carefully the wants and tastes of the people with whom they traffic, that the nations of Kábul are seen wearing portions of dress got up and sewn for their use at Orenberg.'

Muslins, said to take their name from Mósul as the original seat of their manufacture, are now brought by way of Trebizond from Russian print works in the vicinity of Moscow to Mósul itself, and sold there at a price with which the British manufacturer cannot compete. The disadvantage at which our goods are brought into competition arises from the want of a regular system of supply. 'The present consumption of English goods in Mósul and the adjacent country is more than sufficient to support a mercantile establishment, although these goods are at present carried thither from Aleppo, Damascus, or Bagdat, by native traders of small capital, who pay a very heavy duty of 14 per cent., and are purchased from third or fourth hands, by which the price to the consumers is so enormously enhanced, as to place the articles almost beyond their reach. A piece of print worth thirteen shillings in Manchester, is sold in

'Mósul for thirty-two shillings. The English merchants, however, only pay 3 per cent. In any mercantile establishments in Mósul it would be necessary to have a person at home acquainted with the taste of the natives to select the goods. The great attention paid by the Russians to the taste of these countries has been one great cause of their success in trade.' (*Appendix*, vol. ii. pp. 702—3.) Sir G. Simpson, in his voyage round the world, was equally struck by the growth and omnipresence of Russia.

The success attending the early operations of the Turkey Company, one part of whose establishment consisted of a chain of mercantile stations on the Euphrates, naturally suggests the same method of regaining the command of those markets which it appears England actually possessed as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The charter to the Turkey Company, granted September, 1581, incorporates them for the purpose of traffic with, among other places, 'the cities of Babylon and Balsara (Bussorah) on the Euphrates;' and, two years afterwards, certain English merchants, John Newberrie, Fitch, and others, went out with a venture of cloth, tin, &c. to Bagdat by way of Aleppo and Bir. 'Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger,' is evidence of the popular interest and mystery attached to these adventurers. The Queen speaks of the trade as one 'not heretofore in the memory of any man living known to be commonly in use;' and in the renewed charter (1593) describes the way overland to India, as having been lately discovered by John Newberrie and others. Having descended the Tigris, and made the voyage to India, they returned in 1591 to London, when their report induced the Queen to provide a regular service of river boats at Bir for the use of the merchants. A curious note (vol. ii. p. 592.) extracted from the MS. collections in the British Museum (*Cott. Nero*, b. viii. 47.), contains a list of the commodities exported by the Turkey merchants in the 16th century, and of the foreign goods brought back in return; among them are, 'India blewe and cotton woll.' The French Levant Company at one time had near twenty houses in Aleppo alone; but it is now extinct: and our consulate there, after existing for upwards of two hundred years, was withdrawn at the close of the last century. This route can scarce hope to recover the Indian market. Its chance with Turkey and Western and Central Asia remains to be seen. The points at which Colonel Chesney now recommends the establishment of British factories are Balis, Anah, Hitt, and Hillah on the Euphrates, Kurna at the junction of the streams, and Mohammarah at the confluence of the Karun, a large river navigable

to a distance of nearly 200 miles into the western Persian provinces. We have already consuls at Bussorah, Bagdat, and Mosul. Kurna, from its admirable position for a fortress, was recommended by Sir John Malcolm to the consideration of Lord Wellesley, when Governor-General of India.

In a mercantile point of view, and looking to the encouragement of the cultivation of cotton for return cargoes, a water communication between Balis and the Orontes would be more desirable than even a railway. Supplies of water for the summit level of such a line could be procured from the Koweik and Dhahab, with the additional advantage of removing the unwholesome marshes in which their waters now run to waste. Barges laden with cotton could then ascend from the alluvial plain, cross the intervening tract and unload by the side of the merchantmen lying at the mouth of the Orontes. Such a work ably executed would bring another valley of the Mississippi within three weeks' sail of Liverpool. It would greatly reduce the risk of a short cotton crop — would save us from being so largely dependent on a single State for this prime necessary of our industrial existence — and, by opening friendly relations with another of the families of mankind hitherto little known, would at once extend our commerce and our charities, augment our wealth, and consolidate our national interests and influence. But before indulging further in speculation we ought to know with precision the physical conditions of the plain of Aleppo; which by railway or by canal must be crossed, before British enterprise can descend for any practical purpose into the basin of the western Asiatic rivers. Russell's Natural History of Aleppo, excellent as it is, is of little use for our present wants.

The people with whom we should have to deal are mainly Arabs. The high-featured, broad-built, muscular races, represented on the Ninevite and cognate monuments, have disappeared before the lank, light-limbed sons of the desert. The Assyrian, apparently, was a man of ponderous proportions; thick-necked, broad-shouldered, and of a singularly muscular development of limb. It is true, much of the peculiar style of representation in these sculptures may be conventional; but, all allowance made, we are entitled to take them as being at least equally faithful to the originals as the sculptured groups of Persia or the painted monuments of Egypt. The physical contrast between the former and present dweller by the great river is not greater than the moral. The Assyrian, still more the Babylonian, was an eminent organiser of States and Societies, an assiduous husbandman, a brilliant citizen, a mighty builder and engineer. The Arab also of the Caliphate was a man of the highest

civic and social accomplishment; and the region through which we have passed abounds with attestations to the advancement of both races in all the arts of life. It may, however, be fairly questioned whether Arab genius would have attained the height it reached in pure science, in astronomy and medicine, had it not been transplanted into the old prescriptive land of stellar observations and of cyclical and genethliacal computations. But the Babylonian numbers are now forgotten. The 'Castle of the Stars' of the royal astronomer Almámún, lies as deserted on the bank of the Euphrates below Birs, as the great star-temple of the worshippers of the host of heaven, in its eternal solitude, below Hillah.

The stationary Arab of the towns retains but little of the civilisation of his forefathers and predecessors. Colonel Chesney's estimate of his character is by no means prepossessing. 'The more indolent life of the resident Arab has produced a fulness of face, beard and figure, forming quite a contrast with the spare muscular frame, thin beard and lank tawny brown countenance of his brother of the desert, than whom he is less proud and independent, but more unfriendly to strangers, particularly Franks, where his suspicions scarcely know any bounds; whilst his rapacity is only limited by his power to obtain, by deceit, fraud, or occasional force, anything in the stranger's possession which he may have seen and marked as his own; having less of the spirit to make an open attack for this purpose than the Bedouin, like whom, he must be paid beforehand for whatever he undertakes, because he never confides in a promise, the natural consequence of not fulfilling his own.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, Appx. p. 68.) Still less amiable is the picture of the Bedouin dweller in tents: 'Notwithstanding his few wants, the Bedouin is avaricious as well as greedy, and must be largely paid for his labour, preferring, as he does, inert idleness with poverty, and even the addition of scanty fare, to exertion of any kind, unless it be preceded by a great price, or likely to be followed by the animating reward of plunder. The Bedouin will not, it is true, rob the stranger whilst under his tent, but it is by no means quite so clear that the plan will not be laid there to do so elsewhere, his disposition (out of his own tribe) not being regulated by the precepts of the Koran, or any other moral code, but simply by what it may be in his power to do with impunity.' (*App. to Report from Select Committee*, p. 68.) Such are the unpromising materials out of which commerce would have to re-construct a polite and peaceful society in the country of the Caliphs. They are the same race, however, who gave us some of the principal

elements of our domestic arts. Considering that our very muslins and damasks remind us by their names of the Arab industry in which our textile skill originated, we shall, in some particulars at least, be but repaying the debt of the child to the parent, in carrying back among them the results of arts and sciences derived from themselves.

At present there is little to be learned among such a population beyond the arts of a comparatively low and simple state of society; but these are not without their interest, while in many districts of Western Asia, some of the most important of other arts are for indefinite periods, possibly for ever, prohibited by the physical conditions of the surface. In all that relates to the breeding and care of horses and cattle, they are naturally quite at home. The method of arranging, provisioning, and marching a caravan across the desert is another part of the education of a Western Oriental as important as the art of constructing a steam vessel, or a railway with its rolling stock, among Europeans or Americans. Colonel Chesney's description of these operations is marked with the precision and practical method of a soldier. The march of the Arab tribe when pursued by an enemy is particularly graphic:—'During a retreat of this kind the people sleep and take their food without halting. In order that they may not fall from their camels while sleeping, they stretch themselves at length on the animals, placing their feet in a bag on each side of the neck. The food is prepared by women at certain distances from one another. One, mounted on a camel loaded with wheat, continues grinding with a hand mill, and passes the meal to another, who is provided with leathern water bottles, suspended on each side of her camel; she having prepared the paste, the latter is passed to a third female, who completes the operation by baking the bread in thin slices on a chafing dish or portable oven, which is heated with wood and straw. This bread, with a proportion of cheese and dates, are then distributed by her to those persons whom it is her province to feed, and the frugal meal finishes with a draught of camel's milk. The latter is drawn from the animals as they walk; the men using for this purpose eadahs, or large wooden bowls, which are passed from one to another.'

The constructive arts of building and tunnelling are those which the necessities of their position have longest preserved among the degenerate population of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Iran. The representatives, in locality at least, of the earliest masons of the world, they still excel in the preparation of cements, and in the expeditious construction of arches and dome-works, which combine lightness and strength in a degree to which

European bricklayers hardly can attain. We are here again on practical matters, with which Colonel Chesney is evidently familiar. The cements of some of the buildings of ancient Babylon are still capable of analysis, and appear to be the same in use at the present day. "Bitumen, when so employed, is boiled with a certain proportion of oil, and is impermeable to water. It is used to cover water courses, tanks, the floors of bath rooms, and, with the addition of a proportion of sand or earth, it serves to form the terraced roofs of houses. Another and more tenacious cement,—made of a calcareous earth found in the adjoining desert, called 'jus' by the Arabs, and 'karej' by the Turks,—appears to have constituted the staple mortar employed by the Babylonian bricklayers. The third, and finest description, is found on the sides of the bricks which once formed the exterior of the hanging gardens. It constitutes an excellent stucco still perfectly hard, and retaining the traces of polychrome. Borak, which is found in this district in large craggy lumps resembling gypsum, appears to be the principal constituent. The Persian cement for water-tanks is composed of one part of a red earth highly charged with mineral particles, two of slaked lime, and one of sand. The cement employed by Shapur in the great reservoir at Shuster was a mixture of sheep's milk with lime and white plaster. Buttermilk, oil, whites of eggs, ghee or clarified butter, and the pulp of plums, figure among the various ingredients in these compositions. With the help of these cements, and favoured by their dry and equable climate, the masons of Babylonia and Persia are enabled to raise the elegant domes and graceful arches of their ordinary buildings without the aid of any kind of centering. 'All that is necessary 'is that the bricklayers' attendant should hold the portion of 'the work already executed for a few minutes till the bricks or 'tiles have set to the proper curve; more materials are then 'gradually added till the arch or cupola is keyed. On other 'occasions, the two sides of a Saracenic arch are constructed on 'the ground, from whence they can be raised up to their places 'and keyed. Of late years something of this kind has been 'practised in England; sections of a cylindrical drain, for 'example, being separately formed and cemented when put 'together.'

It is in the conduct and economisation of water, however, that the people of these rainless provinces retain in the most remarkable manner the constructive and scientific skill of their predecessors. The open aqueducts derived from the channel of the Euphrates command the attention of every traveller. But these are only capable of fertilising the land immediately ad-

joining the river. Whence then were the supplies of water procured for the tillage of the interior, which must have been to a very great extent, if not continuously, under cultivation? The surface now retains no trace of minor watercourses. In truth, any rivulet exposed through a course of a few miles to the sun of Babylonia would be wholly drunk up by evaporation. One of the early expedients for preserving the contents of such conduits appears to have been that adopted by the Arab king, who, during the expedition of Cambyses, constructed the canal of skins commemorated by Herodotus (*Thalia*), which extended from the river Corys, a distance of twelve days' journey, to the cisterns prepared upon the intended line of march in the arid interior. But the older and more enduring method was, to hide the current in a subterranean sewer. This is the practice alluded to by Polybius, when in describing the campaign of Antiochus (lib. x. c. iv.) he remarks that in the parts beyond Ecbatana no water is ever seen above ground, although there are many wells and streams throughout the desert which are known only to the people of the country. These subterranean aqueducts are now called *kanáts* or *kahreez's*. The free inheritance of the ground for five generations at present rewards the discovery of a new spring-head in Persia. The head of water being discovered, the construction of the kanát is proceeded with according to the method of tunnelling now in use among European engineers, but which has been traditionally handed down in Western Asia from time immemorial. Shafts are sunk from point to point of the intended line of canal to such respective depths as to secure a uniform slope in the tunnel, which is afterwards run beneath from shaft to shaft to the point of supply. Many workmen are thus simultaneously employed; and so expert are they in this kind of mining, that a failure in hitting the proper slope and direction scarcely ever occurs.

'The main channel of a kanát, as well as the shafts leading down to it, is about 3½ feet diameter, and it is almost always completed without resorting to any artificial support of the soil. But when the latter does not possess the necessary tenacity, the difficulty is overcome either by masonry in particular places, or by a lining consisting of a peculiar kind of earthen rings. These are of baked clay, from 5 to 9 inches broad in the rim, about 2 inches thick, and large enough to enable a man to crawl through the channel formed by placing them either at short distances, or, if necessary, in contact one with another. To facilitate their introduction, as well as the replacement of those that are broken, the rings approach an oval shape, so that when placed upright they rest against the top and bottom of the tunnel, and are kept in their places by stuffing earth into the spaces left on each side. The pipe thus formed, being as hard as ordinary pottery,

is very durable, and sufficiently strong to restrain the earth from falling down and interrupting the free passage of the water.

Throughout Susiana and the plain country of Persia the kanáts may be traced, some for a distance of fifteen and thirty, and even of forty miles, by the mounds thrown up about the apertures of the shafts. When the water has reached its destination, if it be for domestic supply, it is discharged into cisterns, also covered from the sun; if for purposes of irrigation, it is at once led abroad over the land, and after discharging its office of fertilisation, returns to the atmosphere. Doubtless the great plain of Mesopotamia contains many such sources of new life and verdure concealed under its desert surface. Other sources might probably be opened by Artesian wells; although borings to a great depth would be required, if we are to judge by the profundity of the wells on the Arabian side; one of which, on the route from Bussorah to Mecca, sunk at the cost of Zobeide, the sultana of Haroun-al-Raschid, descends to no less a depth than 800 feet. We can hardly leave the contemplation of this now barren yet once exuberant plain, with its baked yellow surface probably covering many hidden springs of a new fertility, without calling up again the image of the Bedoum, as sketched above, — with his lank yellow exterior and unprofitable life, — though still capable of the enthusiasm, and gifted with the genius which made him once the pioneer of science, and may yet enable him to enjoy the fruits of a revived and perfected civilisation.

We have dealt, so far, with Colonel Chesney's book in the practical spirit of the expedition which it commemorates. Other speculations less practical, but to the majority of readers probably more agreeable, suggest themselves in connexion with most of the objects and scenes which we have been describing. We have glanced at some of these in our passing regrets that the ruins of Membidj should have received so slight a notice. We experience similar regrets in passing by Raccah. The map indicates a well defined ichnography of the city and palace of Haroun-al-Raschid. The gate of Tamerlane on the ground-plan raises our expectation of finding something that the mind can realise with satisfaction in the letter-press. But, it is the case of Membidj aggravated. The text is wholly silent. So again, passing between the sites of Seleucia and Ctesiphon on the Tigris, we look with intense eagerness for some new particulars respecting the arch of Chosroes, that astonishing mass of mixed Byzantine, Saracenic, and Gothic types, — which, if it be the veritable vestige of the sixth century that its name imports, —

may be regarded as the most instructive key to the origin of architectural styles in monumental existence. An oblique, illusory allusion to 'the striking arch of Chosroes, which announces that the stream is washing the western side of the 'remains of Ctesiphon,' is all the instruction we derive from the text. So, we make a fruitless search for something explanatory of a striking drawing, from Colonel Chesney's own pencil, of certain great mounds at Sús, seemingly similar in bulk as well as in form to the mounds of Khasabad and Nemrud. Again, we had counted, with an agreeable confidence, on some specific information respecting the state of the river-banks at Babylon —whether any remains of retaining walls may still be discovered between Mujelibeh and Hillah; or whether an experienced eye can detect indications of the river having changed its channel. To have learned something special of the state of the river-bed just at this point would have been particularly interesting. Do the soundings show an even bottom, or are there traces of piers, buttresses, or any thing that might indicate the existence either of the stone bridge of Herodotus, or of the tunnel described with such particularity by Diodorus Siculus? We inquire in vain—although conducted twice past the site of Babylon; and greatly fear that, notwithstanding all our author's industry, that we are destined to derive no satisfactory information on the paramount topic of antiquarian interest connected with the subject of his work.

Some other archæological inquiries, however, receive welcome elucidations from those volumes. We have spoken of the 'tells' of Syria, and of their supposed natural formation. The question of their possible sepulchral origin does not appear to have been mooted. On the plain of Babylonia, however, they are evidently artificial erections, and seem to form a link between the topes of Affghanistan and the Egyptian pyramid; and here on the map (No. 9.), on the side of the Tigris, below Bagdat, we observe a 'tell, 'with an earthen glazed coffin on the summit.' Remembering the practice of the Babylonians of burying their dead in conspicuous places, as over the city gates, and looking at the arrangement of the tomb of Cyrus, where the sepulchral chamber forms the vertex of the pyramid, we here seem to have a clue to the uses of some at least of these characteristic objects. Colonel Chesney's account and drawings of certain rock-cut tombs at Narsis, on the left bank of the Euphrates, about thirty miles south of Samosata, illustrate another question of much greater curiosity in reference to ancient sepulchral constructions. The doubts cast on the authenticity of the supposed Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem rest on topographical considerations too palpable to make any complete

restoration of its credit among men of learning at all probable. But many of the minor objections have been of late displaced. One of these, we recollect, was drawn from Asculf's declaration to Adamnan, that the ceiling of the grotto when he visited it, towards the end of the seventh century, was arched; whereas the tombs of the Jews were, it was alleged, flat-ceiled. Now here are rock-cut tombs of evidently high antiquity, the construction of which, while it removes that objection, illustrates in the most complete manner all the details of the Holy Sepulchre as we read of it in the Scripture narrative. A sloping descent leads down to the door-way. The aperture of the door-way is rather more than three feet high, and two feet six inches wide, with an arched top. The arch is neither Roman nor Gothic, but a parabolic curve. To look into the tomb through the open door-way, a person standing at the bottom of the descent must stoop. The door which closed this aperture did not turn on hinges; neither was it laid simply against the opening; but it was emphatically a door which should be 'rolled 'away.' It consists of a circular disk of stone, like a thin mill-stone, set on edge in a chamber cut behind the jamb of the door-way, as we sometimes see shutters drawn out from grooves in the thickness of the wall. The floor of the chamber formed a gently inclined plane, down which the disk of stone, when left free, would roll by its own gravity; and lodging in a corresponding groove in the opposite jamb, would completely seal the entrance to the tomb. To remove it from this position required the exercise of considerable force; and a hole near the edge appears to have served both for the purpose of fastening it by a chain, and of receiving a handle to aid in rolling it back. Within, the same parabolic curve appears in the vaulted ceiling and in the lateral alcoves containing the shelves on which the bodies were deposited. Colonel Chesney conjectures the city, among whose remains these interesting objects occur, to have been the Anthemusia of Strabo and Pliny.

In speculating on the probable construction of the Babylonian buildings, we may derive some assistance from a reference to the remains of Persepolis, of which Colonel D'Arcy has given a remarkably good perspective. From no other ichnography or drawing of these amazing constructions have we derived so satisfactory an impression of their general character and arrangement; and we desire to take this opportunity of expressing the obligation which the elegant pencils of this officer and of Colonel Estcourt have conferred upon the public in the various illustrations they have contributed. One cannot look at this representation of the great Persepolitan platform without being struck

with its analogy to the broad spreading mounds which mark the sites of the Babylonian and Ninevite palaces. The same idea of a vast graduated substruction appears to have pervaded the designs of them all; save that at Persepolis, the platform is broader in proportion to its height, and composed of stone instead of brick-work. If this analogy really exist, we might be prepared to infer that, on the one hand, the superstructure of the Babylonian mounds was some kind of pillared edifice similar to the Chil Minar; and that, on the other, galleries and chambers resembling those disclosed by the labours of Layard and Botta, will yet be discovered within the body of the Persepolitan platform. Should such a discovery at any time verify this conjecture, we might then conclude, without much rashness, that the sloping heaps of the Mujelibeh were once ascended by broad flights of steps, leading to groups of porticoes and colonades, which, during the temperate season, may have constituted the royal residence; while chambers cased with a thickness of many yards of solid brickwork, may have served beneath as 'serdaubs' or retreats from the vehement summers of Babylonia. Such subterranean chambers are still in use throughout this sun-burnt region; and that the heat is in no degree more intense than formerly, we may well believe from what Plutarch relates of the rich Babylonians of his day sleeping, for escape from the violence of the sun, in tubs and cisterns of water; and from the characteristic statement of Aristotle, that the people of Mesopotamia were accustomed to cook eggs by whirling them through the torrid air in a sling. But we must cease further speculation, and hasten to pronounce our final opinion on the labours of Colonel Chesney.

On the whole, then, if we have been disappointed in small matters by this work, we have also been gratified by it in great ones. It is a vast subject only too largely handled. A multiplicity of material has overlaid the matter immediately in question. But it is a disproportion caused by industry and conscientiousness in excess. A more astute writer would have left a multitude of collateral subjects to the care of the text-books; and a more mature writer would have brought out the minute features of his own peculiar subject with greater distinctness. But a literary reputation is not the object of the work—Colonel Chesney has had a higher ambition. As the conductor and illustrator of an expedition so important and so successful, he has merited the reputation, and ought to enjoy the honours, of an eminent pioneer of civilisation and a faithful and courageous promoter of the name and renown, as well as of the material interests, of his country.

ART. VI. — 1. *Perides. A Tale of Athens in the Eighty-third Olympiad.* By the Author of a Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy. 2 vols. London: 1846.

2. *The Fawn of Sertorius.* 2 vols. London: 1846.

3. *The Fountain of Arethusa.* By ROBERT EYRES LANDOR, Author of The Fawn of Sertorius, &c. 2 vols. London: 1848.

4. *Amymone: a Romance of the Days of Pericles.* By the Author of Azeth the Egyptian. 3 vols. London: 1848.

5. *Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome.* A Romance of the Fifth Century. By W. WILKIE COLLINS. 3 vols. London: 1850.

IN selecting classical romances as a subject for criticism, we shall hardly be suspected of an intention to conciliate those of our readers who are likewise readers of novels. Ranging as the books before us do over the last four or five years, they cannot be spoken of as the five most popular works of fiction which the period has produced. Even Mr. Collins's 'Antonina,' though advanced to the dignity of a second edition, and, as we understand, already translated into German, has not had that marked success which would have rendered it an exception; and if it had, it would only have been better qualified for proving the rule. 'Amymone,' indeed, is the only other work on the list which in its form and price has conformed exactly to the external conditions of a circulating library career. The author of 'Perides' in the very first sentence of his preface has taken pains to remove the possible impression that he has been attempting a novel, whilst the 'Fawn of Sertorius' gives itself out to be the rearrangement of an old Roman narrative to rival with Sallust, — and is evidently constructed so as not intentionally to dispel the illusion. Mr. Robert Landor's second production is not even a tale, being rather a series of imaginary conversations, of much the same stamp as his brother's, but written with a connected purpose, and set in a fictitious framework. Still, though no more than two out of the five aspire to the full rank of a novel, they may all be classed together, as showing that a certain quantity of invention (which might have bestowed itself elsewhere) has been employed during the last quinquennial in endeavours to reproduce in detail the spirit and habits of classical antiquity. The species of composition to which they belong, and the books themselves, will furnish sufficient materials for such consideration as we can afford to give them.

There can be no necessity for wasting many words to prove the utility and worth of historical fiction. We have said enough when we have said that it is essential as a complement to history. History alone would not suffice to bring out that which we must all feel we ought most to desire to know —the nature and power of a people's genius — what they thought, what they hated, and what they loved. Thucydides, by the introduction of speeches, a device in itself belonging as much to romance as to literal matter of fact, has dexterously contrived to give us more information about the Athenian character than could have been gained from the simple recital of their actions; but, if we had only him to trust to, we should know but little of that wonderful intellectual movement which was going on during the whole time of the Peloponnesian war. No mention is made of Socrates, because the two occasions on which he acted as a public man happened to fall after the date to which the history reaches; but even if it had included them, what an account would that have been of a life like his! Of the everyday manners and customs of the Athenians it teaches us even less. Yet this is a work, which the prophetic genius of the author most justly pronounced to be a possession for all time —a history which the world is probably more interested in preserving than any other record of any other period. The enlarged plan of modern historians has enabled them to take in much that we miss in Thucydides. The writings of the time, scientific treatises, tragedies, comedies, satires, memoirs, and correspondence, are put into requisition to tell us what philosophers and ordinary men were doing while such and such great events were in progress. This knowledge, however, is conveyed not in the body of the history, but in separate chapters, having no relation to it except that of mere juxtaposition, —resting-places where the reader may look about him while the train of historical circumstance is supposed to stop. Mr. Macaulay's celebrated chapter on the state of England is but a chapter after all. If it were taken away, the history, though deprived of a most valuable portion of its matter, would nevertheless be complete in its form. History still remains as imperfect as ever, though later writers have learnt to attach essays and disquisitions to it. It is hopeless to think of fusing biography with it, and presenting at one view life, public and private, political and social. Memory has delivered to us the facts separately, not in connexion; yet we feel that the connexion would give them not an added but a multiplied value. Thus after the historian has done his utmost, much is yet left to be done; and there is no faculty to do it but the imagination. Every intelligent reader

will do it for himself according to his measure; linking the great thoughts into the same scheme with the great deeds, and realising both alike as developed under certain social conditions, by men wearing a certain dress, partaking of certain meals, assembling at certain meetings for business or pleasure. But few will have insight enough to apprehend this very keenly, and fewer still fertility to construct it in its details, or retentiveness to keep it together when constructed: and so they are glad to have the work done for them, and reserve the more desultory energies of their own intelligence for purposes of criticism. How it is done depends of course on the knowledge and power of the doer. It is easy to prophesy that where so much is left to presumption, even the most instructed will occasionally go wrong, and fill up the historical outline — which, however much he borrows from actual events, must always be scanty — with things which could never have taken place. But in proportion to its success the work will be not only more attractive but more completely true than history itself. The advance which historical inquiry has made and is making since Scott began to write, may possibly discredit the Waverley novels in this or that particular; but if ever they are superseded, as pictures of the times which they represent, it will be by a series of fictions of similar compass, not by Thierry or Kemble.

If our remarks have hitherto been somewhat general, the illustrations which we have used must have rendered them particular. Those who, after filling up blanks in Thucydides by the present help of Mr. Grote, and in Tacitus by the anticipation of Mr. Merivale, are still conscious of a void, ought to welcome any imaginative writer who professes to supply it. Classical fiction only makes that promise for ancient history, the performance of which in the case of modern history was received with such delight thirty years ago. Stories founded on classical mythology of course stand on a totally different ground. They have no more to do with the history of Greece or Rome than Southey's Thalaba and Kehama with that of Arabia or India. Their interest rests on the interest of the ideas embodied in the ancient belief. So far as those ideas have influenced history, their faithful expression will have an historical importance. But it is something more than the significance of a particular superstition which would make us long for a more complete description of the Athenian panic after the mutilation of the Hermæ in a Grecian Peveril of the Peak.

It cannot be wondered at that the classical writers should have left the accomplishment of the task to us. The full development of prose fiction is a phenomenon belonging almost exclusively to modern times, — we had nearly said to the present

century. The 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius was apparently in no great favour with antiquity. Macrobius, at least, would relegate to the nursery Apuleius 'et hoc totum fabularum genus.' When we speak of Plutarch's 'Lives' as romances, we intend not a compliment but a satire. The natural antithesis to history was then supposed to be poetry. Even poetry, however, rarely ventured to deal with a strictly historical subject. Epic poems were grounded on their mythology, so that critics talked about supernatural machinery as a necessary ingredient in such composition. Tragedy, after one or two attempts to emancipate itself, had to retire back upon the houses of Pelops and Laius. Comedy, so long as it dealt with contemporary history, was merely a satiric farce; nor was it until it surrendered its historical pretensions, and confined itself to imaginary personages, that it began to sketch men and manners, and hold up to the times its own mirror. Indeed, an historical fiction on a contemporary subject is a thing essentially hazardous and impracticable. The illusion, which it is the writer's chief interest to preserve, is at once dispelled by the introduction of persons who are known and can be referred to, or whose immediate representatives, at any rate, might disprove the story; and it is succeeded by Horace's feeling of incredulous disgust. When Mr. D'Israeli, in 'Sybil,' makes his hero consult Lord John Russell on a critical occasion, we smile at the awkwardness into which his subject has led him. If the subject of the book had been less than a Chartist rebellion, we might have passed over the interview as an unimportant circumstance; as it is, we think of Malesherbes' quiet remark to the poet who feigned some convulsion of nature to have taken place in honour of a royal progress,—'Though this happened in my time, yet I do 'not recollect it.' The laws of art are at least as stringent against such misrepresentations of living characters as the laws of libel; and the Greeks, who did not always stand in fear of the latter, were sure to be amenable to the former. Thus virtually cut off from the imaginative treatment of contemporary history, they were deprived, in a great measure, of every opportunity of cultivating historical fiction. While the inventive powers of their literature were yet unexhausted, they could not have gone very far back in their history without trenching on the 'divine 'foretime;' and their genius and their means of information would equally have prevented them from choosing an independent story out of the annals of another country. Xenophon's want of national spirit, as well as the comparatively late period at which he wrote, must account for his selection of the *Cyropædia*. The Romans, it is true, had all Grecian history before them; but they apparently did not like to touch what their masters had not

attempted. At any rate, we do not find that their imaginative writers made any effort to revive the glories of the nation to which they owed so much; while they scarcely seem to have thought of approaching their own except once or twice through an epic medium. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact is clear, that if we wish for any such supplemental history of ancient times, we must go to modern writers. The counsels of the conspirators the night before the death of Cæsar are known to us only through Shakspeare. No earlier authorities than Mr. Savage Landor and Miss Lynn volunteer to tell us what Pericles said to Aspasia.

Unfortunately, however, the proved legitimacy of a branch of writing does not necessarily insure its popularity. Classical fiction may be deserving of as much currency as the romance of history, but it has not attained it. As we have seen from our present list, its cultivators hardly think it wise to court a very extended circulation. No doubt this is mainly owing to the little interest felt by the reading public, omnivorous as it is, in classical antiquity. The classics are studied at school and college, and, except occasionally when a quotation is thought desirable, tabooed for the rest of life. Byron's hatred of Horace was of a piece with the feeling which Pope had celebrated long before — the hostility of no small portion of his countrymen to every thing they had learned at school. Modern history is looked upon with more favour; rather on account, we fear, of the absence of scholastic associations, than because it is more generally understood, or felt to be more intimately connected with the life which we see around us. If recent improvements in education should succeed in bringing it into the regular routine of academical training, it may be in some danger of falling into like disrepute, and so ceasing to be useful as a foundation for the drama or the novel. We are inclined to think, too, that scholars themselves do something towards keeping up this feeling. Whether from pride or from vanity, from tenaciousness of their own pursuits or from deference to the prejudices of the unlearned, they are not generally indisposed to concur in regarding any attempt to mix up ancient learning with modern light reading as pedantic and unseasonable. A professed scholar, who has gained any fame by his labours, is about the last person from whom we should expect a classical story, unless it were for some purely didactic object, like Becker's 'Charicles' and 'Gallus.' It should be recollected, too, that the practical evidence, which is most convincing to an English mind, the *solvitur ambulando*, is here rather deficient. There are no great masterpieces of classical fiction to which an admirer can point in justification of his enthusiasm. Scott, after having

ranged through the middle ages, stopped short at the Greek empire; and the novel in which he portrayed the effete senility of the Byzantine court bears too evident marks of his own decay. Mr. Lockhart's 'Valerius,' we suppose, is not meant to be understood as having been produced under his inspiration, though it has touches which would not discredit such a source. 'The Last Days of Pompeii' attracts the sympathies of the man of taste, rather than addresses him as 'a prophecy of the past' from the depths of history. No one has favoured us with such a representation of an ancient Greek as 'Anastasius' gives of his modern counterpart. If those whose works we have now to notice cannot complain of the ground as being preoccupied, they have the disadvantage, on the other hand, of having no bright example to cheer them, no acknowledged model to strive after.

This very circumstance would seem to make them more deserving objects of critical attention than they might have been, had their department been one where the standards of excellence are less equivocal, and the conditions of success better ascertained. Whatever may be the intrinsic worth of the popular judgment, no one will refuse it at least a concurrent jurisdiction over works which have for their main object the gratification of the popular taste; though it may be no less true that the popular taste is all the better for cultivation and direction. To contradict it flatly would be to imitate the tailor in the play, arguing against Lord Foppington's natural perception of the fitness of things: to ratify all its conclusions is to convert the upper house of literary legislation into a chamber for registering democratical edicts. But a subject like the present may be safely looked upon as a critic's *peculium*. The sphere of his authority is narrow perhaps, but it is at any rate tolerably independent. It would be affectation to deny that classical romance must conform to the fundamental rules which regulate all other fiction: it must be equally vain to pretend that it has not special necessities of its own, which require special treatment from the writer and special consideration from the reader.

Every one knows that in historical romance-writing the great, perhaps the only special difficulty, is to preserve a proper medium between the old and the new — between a literalising adherence to the past, and a modernising disposition to confound it with the present. This difficulty, formidable at all times, is peculiarly felt when the subject chosen is from ancient history. On the one hand, the difference of thought and feeling, in the times before and after the fall of the Roman Empire, is so striking and unmistakable, that a writer, especially if he is a

competent scholar, is in danger of forgetting the essential unity in the apparent contrast, and exciting wonder and curiosity at the expense of sympathy. If he has genius of his own, he may produce something like a tale of mythology, where the persons and actions, though utterly foreign to experience, may still be interesting: if not, his work can only be a sort of incarnation of the Dictionary of Antiquities, in which the clothes will be much more genuine, as well as more conspicuous, than the men who fill them. On the other hand, the similarities between ancient and modern history are at least as deceptive as their discrepancies. The two civilisations, of Paganism and of Christianity, stand out in broad opposition to each other: but it is no less evident that they are the only two phases of society which admit of being so compared. Ancient civilisation, indeed, has been somewhat irregular in its development, visiting different parts of the heathen world at different times; so that parallels may be made between its several periods: but the civilisation of modern Europe has been much more uniform, in proportion to the greater uniformity of its causes; and in comparing its various manifestations, we think not so much of different ages, as of different nations, contemplated at the same moment. Thus, if a novelist, professing to represent the sixteenth century, introduces the features of any other, it merely proves, so far as it goes, his want of historical discrimination. But when a period of ancient history is selected by a modern writer, the very possession of a certain degree of historical power is likely to lead him wrong. He sees the truth of Arnold's remark, that there is a modern history in ancient times, and does not take into account how much the antiquity of the time must have balanced the modernness of the history. Accordingly he writes a story, of which the names and facts are ancient, but the whole substance and life belong to his own century. We are mistaken if this is not the extreme which, of the two, requires to be more carefully guarded against in the present day. Formerly the dilemma naturally lay between the scholar, who was absorbed in the study of past ages, and the general *littérateur*, who could form no conception of any age but that in which he was himself born and bred. Now, however, no one is more eager than the professed historian to assert the essential identity of the times he is actually living in with those he has dwelt with in thought. We realise the party struggles of Greece and Rome as keenly as if they were now going on about us, and are guided in our view of their merits by our opinions on home politics. Consequently the novelist is free to indulge his natural bent without rebuke, and sketch his Athenians and Romans as if they were persons

of exactly the same stamp as those whom he meets with daily in society. It is only now and then, when we have been bewildered by some book like those in which Professor Becker has tried to combine the tale with the archæological treatise, and of course spoiled both, that we need to go out into the streets in order to assure ourselves that we are in a land of ordinary mortals. The books before us, at any rate, err in the direction of modernism rather than in that of antiquarianism. If the characters are occasionally stiff and unlifelike, it is for the same reason which would have made them stiff and unlifelike in a story of 1850. As we are not writing a general treatise, but simply commenting on certain faults of practice, it may be well to confine our observations to the more pressing evil.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. Macaulay, with his usual felicity of language, pointed out in this Review* the mistake of attempting to embody in a fiction the result of an imperfect critical analysis. He spoke merely of character-drawing: but the remark is susceptible of wider application. A whole nation and its history, all or part, may be the subject of a similar error. It is possible to make not only a character but an entire narrative or fable 'a personified epigram,' by 'following those pointed 'descriptions in which satirists and historians so much indulge.' And not only satirists and historians. For instance, the life of Athens has been called one glorious boyhood; and the descriptive epigram, unless objected to on other grounds, may very well pass, since it happens to express a really prominent feature, and that in terms sufficiently concise and picturesque to attract the attention and occupy the memory. Upon this hint, however, a novelist will, perhaps, arise and speak, investing his characters with such properties as a moderately logical imagination may be able to deduce from the knowledge of their essence, so communicated: forgetting all the time that Nature is not bound to conform exactly, though she may approximate, to the proposition of a rhetorical writer, still less to the inferences drawn from it by an artist of not absolutely transcendent genius. It is another form of the scholastic attempt to substitute logic for the interrogation of Nature, only repeated in this case by men of inferior mental power. Such a temptation is likely to prove peculiarly seductive where the propositions which the critic offers to the creative spirit, are based on the doctrine of historical analogy, before mentioned. As we saw in our last number, this doctrine has asserted its right to determine the theory of translation. The process is the same as we have just described:

* Edinburgh Review, vol. liii. p. 566.

criticism declares epigrammatically that the Scotch are the modern Dorians, and the translator (Mr Walsh in his *Aristophanes*, for instance,) renders the Megarian calling out his pigs for sale and the clouds pouring out their dithyrambic rhapsodies into the language of Burns, in its gaiety and in its gravity. Here the effect will probably not be felt as discordant or unpleasing; the coincidence, whether exact or not, is acknowledged to be a happy one; and, if the writer has only tolerable skill, it will not fail in the execution. For the mere form of a translation, the character of the diction, is not usually so much studied, at least in England, as to make it easy to detect any latent discrepancy which the adoption of a style only partially similar to that of the original may have introduced. Again, to turn from translation to the experiment so happily conceived and exemplified in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. On Mr Macaulay's success in preserving a thorough nationality in both the materials and the spirit of the successive legends he has reproduced, we have never heard two opinions. But language has difficulties of its own. If it often fails in saying all we want it to say, it sometimes fails from its saying something more, from its striking upon a chord we did not mean to touch. A word or cadence, which should call up associations foreign to the subject of a poem, would so far interfere with its effect. Mr Macaulay observes, in his preface, on the obvious impropriety of mimicking the manner of any particular age or country; and was so little conscious of the possible existence of any resemblance of style, such as could suggest a suspicion of imitation, or disturb the poetical illusion of a single passage, that he mentions, in the same sentence, his having 'borrowed something from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad poetry.' However slight may be what has been so borrowed, yet any reader, who is unfortunate enough to be called away by it, though for a moment, from the Minstrel and the Forum, will regret its presence. But in the construction of a romance or classical drama there is far greater peril than that of a tone or manner associated with more recent times. An author who has discovered that the age of which Thucydides wrote had some of its most distinctive features in common with our own, will be in perpetual danger of running his parallels aground; and will pay dearly for his good fortune if it leads him to copy the nineteenth century too minutely, and in making his characters half Athenians, half modern Europeans, to lose sight of the real humanity which might have been attained by a proper observation of either.

The authoress of 'Amymone,' Miss Lynn, is in this respect the greatest offender on our list. Her minute inaccuracies, such

as her mention of the statue of Anthemocritus[*] (the herald whose death was imputed to the Megarians), as erected before Pericles' expedition to Samos, her representation of Nicias and Alcibiades as schoolboys together, and her singular orthography of Greek names,—an unlearned mixture of the old forms with Mr. Grote's new spelling,—are presumptive evidence that she has only a superficial acquaintance with the subject; but the entire manner in which she characterises the period tells much more strongly against her. It would seem that she has acquired, perhaps not from the best sources, a notion of Pericles and his times, serviceable for rhetorical purposes, but not very distinct or comprehensive; and perceiving vaguely its relevancy to certain matters in which she herself interested, has sat down to draw, under its name, and with the addition of as many of its peculiar catchwords as she has been able to pick up, a picture of modern society. Indeed, she avows as much in her preface. After expressing her fervent hope that the love of classic life may 'stand in the place of deeper knowledge, and earnestness hold 'good if skill have failed,' she goes on to declare that 'she has 'but clothed in Grecian form the spirit of modern England, 'speaking under local names of questions which interest uni-'versal man.' We believe ourselves that the analogy between Athenian civilisation and our own is something more than fanciful even in many of its details; we are convinced that a vivid interest in the subjects of the present day will help the student to appreciate points of Athenian thought and practice which have perplexed really learned men; but we must refuse to let 'love stand in the place of deeper knowledge,' wherever love should prove mistaken, not only, with its customary blindness, in the merits, but in the actual character of the object loved, and when deeper knowledge may appear to include all information which lies below the surface. Where the general spirit of a work is the thing complained of, it is not always easy to give specimens; the following, however, may serve as an instance of what we mean. It is part of an account of a *conversazione* at the house of Pericles. We pass over a slight impediment at the threshold, where we are told in an eloquent sentence that 'thus and there were gathered together the men, whose words 'go forth in the Antigone, Alcestis, and *Eumenides*,' (Æschylus

[*] The author of 'Pericles' in a note (vol. i. pp. 312 et seq.) gives reasons for supposing that the death of Anthemocritus took place soon after Pericles' return from Eubœa; but this is an opinion of his own, and as Miss Lynn cannot be assumed to have adopted it, she cannot well be cleared of an anachronism.

having been sixteen years dead, and being evidently not intended here,) and begin with the welcome of the guests:—

'"I greet ye all, my best ones!" said Pericles, coming forward. "My Euripides, tell me how thou hast left thy gentle Chœrilla and thy young Euripides; a dearer blessing than even thy triumph of last year! Aspasia, I would wager my best picture by old Polygnotos, that Chœrilla discovers almost as many evidences of future greatness, as didst thou when our young Pericles first called thee mother!"

'"Women are to us what the sweet waters of Callirrhoë are to Athens," said Euripides. "Without the nine springs which Peisistratos found, she would languish for drought; without their virtues we should die for lack of refreshment."

'"Our poet is warm," cried the sweet and gentle voice of Sophocles. "Why, man, all Athens named thee woman-hater, and canst thou speak so ardently?"

'"I do not love brackish water," returned Euripides drily, turning on his heel.

'"Pheidias, hast thou seen our friend Pyrilampes of late?" asked Pericles, anxious to avert the war of words which usually took place when Sophocles and Euripides met; not because they were rivals in the Goat-song, but rather because of their different natures. . . . .

'"Nay, I have not seen him; but I would thou couldst visit my work-shop before thine embarkation, for I have some plans for thee to look at."

'. . . . "What! a new building for the violet-crowned city!" cried Pericles, turning with a flash in his eyes, which told, through all his measured manner, how deeply the fame of Athens touched him. "Thou art the master of Athenian art," he added; "I can only find the workman and the gold. At least not I," he said, checking himself, "but the people, on my showing. Hush! we will talk of this more fully on my return. My noble Panainos, hast thou been sacrificing to the gods lately? For talents are thy offering, their exercise the sacrifice, and their aim heaven's temple set up in man!"

'"A holier temple than that purified and consecrated by the priest," whispered Aspasia to herself.

'"True, child," said old Anaxagoras; "for the heart of man is his only interpreter of the Gods. Ye find it not in books, in temples, or in idols. In the laws of nature intelligence is proclaimed; but what of love and humanization? Nothing! nothing!"

'"Thucydides, I have passed thee over as yet in silence," said Pericles, taking the historian's hand; "but not from neglect, as thou knowest! Yet I am not one to throw aside the friend for the stranger. . . . . But why art thou here, and Cratippos not with thee? Is he working for thee in thine absence? for that is the tale of your unselfish loves."

'"In all likelihood; our thoughts are seldom apart," replied Thucydides, modestly. "And so thou observest the intellectual rather than the moral virtues? thou regardest affection before hospitality?" he added, anxious to hear the opinions of the greatest man of his day.

'"Aye, as far as I hold civilisation above barbarism! The most

cherished virtues of an age are those whose antagonistic vices are the strongest. In rude times, when the law of might was the only rule, men, as beasts, took all that they might gain by power; the reaction produced the virtue of hospitality. The heroic veneration of age trod on the footstep of the barbarian's deification of strength and vigour; and now, when a refined civilisation has checked the natural impulses, it is well to cling fast to the affections, lest a false and dazzling refinement banish these too, as over rude and rough. I am sure that Meton and Euctemon agree with me!" he continued, turning to the two friends who stood together rather in the back ground, smiling to them as he thus sought to lead them into conversation.

'"There is truth in that;" said Sophocles, coming between the historian and the statesman.

'When he heard his voice Euripides arose. "I contend with ye both," he said hastily; "for intellect is higher than the affections."

'"Art thou Chœrilla's husband, and sayst thou so?" cried Sophocles, half gaily, half reproachfully.

'"Aye, even so. It is a higher, a more refined, a more spiritual life, this of intellect; and to exalt the animal instincts over all that makes man divine is to esteem the brute nature superior to the god-like."

'"Nay, nay, not so! I spoke not of passions, of coarse and strong propensities; but of that moral life to which the affections belong."

'"Pshaw! art thou vapouring? In what, save passions, do thy loves begin? in what end? Thou a poet, and canst not read this spell-word of humanity? Disguise it as ye will, it is ever the same: passion, affection, use what high-sounding phrase delights ye: there is at least one who knows its meaning."

'"Euripides! Euripides! The sun forms the rainbow from out the cloud: and the light of heaven in man's soul produces affection out of passion:" cried Sophocles gravely, and then he turned away.'

Perhaps this extract will not strike our readers as it has struck us, garnished as it is with a tolerable abundance of classical phrases,—'my best ones,' 'the sweet waters of Callirrhoë,' 'the nine springs,' 'the violet-crowned city,' &c. &c.; but we confess that it appears to us nothing more than an indifferent sketch of a modern assembly, where the master of the house is assiduous in paying attention to the more distinguished lions. The very crowding of the figures has a modern air, not to mention that Thucydides in particular is not likely to have been treated by Pericles as an intimate friend. It is very little to say that neither the great statesman himself nor the two 'rivals in the Goat-song' (an undoubted piece of sham antiquarianism) quite sustain their reputations. This Miss Lynn might well be unable to accomplish; but they hardly talk in any way like themselves, or even like Greeks. Some attempt is made to discriminate Sophocles and Euripides, but it does not go far; and those who will turn to the next few pages

(vol. i. pp. 82—85.) will see that the direct criticism upon them is not much better than their display of themselves. We will not run the risk of tediousness by showing that the philosophical discussion is neither very natural in itself nor very characteristically expressed, easy as it would be to any one acquainted with the progressive character of Greek speculation, as well in its subjects as in its terminology. To do so would be to break a butterfly on the wheel; for, it is evident that the fair authoress has not thought of the intervals between Anaxagoras and Plato, Plato and Aristotle, or Aristotle and Rousseau; and, that if she has laudably abstained from introducing us to all the precision of German philosophy, it is only because she does not employ it herself, preferring disquisition of the more rhapsodical and sentimental kind. The eloquence which she puts into the mouths of all her favourite characters is the same as that which comes, not ungracefully, from her own when she speaks as narrator; and the substitution of classical for modern accompaniments destroys the only chance which it ever had of becoming something living and genuine.

It is not uncommon to excuse such deviations from historical propriety by saying that, if the mere accidents have been neglected, the essential humanity has been only more fully realised: and those who quarrel with the neglect are stigmatised as pedants having no eyes except for the external. We think, however, that it will be found, in most cases where the plea is set up, that the humanity for which the sacrifice has been made is equally external with that which has been disregarded, and much more commonplace and conventional; being, in fact, only the outer life of existing society. We are met, of course, by the triumphant answer that Shakspeare wrote Roman plays with a very slender knowledge of the classics. It would be sufficient to reply that we are speaking of cases where ignorance of antiquity is not counterbalanced by any very exuberant or profound knowledge of human nature. Possibly posterity may have to deal with another myriad-minded dramatist whose poverty is better than other men's riches: but it must not be rashly presumed that he is likely to appear at all; or, if at all, with the same deficiency of learning which was not unnatural three hundred years back. Meanwhile, it is a perverse and pernicious paradox to maintain that Shakspeare's consummate genius was in any way connected with his 'little Latin and less Greek,' or that he might not have portrayed the Romans yet more successfully if he had known more about them. Believing this, we are not presuming, as the same absurd reasoning would have it, to set up ourselves against him. We do not say that any other man in his age or in our own, however great his command of

learning, could possibly mend those plays by touching them; but we say that Shakspeare himself, with increased knowledge, might have made them yet more perfect. It is easy to oppose inspiration to scholastic culture; to coin antitheses between nature and art; and to say that Shakspeare's Romans are more ideally true than Niebuhr's. There is some truth in all this; but it is not to the purpose. A poet like Burns may have really known more of classical life than a critic like Blair; nay, it may be, that if Keats or Tennyson had been a senior medallist at Cambridge, they would not have produced any thing not only so beautiful but so purely Greek as *Endymion* or *Œnone*. In what we were just saying, we were thinking of the very highest minds. And, when we recollect how gracefully Milton could walk under the weight of his immense learning, we need not fear that the Atlantean shoulders of Shakspeare would have been oppressed by a similar load. The knowledge of antiquity may operate on the recipient so as to produce mere bookishness and intellectual sophistication; but in itself it is a real and legitimate part of all knowledge, a portion of that truth with which poets are conversant, a lesson set in other schools than those where man is teacher. We know not what were Shakspeare's feelings with respect to his own deficiencies; but we cannot believe that the same modesty which besought his friend to chide with Fortune, 'the guilty goddess of his harmful deeds,' would have shrunk from confessing want of knowledge as an evil to be lamented, at the same time that it was imputed to want of opportunity. If he was self-centred, it was in his strength, not in his weakness. His eulogists may show the greatness of their faith in him by doubting whether he could have assimilated the learning which obstructs Ben Jonson's *Catiline* and *Sejanus*; but we have no proof that he thought so meanly either of himself or of that which he happened not to possess. On the contrary, it may be argued from the diligent use which he has made of such information as he had, that he would gladly have taken advantage of more. Arnold, in his Roman History, has noted the poet's perception of historical truth in a matter where it might well have been overlooked; and future critics may perhaps spend their time more profitably in discovering other indications of a like vigilant industry than in labouring to prove that the absence of so servile a virtue has been conducive to his preeminence as a creative artist.

The author of 'Pericles' is not gifted with Miss Lynn's power of rhetorical description, nor with her ardent and overflowing enthusiasm: but his soberness has allowed him to collect more information and to draw with greater accuracy. Some lapses in scholarship and history might be expected by the

readers of his earlier work, the 'Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy;' in which, quoting the words of Æschylus, Μοῖραι πρόμορφοι, he says, that 'the masculine adjective attached to the feminine substantive shows that the poet had not the three old spinning women in his mind;' and further on, speaks of 'Cleisthenes and his Spartan allies' as opposed and defeated by the Athenians, who 'could not brook a single ruler.' On the present occasion, however, where something beyond an outline is attempted, the special study which he must have given to the writers belonging to the period has stood him in better stead; and though there is nothing remarkable about his learning, we do not recollect any positive errors either in the text or in the rather copious notes at the end of his volumes. Though his date is somewhat earlier than that fixed on by Miss Lynn, he relates several of the same events, such as the prosecution of Phidias, Anaxagoras, and Aspasia, and the death of the former in prison; and that in a tone which accords better with what we can fancy to have taken place. The Socrates of 'Amymone' eloquent as he often is, has scarcely one of the characteristic features to which Plato and Xenophon have accustomed us; the Socrates of 'Pericles' indulges with tolerable frequency in irony and cross-examination. Still, even about him there is something stunted and modern; while Anaxagoras and Aspasia, to whose prelections we are admitted, discourse like any modern lecturer on things scientific and philosophical. The book has much in it which is creditable to the author's knowledge and ability, possessing to a certain extent the liveliness of a regular fiction, though built, as he professes, mainly on historical facts; but it will not content those who, after drinking deep at all the original sources, desire to have their imagination yet further satisfied by a more detailed picture of that glorious age, at once truly living and truly antiquarian.

One point in which the modernising spirit is unusually liable to produce serious misconception, is the moral condition of ancient times. Both 'Pericles' and 'Amymone' are intended to contribute to the glorification of Pericles and Aspasia; and accordingly they vie with each other in claiming for the illustrious pair the most unsullied purity of life in our sense of the term. This seems to us to arise from a total misunderstanding, wilful or otherwise, of the customs and opinions of Athenian society. Of course we must not take our notions of Aspasia from her detractors, as if she had been, in Miss Lynn's language, 'notable only for her beauty and her luxuriousness,' the purveyor to a *parc-aux-cerfs* in which Pericles enacted the part of the Regent. Viewed according to the morality of the day, they may have been blameless, more blameless than the mass of their contem-

-parties: but we must not suppose them to have been restrained by all the sanctions which the code of modern practice owes to Christianity. In defending them, all that we have to do is to ignore such charges as the enlightened conscience of their time would have felt to be criminal imputations. Socrates we may believe to have been really pure in heart and life, in spite of the strange company into which his genial humanity sometimes led him: but he lived under a moral rule which was confessedly peculiar, and to which even Plato does not appear to have surrendered himself. The misrepresentation is of some consequence, not only as effacing an historical characteristic, but as hiding the glory no less than the shame of the Athenian character. It is no light proof of the mental greatness of a nation that it should have exhibited so much sensuality even among its best natures, and yet remained so noble. Roman civilisation attempted to run a similar course and failed, sinking at once to a level which contains no place for sympathy or toleration. Time accordingly has made a difference in its awards: we can think of Athens without remembering its worst vices, but the moral degradation of imperial Rome is never forgotten. If we miss in Thucydides, who was not blind to the other faults of his countrymen, an account of their social state, the omission may serve to remind us that there was no such conscious demoralisation as that which is forced upon our notice in every page of Tacitus. Mr. Collins, choosing a subject from those dark days in depicting which Gibbon has earned his fame, has been led not more by his own truthfulness of observation than by the imperative demands of facts, to touch on some of the deeper stains of national pollution. Our authors seem quite aware that Athenian life had its shades: Cleon, who is drawn in all the breadth of the vulgar conception of his character, appears as the brutal villain of 'Amymone,' the more harmless debauchee of 'Pericles:' but such personages are no more than modern society can show, while the halo which is cast round the men and women of finer clay serves to produce not so much a more striking as a less genuine contrast. As it happens, the superficiality of the writer in this case is fortunately balanced by that of the ordinary reader, who might have some difficulty in appreciating the excellence of the Athenian worthies, if he were informed of all concerning them: but even if such a condescension to popular ignorance had been intended, it must be reckoned a poor set-off against the perpetuation of error, and the neglect of the instruction which was to have been derived from a faithful exhibition of the truth.

'Antonina' contains more of the requisites for general and

respectable popularity than either of the works which we have noticed, perhaps than any classical romance of recent date. Its descriptive style is as eloquent, though not so uniformly impassioned, as that of 'Amymone,' while in historical truthfulness it is at least equal to 'Pericles.' In literary skill and adroitness of management, it must be admitted to be superior to them both. Mr. Collins has shown his judgment not only in overcoming but in declining some of the difficulties encountered by his predecessors. The period which he has chosen is more tractable in itself; as the external forms of society in the Christianised empire happen to be at once more like our own and more patient of a somewhat vague rhetorical handling than the sharp and pronounced characteristics of Athens in its prime. The 'principles' too on which he has written show equal discretion, having induced him to represent not actual but imaginary characters, — in other words, not the leading men, but the general society of the day, and thus to avoid an unfavourable comparison both with historic greatness and historic fact. The result is a pleasing amplification of Gibbon, preserving the outline of his narrative as a background, and developing the hints furnished by his more general views into a plot and a cast of characters good in themselves and sufficiently suitable to the time. The obvious points, chiefly of contrast, are judiciously seized and effectively presented; the conflict between the old and the new being exhibited in the person of the invaders and the invaded, and also within the walls in the opposition between Christianity and a still reluctant Paganism. These broader features are yet further diversified in detail: we have a Gothic matron, implacable in her revenge against the murderers of her kindred, and her brother, a young chief, forgetting his duties as a warrior in his passion for a daughter of the enemy: we have a pure-minded Roman girl, and a voluptuous senator; an ascetic father, ill suited to educate a nature full of susceptibility and enthusiasm for Art; and, as further foils to him, a self-seeking and corrupt priesthood of his own faith, and a pretended convert. The pretended convert turns out to be a savagely sincere pagan, — who again is himself confronted with the indifference of a dilettante favourer of the old belief and with the relentless reality of Gothic contempt. But it is of course impossible in a single sentence to express with decent perspicuity the complication of the story, or even to enumerate the impressive situations and the strokes of tragic irony which such materials, in the hands of a skilful workman, might be expected to produce. A tolerable specimen of the writing may be seen in the subjoined sketch, which accompanies the first introduction of the senatorial Epicurean already referred to.

'At most periods of the world, modern or ancient, the historical student will perceive the existence of a certain class of men, one great object of whose creation appears to have been to supply posterity with the most striking and complete examples of the influence of the age on the individual. Of such an order was the senator Vetranio. Under the flimsy superstructure of this man's laborious trifling and elaborate profligacy lay concealed a powerful and profound intellect, the legitimate cravings of which, unanswered in those degenerate times, were either destroyed by privation, or deceived into a relish for the intellectual garbage of the age. Rather reflective than active, rather imitative than creative, too pliable for resistance, and too social for solitude, his was not the understanding which out of itself can supply its own wants,—which asks from the world without neither inspiration nor sympathy, and which glories in the loneliness inherited by its own ungenial aspirations, or created by its own unwelcome achievements. Like an inland sea, his mind lay calm in itself, among those external influences that alone could rouse it to action, or lash it into grandeur. But the storm of mighty actions or great examples, at that worthless period, never impelled it to cast up its hidden treasures to the day, never agitated it to its inmost depths. Over its indolent surface there passed but the little breeze of luxury, or there rose but the puny wavelet of accomplishments. And thus, intellectually crippled beneath the degenerate influences of his age, this man, who in other times might have led the destinies of an empire, found in his own no brighter distinction than the rule over jesters, and no nobler ambition than the supremacy among cooks.'

It would have been fairer to Mr. Collins, perhaps, to have quoted one of his more striking scenes, such as the 'Banquet of Famine,' in the third volume, rather than a passage which, especially if taken alone, may be set down as a somewhat overdone piece of rhetoric, savouring in one or two expressions of the taste of the age which it portrays; but our space will not permit us to transcribe episodes extending page after page, and there is enough in what we have extracted to show that the author has a certain power both of conception and of expression. We should add, too, that Mr. Collins not only tells us about his characters, but makes them exhibit themselves in action as much as in language. None of the others, perhaps, are so well imagined or executed as Vetranio. Antonina and Goisvintha, the heroine and her would-be murderess, are good as far as they go, but rather common. Numerian and Ulpius, the Christian and Heathen zealots, are in a higher style, but the artist's success is not equal here to his ambition, and he has not penetrated beyond their more obvious traits; while Hermanric, the Gothic lover, displays a dreamy sentimentalism, ill accounted for by the 'Roman fervour,' with which his passion is said to inspire him. Altogether the romance is one which shows literary craft rather

than genuine mastery over either history or human nature: and the artifices by which the style is diversified are too conventional. An author has not thrown himself into his subject with the necessary abandonment, when he can make apologies to his readers, and assure them that he does not mean to fatigue them. Miss Lynn's sustained enthusiasm is more wearisome, but it proves her to be in a kind of earnest. It may be said, however, and with some justice, that the levity against which we are taking exception is not out of place in a book meant to be read and laid down again. Mr. Collins, in the preface to his second edition, evidently seems to recollect that a more serious tone might be more decorous in a successful author who has a glimpse of permanent fame. The earlier calculation is, however, we suspect, the truer of the two. To be really valuable, an historical fiction must not leave our conceptions of a period exactly where the last great historian placed them. 'Antonina' has earned for itself popularity in England, and possibly an introduction into Germany; but we should hesitate in adjudging it a more decided apotheosis.

Less adapted to make an impression on the ordinary reader, Mr. Robert Landor's fictions are of a much higher order than the rest of those which have suggested to us our present subject. Like his brother, he does not care to fall in with the humours of his time, though he has not made any open profession of his disregard. Southey, the admired and admirer of both, has declared, that there is, perhaps, no other instance of so strongly marked an intellectual family likeness. Mr. Robert Landor modestly disclaims the compliment which this implies, saying, that 'the 'Laureat must have meant only such a resemblance as often 'exists between great things and little.' There is so far truth as well as humility in the disclaimer, that Mr. Robert Landor does not show that rough and untamed vigour, that strong but warped individuality, for which his brother's writings are so remarkable. We are speaking without any knowledge of his early life and fortunes, when we venture to assume that he must throughout have lived in greater charity with his generation. His intellectual habits may have been the same, but he has evidently followed them in much less of an antagonistic spirit; not flying in anger to the wilderness, but retiring quietly into congenial seclusion. His real sphere must have been not Italy, but his own Worcestershire parish. However this may be, there is certainly enough resemblance to make it probable that the works of the less known brother should be attributed to the better known, as seems to have been the case with 'The Fawn of Sertorius.' Both seem to have studied the classics devotedly, and with the same object, —not as critical scholars or learners merely, but as imitators,

though one is far more disposed to ambitious rivalry than the other. Both have been rewarded by being allowed to catch, not exactly the classical style, but the classical habit of composition, which differs mainly from the modern in paying much more attention to form, and much less to colour. At first sight it might appear that they do not sympathise with the same features of ancient life and character; as Mr. Robert Landor has on each occasion chosen a Roman subject, while his brother's predilections appear to have directed him principally to the art and civilisation of Greece. We are not so sure of this: for while we can have no apology to make to the 'Hellenics,'—our admiration of which already stands on record,—we fancy we can trace, even in Mr. Savage Landor, more of the Roman than of the Athenian. If he has imitated the Greeks in some of his English works, he has copied the Latins in their own language. Nor would any man who was not strongly biassed in favour of Roman doctrine deliberately prefer Cicero to Plato. On the other hand, Mr. Robert Landor promises, in a second series of 'The Fountain of Arethusa,' to take us to Athens. Happy as we shall be to meet him again there or anywhere, we do not feel sure that we shall find him as much at home among the wise men of Greece as he is with the consular phantoms of subterranean Rome, or under the banners of Sertorius in Spain. At present, at least, he shows a better eye for the veritable members of the Roman congress than for Alexander or Aristotle. Not but that in him too, as well as in the rest of our romance writers, there is a little of the modern antique. His views of classical life not unfrequently seem as if taken from the level of the last century, which may be symbolised by his supposed brother-in-law's terrace with its urns and balustrades. His study of Roman history, accurate and extensive as it has been, bears signs of having been commenced in an age when the echoes of Goldsmith had not been forgotten. Even in the lower world, Roman citizens would start at finding themselves written down as J. Cæsar and M. T. Cicero; especially if endowed with a faultless and uncompromising memory. The plan of the 'Fawn' is a direct contrast to that of the 'Fountain,'—the one being professedly a *rechauffé* of a recovered Roman MS., the other as palpably a narrative of exceedingly modern experience; yet, unless we are mistaken, the former contains a prophecy, conscious or unconscious, of the latter in the dialogue between Orcilis, Sertorius, Virgilia, and Myrtilis. In speculating on what may lie hid behind the veil, their anticipations point more directly to the solutions which Christianity was to provide for heathen problems, than they could have done had they been actually conceived by Roman heroes or Spanish ladies

even in those days of expectation. The second tale turns the tables on the Christians, who fail in impressing their superiority on Pagan judges: still it is only in the natural course of things that the shadow cast before by the coming book should have represented it in an inverted form.

Mr. Landor's superior perception of the conditions under which classical romance is possible, is shown, we think, by the fact that he alone has thought it necessary to give his tale a fictitious setting, instead of introducing it at once to the public without any medium. Such expedients — making, in fact, a narrative within a narrative — have been in pretty frequent use among our imaginative writers, since the 'Canterbury Tales' and the 'Taming of the Shrew.' They are evidently artificial contrivances, intended to produce an effect which could not be secured without them — to apologise, as it were, for something in the character of the work which follows; and, consequently, their propriety must be measured by their necessity or utility. It is not enough that they should be pleasing and beautiful in themselves, they must be seen to be in strict congruity with that which they introduce; nor, indeed, is mere congruity enough, if it should appear that they could have been safely dispensed with. The rule which Mr. Pugin has laid down in architecture, holds good in other departments of creative art: the artist cannot be absolved from the duty of regarding utility, — that is, in other words, the purpose and imperative requirements of the work which he is contemplating. This principle excludes an artificial introduction to a story in some cases, as surely as it demands it in others. Thus, it may be questioned whether Mr. Tennyson, who is nowhere more happy than in such preparatory sketches, has not occasionally been led by that temptation to employ them where they are not absolutely needed. What is there in the *Morte D'Arthur* to make it come more properly from 'the poet Everard Hall' than from Alfred Tennyson? Where, indeed, do the respective positions of the two poets differ? Or, again, to take a more illustrious instance, is there anything in the 'Princess' which requires to be understood as the product of an idle interval during a *fête champêtre?* Or, if the poet himself was not to be supposed competent to produce a 'Medley' under ordinary circumstances, such as a reader in the nineteenth century could appreciate without special information, where was the need of imagining a plurality of authors —

> 'Seven people being set a tale to tell
> Which one might have related just as well?'

Scott, in his first great poem, communicated with the public

through the intervention of a 'Last Minstrel:' afterwards he saw that, with a very slight modification of the ballad language, a chivalrous story might be told by himself in person; and, accordingly, he showed his judgment by dropping the fiction. But where the events to be described are such as those of classical antiquity, the case is altered. A writer stands in a certain relation to his subject, and that relation must be accounted for and disposed of. Where the subject belongs to no time at all, like that of the 'Princess,' it may be approached by any person of any time who has the capacity to conceive it. Where it simply belongs to past time, the Middle Ages, for example, a modern author may introduce himself as a mere spectator, and not be perceived to be actually out of place. But where the time to be described is really past, and yet separated from us by another and a wider chasm than that of years, the presence of the writer becomes questionable, and possibly inconvenient. He is liable to be asked not only concerning what he saw but what he felt, and his feelings are sure to be a history in themselves. There seems to be but one alternative,—he must throw off his modern feelings altogether, or he must have them specially allowed for and recognised. Mr. Landor has given us an example of each of these courses. In 'The Fawn of Sertorius' he is not only anonymous, but, for the purposes of the tale, characterless. He appears only as the English editor of a manuscript. That manuscript is assumed to be the substance of a Roman narrative, reconstructed by an Italian who had not the opportunity of copying it entire. Thus, by a sufficiently probable fiction, we are prepared for a story classical in its general spirit, but not destitute of later touches. In the 'Fountain of Arethusa,' on the contrary, the modern narrator is everything. He is virtually identical in his antecedents with Mr. Landor, who might have been himself the hero,—if indeed he could have avoided being thereby in a manner pledged to the authenticity of a very marvellous tale. The subject of the work is the ancient world viewed by the light of modern experience, and reflecting back its own light on modern society. It cannot properly be called an historical fiction, as, though most of its persons are historical, and retain their historical character, they are not represented as existing in historical time: but it indicates, if we mistake not, a way in which historical fiction may be treated, and that, on the whole, perhaps the best way. The innocent forgery of a lost classical work, legitimate as it is in theory, is not likely to succeed in practice. A writer of any independent genius will never be able to tie himself so closely to his supposed model as to produce a really speaking counterfeit. It is hard enough to

execute a sufficiently exact translation, spirited and yet thoroughly antique; but when both the dream and the interpretation have to be discovered, the difficulty is more than doubled, and the chances that the expositor will be found drawing on his own invention are infinitely increased. The very form of a prose tale will have to be borrowed to a certain extent from later times; and no human combination of profound knowledge with profound self-restraint will prevent the sentiments from becoming occasionally the writer's own, both in manner and matter. Some Giraldo Cornacchini will always have to be brought in: and though the excuse furnished may be honourable to the artist's adroitness, the necessity of any excuse must be fatal to a work where there can be no triumph short of perfect success. And even perfect success can have but few laurels to bestow. The difficulty of the task is preternatural, and the labour that is spent in thwarting nature must be labour misapplied. We do not want to have the lost books of Livy supplied by a modern historian, especially when we know that the genius which could perform anything so ungenial must have far richer stores of his own at command. Mr. Merivale is much better employed, in bringing all the strength of recent knowledge and accumulated research to bear on the latter days of the Republic, than in endeavouring to re-produce the views entertained of it by the ancients themselves, — views highly important historically, but intrinsically narrow, and already known, or capable of being known, sufficiently for all practical purposes. So we would have the writer of the next classical romance set to work in the spirit of Mr. Merivale or Mr. Grote,—writing as a modern for moderns, armed with modern scholarship, and able to compare modern with ancient institutions, though not on that account deviating into such modernisms as we have so repeatedly censured, and describing the Greeks and Romans disguised by modern peculiarities. As we saw just now, it will require some artifice to render such a mode of treatment tolerable — an artifice similar to that which Mr. Landor has used in his second work, but not the same. It is possible that we may be ourselves in possession of suggestions towards a scheme of the kind, as the question happens to have occurred to us some time before the publication of 'The Fountain of Arethusa;' but we certainly shall not so far forget the province of critics as to think of communicating them.

Our four authors, perhaps, will hardly thank us for thus noticing their respective performances, rather with reference to certain points of design and execution which have impressed themselves upon us as important, than according to their own profession as substantive and independent works, to be tried by

general, not by special, tests. We can only say that, if we have thought too little of them, we have thought the more of their subject—a plea which we adopt with less reluctance, as we fancy it will be most readily admitted by that one of their number who has appeared to us most successful. Whether any of them will hereafter fully realise the high conception which we entertain of a classical romance, we dare not prophesy. But we would not discourage any one of them from prosecuting the career that they have begun, though we may be allowed to tell Miss Lynn that her power of language and force of passion, to which our plan has not suffered us to do justice, would probably be better displayed in some story from the less sunny and more prosaic life of modern England. If they should venture to proceed, they have vast fields of history before them yet unworked. The age of Pericles, though not exhausted, will perhaps be the better for a little repose; but there are the times immediately succeeding it, the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, less distinguished by large historical figures, which would seem to defy the power of fiction while they provoke it; more tempting, at the same time, from the partial glimpses which their records afford of the internal condition of that astonishing people in its wild fits of panic self-distrust, and its repeated bursts of heroic energy. Republican Rome is rather hard and formal, and the corruptions of the declining empire are not attractive: but the civilisation of the Augustan era is well worthy of all the skill which the ablest artist can bestow on it; and the period which Tacitus and Juvenal represent has many episodes more truly answering to the title of *Les Mystères de Rome* than any French story of the Conspiracy of Catiline. 'The Waverley 'Novels of Antiquity' are yet to be written by a modern hand; and when they appear, though they can never be so extensively read as their predecessors, they may do much to create the taste which they will not find.

ART. VII. — 1. *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education: Schools of Parochial Unions, England and Wales.* 1850.
2. *Second Annual Report of the Committee of the United Industrial School.* Edinburgh: 1850.

AT all hands it seems now admitted that Emigration can no longer be left to blind chance or the unaided impulses of unthinking multitudes. It has become, at least in our age and country, one of those great operations, which affect too seriously the destinies of mankind. Though opinions may be little in

harmony as to the extent and nature either of the encouragement or the regulations which may be necessary, yet all rational men agree that, for the sake as well of the public as of the individuals immediately concerned, there is great need of more reflection, advice, and arrangement in these proceedings, than they have yet been in the habit of receiving,—that if there be no absolute right and wrong, there are some paths better than others,—that, in short, there is, or should be, a political economy of Emigration, and if not a system, something like one in its principle and method. There are few matters of extensive daily practical operation, in which the public mind is in so chaotic a state, as this of the best economic application of the human drain. The first impression is generally a very simple one. There are too many human beings on these two islands, and a certain number must be removed to bring their population to a reasonable level. But some one who has a turn for statistics remarks, that the removals by the drainage in three years do not equal the increase of the population by the excess of births over deaths in one year; and, if he have also read a little political economy, he asserts that the widest room which can possibly be made by mere emigration will be speedily filled up; and that population, when it has sufficient empty space around it, has a tendency to double itself in some five and twenty years; so that if we exported a million of people in a year,—more than all the ships in the world could hold,—we should soon again be as we were. Thus the first simple theory is thrown into confusion, and the prospect of relief becomes desperate, unless some other view can be taken of the subject.

Amid all the theories which admit of being started and hunted to nice or doubtful conclusions, it may surely be safely asserted that emigration is a valuable resource in two cases;—first, in that of a morally damaged population, which, from its state of social disease, cannot find the means of living at home but may possibly live abroad: and, secondly, in the case of classes of men who, though not actually starving, have been so far left behind in the great race of competition which an old country like ours is running, that they are here on the verge of poverty,—notwithstanding that they possess capacities and dispositions which would enable them materially to raise their position and increase their usefulness in a new and open land.

It cannot but protract the confusion and uncertainty adhering to the common notions on over-population to find men, whose names are quoted in Parliament on the subject of emigration, speaking of the advantage of removing skilled, able, self-sup-

porting labourers from the country by artificial means, — on the supposition, that the better and more effectively any number of labourers may work, the more fully would their absence 'relieve the labour market;'—as if it were production instead of consumption which renders a population burdensome. On the contrary, we conceive it to be an axiom, that a well employed productive population cannot be too numerous. It proceeds as a corollary from this; that it is not from the absolute number of people to the square mile that a population is redundant; but because, from want of capital, or of energy, or of right calculation, or from some social evil or other, a part at least of the population is not working effectively and productively. With free trade—with all the world for its cornfield and its market—a tract of country may be as densely peopled as any crowded city, and yet not be subject to the curse of a redundant population in the true economic sense of the expression. There must be a naturally bad, or a demoralised and degenerate race of people, or there must be bad laws, lack of employment, or some social disease at work wherever we find this sad phenomenon of redundancy; and, with all the calamities which late years have brought upon us, it must be at this moment an object of the purest pride and most hearty satisfaction to every public-minded inhabitant of our island, to believe that the removal of bad legislation is already, by the free space which it has opened to our insular energy and enterprise, doing more to adjust our population to its means than any artificial drain can ever accomplish.

It is not from their absolute numbers, but from the kind of population which goes to make up those numbers, that Ireland is over-peopled by its eight millions; and that the West Highlands of Scotland are over-peopled with their three hundred and fifty thousand. No one who passes through the ruined streets of Cashel, and sees the ghastly prowling objects still left to supplicate subsistence from the passing traveller — no one who passes the turf huts of Kerry melting into their original bogs, while the remaining inhabitants gaze in blank and hopeless despair on their black and rotted potato stalks — can doubt for a moment that those who have fled from these ruins must be better anywhere than *there*. A flight of this kind is more forlorn and terrible than that of a retreating army. But as they were a thoroughly diseased population — a mortified spot in the empire,— on the whole, it is as well for the country as for themselves, that they are gone; and we may fain hope that it is within the capacity of precautionary legislation and social restraints to prevent their places being re-occupied by others

of the like kind, spreading around them similar suffering, degradation, and alarm.

Such is the effect of emigration, as a mere riddance. It is an amputation of the mortified parts of the old social system. But amputation is at all times a harsh sad business. There is, as we have already intimated, another — a nobler — a more cheering aim of emigration — the placing of those who can live, but who live poorly at home, in a position where their qualifications will have a freer range and can be exerted to a fuller purpose. The peculiar drift of our remarks will now perhaps be seen: we desire to unite, if possible, the two purposes,—to try how far a completely damaged and worthless population may be brought up to the rank of the better order of emigrants; so that they shall not be merely shovelled out of their own land, where they were a nuisance, but may be planted where they will grow lustily and bear honest sterling fruit. If we cannot do this at all for the aged, and can do it but imperfectly for the adult, there is a fine field for us in the young — the homeless, hopeless children of vice and misery, who swarm in our streets, and infest our highways. Not only in the administration of the poor laws, but in the management of the ragged or industrial schools, which the earnestness of Lord Ashley and other men of benevolent enthusiasm has lately called into existence in England, may we look for help in the accomplishment of this object. Just now it is not of so much moment to extract money from the public for charitable purposes, as rightly and effectively to direct the vast stream which is flowing in that direction. When our attention was first attracted to these schools, upwards of three years ago, by the eloquent pamphlet of Dr. Guthrie, we could not but express our most sanguine hopes from them, as an evident engine of good. They are now a fixed feature in our social system, and will remain so, unless there should be some lurking unsuspected fallacy about them, of which we are unaware. In the meantime they are at work so fully, practically, and experimentally before the public eye, that we are enabled to go beyond the first question of their general expediency, and study their special uses.

It became soon clear to their most enthusiastic supporters, that as mere places of temporary refuge, these institutions would do little permanent good—that merely to keep from mischief so many young thieves and mendicants for so many hours a day, or so many months, or even so many years, was but baling out the water—not closing the leak. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that man is a creature of impulse, and energy, and enterprise; and that in this country we are living in a very hotbed of activity

and restlessness. Our future lies not in our overlooking these powerful tendencies, or lulling them into a diseased sleep, but in directing them to good. A youth who has merely been kept from mischief, and has learned nothing by which he can earn his bread, is utterly helpless when cast back on such a world, and will be immediately dragged under its current into its lowest depths; and this must happen in such a case, even though he may have been lately surrounded for the time with the safeguards which, to those who have once a firm footing on firm ground, are an armour of proof against all temptations, — we mean, of course, religious instruction and moral training. The supporters of a system, which aims at entirely sweeping our streets of destitute and vicious children, will naturally seek to economise its resources, so as to bring as many as possible within its fold. This we fear is the prevailing and characteristic weakness of the system. No arrangement can entirely cleanse our streets of imposture and pauperism. While there is so much easy and foolish benevolence to be practised on, the trade of making money through this channel will continue to exist. Of whatever numbers you clear the market, whether by fear or favour, you make it the more profitable to those who remain, and leave an inducement to new comers. With the natural fountains of supply which regurgitate from every corner of our great cities — with Ireland as a great pauper preserve always at hand — the complete exhaustion of the element by any single means is hopeless. The cup of charity is like the horn which the giants in Utgard handed to Thor to test his drinking powers — the end was sunk in the sea; and the thunderer could make no impression on it save by bringing down the level of the ocean. Instead of attenuating their funds over large masses, we believe that these institutions will act in the safest and most effective manner towards society, in converting, if they can, a certain number of the degraded offspring of hereditary pauperism into men and women capable of self-support, by enabling them to produce more than they consume. This will not be accomplished by merely keeping them off the streets — by allowing them food, shelter, and religious instruction, nor even by occupying their hands, unless the occupation be one which may afterwards procure them the means of subsistence. The very easiest and simplest employments which keep the hands in motion were naturally resorted to by the founders of these institutions; and we do not blame them on this ground, for in such projects we can only grope our way to the most prudent and most efficient measures through a cautious examination of results. But it was soon perceived that the picking of old ropes, the sorting of

hair for wigs, the platting of straw, and the knitting of stockings, were not the species of training that would enable those whose parents had lost for them a position in the energetic community of Britain, to win it back again by their own capacity and strength. The longer that a boy is kept to such idle occupations as these, the less capable will he become of acquiring any better.

Every system of charity is in itself a harm to the commonwealth, only justified by its efficacy in averting some other and still greater evil. But when it is once settled that a human being is to be the object of charity, it is often bad policy to stint the amount spent on him. At all events, no reasonable sacrifice should be grudged, which may hold out the prospect of lifting up the pauper and his offspring, from the unproductive to the productive level. Hereditary pauperism is a permanent addition to whatever losses the passing calamities and convulsions of society keep throwing into the chasm. And it was by this curse of hereditary irreclaimability, by workhouse and pay-table pedigrees as complete as those of the peerage, that before 1834 the pauperism of England seemed to be gradually sucking the resources of the State, rich and poor, within its vortex. Under the old system, and we fear there is too much of it still under the new, there were many instructive instances of the false economy of relieving without reclaiming. The parish apprentice was a worthless, useless, hopeless creature; he had been preserved alive, not trained; and he was often sent out of the workhouse with a frame approaching manhood but with no larger inward capacities for its guidance than those which had propelled his infant motions. The great question was, how he was to be got rid of — how to be taken off the parish. Those who wanted real workers, would rather pay a fine than have him. Through funds collected or advanced from the rates, he became endowed with an apprentice fee. The artisan who had no occasion for a serviceable apprentice, but who wanted the fee, now came forward. All kinds of tradesmen whose occupations were on the borders of pauperism, competed for these useless recruits; but their principal market was in the great starving body of the hand-loom weavers. And those who indolently favoured this wretched system might have been often enough startled into a sense of its absurdity, by the perpetually recurring phenomenon of both master and apprentice applying for parochial relief, as soon as the fee was spent. In the training school at Norwood a different example was set. Would that it had been well followed! The boy was trained to be much too valuable to require that he should be offered with a bounty. The master of the Limehouse School of Industry, where the training system had been pursued, in answer to inquiries

by Dr. Kay Shuttleworth, replied, — 'In the first place we 'diminish the period of residence in the workhouse two years: 'next, the apprentice fee and expenses are saved; next the 'children obtain superior situations; they seldom return even 'temporarily to a state of dependence. We have a strong con-'viction that they will certainly retain an independent spirit 'and position in after-life, so that instead of rearing a race of 'paupers we are now rearing a race of independent workmen 'and servants . . . . Frequently persons come to apply for 'children at the Limehouse Training School. I immediately 'tell them we give no premium. That readily disposes of scores 'of applications, and those who persist in the application are 'respectable individuals who have real need of the services of a 'well-trained and well-educated child. It was only the other 'day,' he continued, descending to particular instances, 'that 'the captain of a ship came to the school to ask for a boy. I 'told him that we had no boy old enough to go to sea. He 'said, "I have seen a little boy at sea scarcely higher than a '"coil of rope, who had been trained in this school, and he con-'"ducts himself so well, and is so active and useful, that I am '"determined to have a boy like him, if I can obtain one;" and 'he told me there was a boy about his age in the house who 'would suit him.'*

When it was first seen how ineffectual Ragged Schools, as they were termed, were without a skilful system of industrial training, to elevate their inmates from pauperism to self-support, the next resource naturally looked to for a solution of the difficulty was the system of human drainage or emigration. We have often dwelt upon it ourselves — and no later than January last, in a paper on Colonization — as a necessary condition to our relief, especially in the case of Ireland. But, emigration, as hitherto conducted, has been found to be no immediate solution. We must probe deeper into the evil for its cure. The constitution of society must be so repaired, as not to want a constantly recurring system of depletion. If it be left with those who have grown to manhood, and can read tracts on emigration, to judge for themselves whether they shall cross the sea, and how and where they are to take up their future abodes, surely it depends on some others to consider how our pauper youth may be best adapted to such a destination. Not that we think it would be wholesome that the youth of any class of society should be brought up

* Report to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor Law Commissioners, on the Training of Pauper Children, p. 171.

with the view that their ultimate fate must be emigration. No father or mother of what are called the better classes, while patting the head of the rosy well-tended infant which is clinging round their knee, asking all kinds of questions about the future, and talking as if the house it was brought up in must be its home for ever, would admit into their mind the thought that the child is doomed to be expatriated — that it is raised for the foreign market. If we come back ten or twelve years afterwards, when the child has grown a youth, and when he knows that his future must be in a great measure of his own making, still, the judicious parent or parental counsellor would not do well to be in a hurry to tell him that there is likely to be no room for him at home, and that he must look to emigration. And so, as a rule, with the working classes. A population in the state which that of Ireland has got into at present, is, for the time, an exception. Otherwise, emigration should not be a profession for a class so much as an individual resource. Individuals, of any grade, may find, at a particular crisis of their fortunes, that a new country will give them a better prospect of success than the one they have lived in, and may consider it to be their interest and their duty to act upon such a view. Those who have it in their power to influence the fate of masses of the humbler portions of the community, or who are received by them as advisers, may wisely come to the like conclusion, in behalf of their unsuccessful clients, under similar circumstances. A grown-up man must go where he can preserve or recover his independence. Our means of subsistence, — to make life worth having, — ought to be independent means. But to educate any class systematically in the notion that there is not space for them among us, and that they must seek their fortunes on the fresh soil of some distant emigration field, would be generally equivalent to saying to them that, since other resources are avowedly provided for them, they need not be busy, careful, and virtuous, like their neighbours, who seek to live at home. Such a system must tend to train them in the belief that they have found the secret of relieving themselves from the universal curses of manhood—labour and anxiety; and that there is a table spread for them in the wilderness, where they have only to go and sit down. The predestined emigrant will thus dream that he has obtained an exemption from the cares, perplexities, and toils of his native country: though in reality he is only placed in a position where such energy, forbearance, patience, and industrious endurance as he may possess, will have an opportunity of being more fully developed and more sternly tested — where alone they will be more plentifully rewarded. Now if any delusion of this sort is a probable

consequence of special schools for emigration, what advantage is there to be set on the other side? In our opinion, none at all.

There are not two kinds of industrial schools required: one for home, another for the colonies. The best way to train a youth for emigration is, to train him to get on at home. Wherever his lot is cast, we should wish him to be something better than a hewer of wood and drawer of water to his life's end: though wool-sorting or rope-picking are even a still poorer training for the Canadian forests, the Texian weed prairies, or the pasture plains of Australia. The destiny of the individual encumbrance on charity may be settled by his being shipped off to the most promising, or to any, settlement; but the diseases of a social system, infested by swarms of this description of pauper, are not to be so easily cured. The mere emptying out of human beings upon shores where they have a chance of life which they had not at home, though there may have been sound enough reasons for it during a dreadful famine and commercial panic, is not a practice to be systematically followed, with decency or humanity. When we take the starving Celt from Skibbreen or Skye, and land him on the sands of Canada or the mud of Australia, we are rid of him, to be sure; so are we of the discontented workman, who is carried from the crowded piers of Liverpool or Glasgow, to be set down on the equally crowded quay of New York, where, to his intense astonishment, he will find that he is as far as ever from an easy life, high pay, and cheap liquor. The other hemisphere shrinks from many of our emigrants almost as much as from our convicts. The individuals who are so disposed of may never come back again; but even if it were personally no subject of regret that they have been woefully disappointed and foully deceived, they waft over a miserable history, — one which surrounds emigration, especially as a resource to the humbler classes, with desolation and misery, instead of hope and progress.

Supposing that we are right in thinking that one and the same training will equally answer for both purposes, the question is reduced to this — What that training ought to be? To merely occupy their hands, without opening their capacities to skilled labour, is to give the inmates of Ragged Schools and Union Workhouses a very miserable chance of success in life, and to give society a very miserable chance of being rid of that burden which hereditary pauperism has imposed on it. We truly believe that the best thing that can be done with all children who are once brought within the circle of pauper or eleemosynary education is, to train them, as effectively as circumstances will permit, to some practical and useful line of life, so as to

make them good home citizens. If emigration, after all, should turn out to be their future destiny, this training will be in every way of service to them,—fully as much so as any that could have been administered with a special view to their expatriation. If they are enabled to live by it at home, the system will have saved for the commonwealth, so many valuable members out of what was thought to be its very rottenness.

Now, what difficulties or dangers are in the way of this great national experiment? We know of no difficulties, but the cost: and of no dangers, but two visionary fears,—the fear of a glut of useful labour, and the fear of heartless parents abandoning their children, wholesale, to the public. The experiment of making pauper children useful members of the community has surely probability enough on the face of it, to justify whatever cost and risk it may involve. In case we can do nothing with their labour here, then colonisation comes in most opportunely: and will provide them with a satisfactory opening abroad, as a substitute for the place which their parents have lost for them in our own complex system. To give them the tedious minute training, equivalent to an apprenticeship to any of our old generic trades,—such as cabinet-making, tailoring, boot-making, &c.,—is what neither compulsory nor voluntary eleemosynary institutions can afford to do,—what perhaps they ought not to do, if they could. But in a well-trained industrial school, a boy learns a deal of coarse handiwork in various capacities, which may be of infinite service to himself and those about him, when he may be thousands of miles from regular tradesmen. His capacities may not have been accurately enough shaped and polished to adjust themselves to the studiously tesselated system of this country; but for that very reason they may be the better suited for the rugged road of the colonist. He may not be able to turn a boot, or veneer a sideboard, or tool in the gilding of a russia-bound volume,—but with his general knowledge and his rude aptitudes, natural and acquired, he could perhaps do in his own person, for a new settlement in New Zealand, the equivalent of what it needs three highly-trained workmen to do at home; for he can make a pair of brogues, put together a deal bench, and bind all the literature of his brother settlers in hog-skin. Such rough-handed miscellaneously trained beings may make better emigrants than your finished mechanics, whose pedantic adherence to the dogmatic methods in which they have been drilled, and whose firm belief in the impossibility of anything which is out of their taught track being sufficiently correct to answer its purpose, are the curse of all inventive geniuses, and of all eccentric gentlemen who wish to have the

things about them made different from their neighbours'. We will not say that these finished mechanics would be less fit to adapt themselves to the wants of new colonies than the coarsely trained youth of the industrial schools; but we believe it would give our hand workers, both mechanics and manufacturers, a better and firmer position, whether in their own country or in a new settlement, were they acquainted with more than one sort of business, and able to turn their hands to various constructive operations. It must be left to the enlightening influence of national education to accomplish this desirable end, as well as many others, which will serve to raise the working man to a greater share of independence and security than he can now attain to, — and this, simply by giving him access to a wider round of occupations.

Though Ragged Schools and Union Workhouses cannot train their youth to the thorough mastery of a trade, experience has shown that their miscellaneous industrial training prepares a boy for learning one, and makes him more valuable to a master, even in a different pursuit from that in which he may have been principally engaged. There is a mischievous superstition, which operates most banefully on the working classes, that the capacity to do one thing infers incapacity to do another. The number of objects which can be accomplished by any human being is doubtless limited; but the ability to do any one thing with the head or with the hand opens the faculties, and makes almost any other work to which they may in after life be exclusively devoted the more easy. There is no sound moral, except by way of warning, in the fable about a philosopher caught by the Algerines, who was found fit for nothing but to sit on eggs and hatch chickens.

As it would be injudicious to attempt to make finished workmen by this system of training, it would also be a very great mistake to endeavour to make such institutions self-supporting, by bringing fabrics into the market. The best and most instructive labour in which pauper children can be employed is, in ministering to their own wants: — making their clothes, food, and furniture, and fitting up their dwelling-places. It would not be just to the independent mechanic that the money of the charitable wealthy should be used as a means of competing with him; it would be still more unjust to tax him to support his rivals. But that he should ever really suffer from such a cause is an empty fear; — any attempt to compete with him in such a quarter would be quite ineffectual.

A general glance at the economic advantages which emigration to a fresh soil confers on the poor but able-bodied 'surplus

inhabitant' of the old country, may serve still further to show the value of skilled industrial training. The emigration field will not be a great almshouse for him; far from enabling him to live idle on the bounties of nature, it simply restores him to that position of a capacity to earn his bread, which his parents, by degenerating from the ranks of prudent industry, had forfeited. He and his brethren in misfortune are redundant, not from the absolute number of people in the country, but because their parents, through vice or culpable indolence and carelessness, have failed to fulfil the conditions of a high social state; the very first of which requires that every man should preserve something of what he produces, under pain of sinking below the level of self-support. It has been well said that there never was a surplus population, where every head of a family has a hundred pounds in the savings' bank. But the saving out of past production does not necessarily embody itself in money or tangible property. It may be represented by education, or professional training, or whatever gives the human being opportunities for the future, by exemption from immediate daily necessity. The opportunity which the carpenter or the bookbinder has got of mastering a lucrative skilled profession, is the hereditary gift which his parents have bestowed on him through their caution and forbearance in not immediately consuming all they had produced. This is his capital. But the city savage, and the abandoned child of the social wilderness have no capital in any shape, and society cannot afford to invest them with so much as their neighbour the carpenter possesses; it would be dangerous if it did so. Now the advantage of emigration to such a person, we repeat, is just this,—it redresses the wrongs which his parents have committed in regard to him, and sets him off in life with a beginning, with a kind of capital. The untilled alluvial soil of the prairies or New Zealand, is another kind of capital lying waiting for any one who will go to it; in this country it requires an expenditure of from ten to twenty pounds an acre, in paring, trenching, and tile-draining to make its like. But the extent to which it is really available as capital will depend much on the capacities of the men who go to it. If they can only plough, and sow, and reap, they may have food in autumn, but they will have to wait long ere they obtain by the exchange of commodities other rewards for their labour. But if while his neighbour ploughs and reaps, one of them can, however roughly, make chairs, tables, and agricultural instruments, and another can perform tinker's work, while a third can turn out a pair of shoes, and a fourth a suit of clothes, they have among them the main primary elements of a social community, and the fixed capital — the land — is immediately available to supply all the wants of those who live on it. Once taken out of

the Slough of Despond and started fairly in the world, there is, of course, no saying to what height of fortune the redeemed outcast may arrive. But the accumulation of great fortunes is not a peculiarity of emigration. Certain coincidences of good luck, skilful management, and prudent forethought are ever, from time to time, creating fortunes almost out of nothing, in our dense cities, as well as in our emigration fields. The natural function of emigration is merely to give the poor man a start in life—not to carry him over the ground.

Apart from any question respecting the merit of founding Ragged Schools as places of refuge for abandoned children, supported by private charity, we owe to them the application of industrial training, which, we believe, will in the end be found their most valuable feature. We look forward with confidence to the enlarged experience of the Norwood Taining School, established under the auspices of the Poor Law Commissioners. Among these schools supported by voluntary contributions, there is at least one in which the industrial training system has been systematically pursued—the United Industrial School of Edinburgh. Such efforts are not artificial interferences with the natural organisation of society; they are restorations of a balance which has been artificially disturbed, and their immediate wholesome influence cannot be better exemplified than in the following statement of their experience reported by the managers of the United Industrial School.

'Besides the prospect which it affords of bringing up useful members of society, the industrial system has proved of eminent advantage to the discipline, harmony, and effectiveness of the institution, as a mere place of education. It has been found eminently adapted to the nature of the children, and hence to their contentedness and good conduct. It is too often forgotten, that the mature outcast of society and the child of want or degradation are two totally distinct beings, both in their physical and mental nature, and demand as different a social treatment. The former becomes supine, inert, and hopeless, during his career of vice and misfortune—the latter often shows an acuteness and energy beyond his years.

'It has been observed, that children early deprived of their natural guardians exhibit remarkable precocity, as if by a wise provision their natures were adapted to the difficulties of their position. Among those poor abandoned children whose daily ingenuity is taxed to supply their daily wants, the young human faculties are subjected to an artificial forcing system, which enlarges them to their utmost stretch, and the extent to which they are developed seems sometimes incredible. These qualities have an accompanying excitement, which demands a field of development. Employments which do not in some degree tax the ingenuity and the powers of body and mind, exhibiting results which increase with the energies bestowed on them, cannot fill

the vacuum left by the exciting occupations of mendicancy, imposition, and plunder. When the hands are occupied in picking old ropes and sorting wool, the mind is at the old haunts, accompanying the pickpocket and the gambler, or revelling in the flash house. On the other hand, skilled labour, inferring progress with effort, has served entirely to supersede these dangerous hankerings, while it keeps up a healthy energy of body and mind, visible in the zeal with which the children betake themselves, whether to their work or their tasks. The turning lathes are especially popular; and it is impossible to avoid feeling a sympathetic interest with the evidently keen and absorbing emotion with which the boy sees the evidence of his own enlarging skill there growing into tangible shape before him.'

We do not mean to insist that skilled training, or any other individual system, contains the one effective remedy for our social evils. The body social can, no more than the physical frame, be revolutionised, like mere chemical matter, by the introduction of some one new element; and social therapeutics can accomplish their object only by small degrees and partial amendments under the direction of earnest, thoughtful, patient industry. It is one of the great glories of our age,—a glory which will hereafter make it shine with a brightness such as no genius or lustre of great achievement could have conferred on it,—that it is marked by diligent inquiry into the diseases which our forefathers have allowed to creep into society, and by an anxious desire to cure them. And though the first inquiries have opened a sad and disheartening picture, and have displayed sores too deep for immediate healing, yet when the present generation with its miseries shall have passed away, there is hope that all this earnest endeavour will not be lost, and that it may have prepared a brighter moral dawn for the generations that are to come.

ART. VIII.—*Le Siecle. Le Pouvoir. Le Moniteur: Le Journal des Debats:* 1849, 1850.

MANY of the errors of political philosophers, and many of the failures of practical statesmen, appear to us to have had their origin in the same oversight. Both have too commonly ignored, or have not sufficiently studied, the fundamental characteristics, intellectual and moral, which distinguish different nations: they have too generally reasoned and acted as if they had to deal with an abstract or an average man, instead of with populations impressed—whether by the hand of Nature or by the operation of long antecedent circumstances—with marked and distinctive features, endowed with special apti-

tudes, gifted with peculiar excellences, disqualified by peculiar deficiencies. In consequence of the omission of these considerations, which should form, not only an essential element in their calculations, but almost the foundation of them, their philosophy becomes inapplicable, and their statesmanship ends in disappointment. That nations *are* marked by such distinctive capacities and incapacities few observers of our species on a large scale will be found to doubt: any difference of opinion merely regards the inherent and ineradicable nature of these distinctions. While some conceive them to belong to the race, its pedigree, its physical conformation — others attribute them to the operation of external influences, as country, climate, government, surrounding accidents, or historical antecedents.

Thus, a broad line of demarcation distinguishes the Oriental from the European nations. Progress distinguishes the one; a stereotyped stationariness the other. The former rest unambitiously in the blind worship of the past; the latter draw all their inspiration from hope, and lay the scenes of their dreams of happiness in the times that are to come. The golden age of the one is the primeval Eden of their ancestors; the Paradise of the other is the future dwelling-place of their children's children. Passive and unmurmuring resignation under the evils of life is the religion of the East; indomitable and untiring energy in conflict with those evils is the virtue of the West. The Oriental acquiesces in all that is ordained; the European acquiesces in nothing that can be amended. Neither character presents a complete and perfect whole: and the philosopher may be tempted to speculate on the splendid results which would signalise the union of the two, if such an event be among the future possibilities of human destiny: —

> 'In dreaming of each mighty birth,
> That shall one day be born
> From marriage of the Western earth
> With nations of the Morn.'

Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that differences, less marked indeed, but quite as real, distinguish the several European races from each other. Each has its peculiar *gift* — its special line of excellence, in which it is unapproachable — its special incapacity, which no experience and no effort seem able to cure. The spirit of patient, unwearying, and minute *research*, of profound and far-reaching speculation — the *perfection* of the abstract intellect — are the dowry of the *Germans*. But the faculty of managing successfully the rougher and homelier affairs of social life seems to have been granted to them in far smaller

measure. They are glorious musicians — very common-place administrators. On the theoretical science of government they think profoundly — in the actual *art* of it they have been as yet children. To the Italians, again, is assigned that fervid imagination — that keen susceptibility to all the finer influences — that intense homage to the Beautiful — that pursuit of the Ideal as a reality, out of which springs the perfection of the fine arts. But for some centuries back they have seemed to purchase this brilliant pre-eminence at the expense of incompetence for the practical duties and business of political life. With the most singular combination of intellectual powers among European nations, they have suffered themselves to be more misgoverned than any people except the Spaniards; and with the finest soil and climate in the world, they have long remained nearly at a stand-still in all the material elements of civilisation. Perhaps it may be this very sacrifice to the Ideal which incapacitates them for the achievements of common life, where *modifications* and adaptations rather than *creations* are wanted — improvements of what *is*, rather than the removal of it, to make room for what ought to be. Probably also the pursuit and overweening appreciation of the merely beautiful are unfavourable to a certain hardness and stemness of mind which may be essential to success in the rough work of the political arena.

The French, too, unrivalled in scientific precision, are stricken with impotence when they approach the higher regions of poetical or spiritual thought. Pre-eminent as a military people, they have signally failed in all attempts to add naval success to their other achievements. And with the thoughts of the whole people, occupied for sixty years in the search after that 'abstract perfection in government' (which, as Canning remarked, is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment); and with as fair a field, and as unimpeded a career, as was ever vouchsafed to any nation in Europe — they are actually at the present time no nearer than at the beginning, to the realisation of their ideal. While the English, on the other hand — loathing abstract thought, looking with suspicion or contempt on all endeavours after scientific accuracy in moral or political questions, empiric, tentative, often blundering, always unsystematic, alternately sleeping in smiling apathy, and awakening with a panic start — now straining at the smallest hardship, now swallowing the most monstrous oppression; now neglecting the growth of the most frightful evils, now arousing themselves to the most microscopic vigilance; now wretched, frantic, and remorseful, if a criminal is harshly treated, or a pauper inadequately fed; now contemplating with serene in-

difference the grinding misery of thousands; — nevertheless have contrived to advance with magical rapidity in the material arts of life, and to proceed, though at a far slower rate, with the remedy of public ills and the diffusion of social welfare. Surrounded by difficulties, they succeed in maintaining their freedom unimpaired, and even confirmed; and in making almost yearly some steps — halting, and uncertain as they are — towards a better and wiser government.

If we are right in these views — if no national character is complete and perfect, and equipped in an adequate measure with all capacities — it follows that, to expect from all nations success and excellence in all lines, or in the same lines, is an unreasonable demand; and to imagine that the same political garments will fit all alike, is a practical mistake of the most dangerous description. Yet recent events have shown that it is about the most widely diffused of all misapprehensions; and it is the one, of all others, into which Englishmen are most apt to fall. We have been too much like the enthusiastic convalescent who would force upon every invalid the invaluable medicine which has cured his own malady and agreed with his own system. To our representative institutions — to our 'glorious British constitution' — we gratefully ascribe (whether altogether justly we need not here discuss) our long career of prosperity, our wide empire, our high position, our unequalled amount of personal freedom, the buoyancy with which we ride out the fiercest storms, the elastic energy which carries us triumphantly through the darkest disasters. Our neighbours draw the same inference, and clamour for institutions similar to ours; and they are backed in their demand by the most ardent sympathy which the flattered vanity and the genuine benevolence of England can afford. They seize eagerly upon the magic spells, and find — alas! too late — alike to their astonishment and ours, that the magic resides, not in the spell, but in its special adaptation to the practised hand that wields it. God forbid that we should undervalue our national institutions! May we ever be assiduous, not only to preserve, but to improve them, and keep them perpetually bright and young. But close observation, both of ourselves and of our imitators, may convince us that the real merit and effect of these institutions belong far less to the forms themselves than to those national qualities — for the most part virtues, but not always as amiable as respectable — which enable us to use them so skilfully, to supply their deficiencies, and correct their incongruities.

We think that a little reflection will show reason for believing that, if we have succeeded in the great object of a people's

existence — progress towards good — it is to be attributed far more to our national character than to our national institutions; and perhaps more to the suitability of the two to each other, than to the peculiar excellence of either; — that if these institutions have worked well, and borne rich fruit here, thanks are due less to any inherent perfection of their own than to that sterling good sense and good feeling which so incessantly, habitually, and almost unconsciously, interfere to prevent them from working ill. We believe it may be shown, in the first place, that we have materials, in the frame-work of our society and in our national character, for the formation and management of the Representative system, and of free institutions generally, such as no other people is blessed with; and, in the second place, that that system and those institutions could only bring out satisfactory results — could, in fact, only subsist at all — among a people who *need as little government* as the Americans and the English. The price which even we ourselves have paid and are still paying for the proud distinction of parliamentary government, in the shape of defective administration, expense, blunders, and neglects; and the extent to which individual wisdom and collective reasonableness and energy are hourly called in to counteract the perils and remedy the mischiefs resulting from this form of government; these are points which foreigners can never know — which Englishmen themselves are seldom fully aware of — and of the tendency of which no one can form an adequate conception, who has not watched the working of English institutions in Irish hands, and thence gained a glimpse of what in such a case would happen, were England not at hand to interpose a corrective and restraining power.

The English constitution is full of theoretical defects. It contains at least half a dozen indefensible provisions, any one of which would, at first sight, appear sufficient to vitiate all its excellences, and to bring it to a dead-lock in a month. Yet not only has it continued (with some variety of forms) to work for centuries; but under it, and in spite of its manifest imperfections, Englishmen have enjoyed a greater degree of practical and sober liberty than any nation in the world. Its faults are neutralised, and its contradictions have become reconciled or hidden. Mindful that a mixed government can exist only by compromise, we have always prevented the extreme cases of the constitution from occurring, and taken care not to strain our conflicting rights till they give way. For instance, our monarch has an absolute veto, which has not been exercised since the days of William of Orange; and which, though the unquestioned prerogative of the Crown, never is and never will again be exercised; because its exercise would practically

bring the entire political machine to a stand. Our House of Commons has the power, when it differs in opinion from the Crown and the House of Peers, of stopping the supplies, and so starving them into a surrender. But the power is never exercised, or rarely even threatened or hinted at, because the bystanders of the proceeding would be repugnant to the general feeling of the country, save in those ultimate emergencies which are never permitted to occur. The monarch, when the House of Lords thwarts his wishes, has the power of controlling its opposition within itself and reducing it to obedience by swamping it with new creations; but his subjects and himself alike shrink from such a violent enforcement of the Prerogative. In like manner the House of Peers, by obstinate resistance to the will of the Commons and the Crown, may effectually stop legislation altogether; but prudential considerations have always come in aid and held them back, before they had carried this privilege too far. Thus, any one of the three constituent elements of our government may, by the theory of the constitution, tyrannise over the others, yet they never do so, or if they do, the oppression is covered by a decent and courteous veil. Nay, more, any two or three factious members of the House of Commons have the power of arresting all the business of the country, stopping the supplies, paralysing the government, and checkmating the parliament, by putting in practice their undoubted right of incessantly moving the adjournment of the House. Yet the propriety of such a power, when exercised moderately, and its then indubitability, when carried to excess, are found practically to be a guarantee against both its abolition and its abuse. In the same way, the unanimity required from juries would habitually defeat the ends of justice and aid the escape of criminals, did not the common sense and mutual forbearance characteristic of our countrymen practically convert this unanimity into the opinion of the majority, except in the very rarest instances, so that, in reality, it only operates as a security for more careful and deliberate decision. In the Sister Island these salutary counteractions have been found wanting, and the whole history of the Irish parliament and the Irish courts of law is a practical comment of the most convincing kind, of the great truth on which we are now dwelling—how necessary is an approach to English steadiness and English principle to make English institutions *work*. It is to the national schools and the municipal corporations of Ireland that we must look for the education which shall teach the means of self-government, and the practice which shall make perfect.

For the last sixty years the idolators of free institutions and of the representative system have been grievously disappointed

and disgusted by observing how ill these worked in France; how deplorably they were mismanaged; and how small a measure of public good or real liberty were the fruits they bore. In the first Revolution, many of our purest English sympathisers were staggered in their adherence to the principles of constitutional freedom in consequence of what they witnessed in France. Traces of this may be found in the writings of the staunchest Whigs of the period, such as Romilly and Mackintosh. They were horror-struck at seeing what mischief might be wrought by forms of government which they had been accustomed to look up to as only instruments of good. We can all of us remember how bitter was our mortification after the second Revolution, when, under a far soberer movement, the dangers of a violent and destructive despotism appeared to be exchanged for a scarce less damaging and discreditable corruption. And now, after a third experiment, how many real lovers of the public good are sighing for a military autocrat to educe something like order but of chaos! how few venture to hope that France can extricate herself from her present dismal and almost desperate condition, without either succumbing to a tyranny, or undergoing a fourth convulsion! Much of this disappointment might have been spared, much of this infidelity to the worship of liberty might have been avoided, had we reflected that sufficiently free institutions need certain national qualities for their success,—that they have no patent for conferring wisdom and virtue, but are simply instruments by which wisdom and virtue may work out infinite goods, but which, in the hands of violence, selfishness, or folly, may be turned to immeasurable evil.

It was observed long ago that, while a monarchy may consist of one principal character and dependents, republics are the creations of art and time. Of the ability of the countrymen of the Abbé Sièyes to manufacture the mere machine, there can be no doubt; but the question is, whether they are in a state to comply with the conditions, on which alone it can do its work successfully. We waive for the moment any uncertainty concerning the fact of the French people having a real preference for a republican form of government, though there are suspicious circumstances to the contrary. On the first Revolution, we have heard, that a popular election of the Executive was objected to in some quarters, lest the choice might fall upon a Bourbon; and M. Sarrans, in his History of La Fayette, and the Revolution of 1830, was ashamed to confess that the excesses of the first Revolution had left behind such a decided aversion for a republican form of government, that the proclaiming of one would have given rise to almost universal alarm and opposition. We will

suppose, however, the government of Louis Philippe to have succeeded in dispelling that aversion and alarm. The serious question still remains,—whether a republic, to be successful, does not require conditions, with which France as yet is unable or unwilling to comply?

In a review of M. Sarrans' work, as far back as Jan. 1838, we remarked on the involuntary testimony it contained of the difficulty of naturalising such a form of government in that country: and as an authority to the same effect, we produced no less a person than that stoutest of all republicans, Jefferson himself. No man was ever more convinced of the necessity of adapting forms of government to the character and circumstances of the governed. We refer our readers to that paper (vol. lvi. p. 493.) for evidence of his loss of confidence even in the future of the United States, and for his solemn warning to the populations of Europe, who might think that they had nothing more to do to secure liberty than follow the example of America. One sentence from Jefferson's last letter to La Fayette is all we can quote here. 'A full measure of liberty is not now perhaps 'to be expected by your nation: nor am I confident they are 'prepared to preserve it. Instead of that liberty, which 'takes root and grows thin the progress of reason, if recovered 'by mere force or accident, it becomes, with an unprepared 'people, a tyranny still of the many, the few, or the one.'

In order to bring out our views more clearly, we will endeavour succinctly to point out, *first*, a few of those qualities in a people which are indispensable to the successful working of self-government, or a parliamentary government like ours; and, *secondly*, some of the unavoidable mischiefs which such a government entails even among ourselves,—mischiefs, however, which we gladly submit to as the needful price for a most precious good, and which we meet and neutralise as best we may.

The very *first* requisite is a sense of truth and justice, widely diffused and deeply engrained in the heart of the people. It must be borne in mind, that he who takes a share in the direction of the community, is called upon to govern *others*. It is not merely his own interests that he has to consider, but the interests of his country and his fellow-citizens, even where these clash, or appear to clash, with his own. It is not only what is due to himself, but what is due to all other members of the Commonwealth, that he is under a solemn obligation to regard. Conceive what a community *that* would be, of which simple selfishness, unchecked by conscience, unenlightened by clear-sighted wisdom, should be the motive impulse and the guiding star! All history has shown that real freedom can only be

maintained where genuine patriotism pervades the nation,—and the very essence of patriotism is an unselfish, though a partial, love of justice. Amid a people wanting in real public spirit, the representative system must soon degenerate into a deceptive form, and may then become one of the most fearful phases and instruments of misrule. The secret history of the Irish Parliament and of the French Chambers proclaims this lesson with alarming vividness. The very safety of a nation, as well as its interest and its honour, depend upon having just men carried to the head of affairs, and maintained there; but where, —when the population has been made a prey to ignorant, greedy, tenacious self-seeking,—where is to be found the sense or the principle, either to choose such, or to tolerate their rule when chosen? A government selected from and by the people can only reflect the qualities of that people; if the mass of the nation be wise, just, and true, the rulers will be not only the embodiment, but the *élite*, the filtered essence, of that wisdom, that justice, that truth; if the mass be corrupted, grasping, and regardless of the rights of others, the concentration and aggravation of all these disqualifying elements is certain to be found, sooner or later, in the high places of the State.

The entire absence of a due regard for the rights of others — almost of a perception that such rights exist — which has been manifested by nearly all classes in France, both during and since the convulsion of 1848, will go far to illustrate our meaning. Liberty — equality — fraternity — were the watchwords of the last revolution, as of the first. The Provisional Government announced them at its first sitting in the Hôtel de Ville, and all their decrees were headed with the magical syllables. Every man was to have a share, an equal share, in the choice of rulers and the decision of the form of government. Nothing could be fairer than the promise; and, if the old system of things was to be considered entirely swept away, nothing could be juster than the principle. But it soon appeared that neither the Provisional Government nor their supporters had any idea of adhering to it. Their profession, as well as their duty, clearly was, to ascertain as soon as might be by universal suffrage, the real wishes of the country on the nature of their government, and then promptly and unmurmuringly to carry them into effect. But it early became evident that nothing could be further from their thoughts than either to obey these wishes when ascertained, or even to wait for their expression. They proclaimed a Republic at once; alike ignorant and careless whether France, when consulted, would not prefer a monarchy or an empire. They issued decrees after decrees with greater recklessness, greater indifference to the feelings, greater contempt

for the rights and possessions of their fellow-citizens, than any autocrat in Asia would have dared to manifest. They plundered alike the rich and the poor; they abolished titles, and robbed the Savings' Bank. They did not even profess to allow the French nation (out of Paris) freedom or fair play in the exercise of the universal suffrage they had just proclaimed. They sent out emissaries to the provinces with authority to displace any functionaries who held opinions adverse to the governing *clique* at Paris, and to use every means to secure the election of such representatives, and such only, as should be thorough republicans. Louis Philippe, among all his oppressions, never ventured upon any attack on the freedom of suffrage half so barefaced. The government, so far from wishing fairly to ascertain the will of the whole nation, evidently feared the expression of that will, and were anxious to control it. Most of the active parties in the Parisian movement shared this feeling; they fancied (right or wrong) that the majority of the French nation were not on their side,—were not favourable to republican institutions; and they were resolved — so ill had they learned the first principles of liberty — that the voice of the majority should be silenced or coerced. When the regiments of the National Guard assembled to choose their officers, the pledge exacted from the candidates was this:—'that in the event of the new Convention declaring 'against a Republic, they would march against them and put 'them down!' What was this, but to make public profession of military despotism? What was this, but a declaration on the part of certain classes of the population of Paris,—'If the votes 'of the great majority of French citizens, honestly ascertained, 'should decide against our views, we will unscrupulously 'trample upon that majority, and carry out our views by force?' Accordingly when the Convention met, the members were compelled to appear upon the balcony in presence of the armed mob of the metropolis, and cry *Vive la République*, without having even a decent interval allowed them for going through the form of a deliberation. How *could* free institutions work among a people who showed themselves so utterly insensible to the commonest dictates of justice between man and man?

The same regardlessness of the rights of others, thus early pronounced by the Provisional Government and the National Guard, pervaded every class, and every individual, both in Paris and the other great towns. No one had the slightest scruple about imposing his own will upon others by force. In all discussions, the minority were ready to appeal to arms. If not-voted, they would fight for it. However small the number who held their opinions, however conscious they were that the vast mass of the

nation was opposed to them, they still held themselves entitled to compel obedience to their wishes. Every man maintained his right to coerce the whole nation. Every vote of the Assembly was a signal for some party or other who were offended at it, to 'descend into the streets,' as the phrase was. Hence the six months succeeding February witnessed a scarcely interrupted succession of actual or attempted *émeutes*. How could a representative system flourish and bear fruit, when the very foundation on which it rests,—submission to the decision of the electors, unequivocally and constitutionally expressed,—was not merely overlooked or overborne, but openly denied and scouted?

A similar spirit has animated the course pursued by all parties even to the date at which we write. The President and the Assembly preserve an attitude of mutual and indecorous hostility, instead of mutual forbearance and respect. The malcontent minority rail at the triumphant majority, *i. e.* the Assembly; and the Assembly, forgetting that angry criticism is the inalienable right of the minority, endeavours to punish and gag the press. The defeated Socialists seem incessantly occupied with plots against the government, and the alarmed authorities retaliate by a new electoral law which disfranchises half the constituency of France. Encroachment is retorted by encroachment; and tyranny on the one side, and conspiracy on the other, indicate too plainly how little either party understand the duties of citizens or the rights of man.

'Partout (says M. Guizot) les libertés individuelles des citoyens 'seules en présence de la volonté unique de la majorité 'numérique de la nation. Partout le principe du despotisme 'en face du droit de l'insurrection!'

Again, a general regard for truth is the bond, the tacit postulate, which lies at the very root of every social relation. In all the daily and hourly transactions of life we assume that a man will do what he swears to do, and has done what he affirms that he has done. We could not get on without this assumption; all society would be brought to a dead-lock in a single day, were we compelled to forego it. No concerns, least of all those in which the citizens take a direct share, as in the administration of justice or in municipal government, could be carried on, were this postulate once proved and felt to be a false one. The effect upon the operation of free institutions, of an habitual disregard of the obligations of truth and justice, is well illustrated by the working of trial by jury in Ireland in a certain class of cases in recent times.

This institution is based upon the assumption that witnesses will give true evidence, and that jurymen will a true verdict

find according to the evidence,—both parties swearing that they will do so. If this assumption be correct, trial by jury is the most invaluable of free institutions; if the assumption be false, it is of all institutions the most noxious and treacherous. Where the assumption is correct, trial by jury is the safeguard of liberty and the protection of the community; where the assumption is incorrect, then trial by jury is the shield of the wrong-doer, the peril of the good citizen,—'a delusion, 'a mockery, and a snare;'—it becomes an institution, not for discovering, but for concealing truth,—not for administering, but for evading justice,—for compromising, dishonouring, and endangering society. Now the assumption has long been *not* correct in Ireland; and it is notorious that it has not been not so. In that country it is well known that frequently where party feeling, religious hostility, or class sympathies intervene, neither the statement of a witness, nor the oath of jurymen, can be relied on. One instance will suffice. The statement was Mr. O'Connell's, and was made, we believe, in the House of Commons. 'On one occasion,' said the great agitator, 'I 'was counsel for a man on his trial for murder. I called only 'one witness for the defence; but that one, anywhere save in 'Ireland, would have been sufficient. *I put the murdered man* '*into the witness-box* to prove that he was still alive. No question 'was raised as to his identity, *but my client was found guilty.*'* The State Trials in Ireland in 1848 brought out the same truth with the most painful and instructive clearness. Three men were severally put on their trial for treason and sedition. About their guilt there was not a doubt: it was notorious and avowed. They did not even plead that they had not committed treason; they simply argued, after the pattern of the French *émeutiers*, that they had a right to commit it. Yet so doubtful was the decision of an Irish jury felt to be, that the whole struggle took place, not on the question as to the value or relevancy of the evidence, but *on the striking of the panel.* In the two first cases the prisoners escaped because unanimity was required, and two of the jurymen were partisans: in the third case a conviction was obtained because the prisoner chanced to have no friends in the jury-box. So completely was this acknowledged, that in all the angry discussions which subsequently took place, the only question argued on either side

* Mr. Lover, in his 'Rory O' More,' mentions a similar instance. Mr. Foster (Letters on Ireland, p. 409.) states, having had the curiosity to count, that in 1000 instances the statements made before Lord Devon's Commission *on oath*, have been flatly contradicted *on oath.*

turned on the constitution of the jury; — for on the great issue, that of guilt or innocence, there was no difference of opinion. The complaint of the seditious was that their virtual accomplices were excluded from the jury-box: the defence of the authorities was, that this was indispensable in order to obtain an honest verdict. Both parties were right. But how can trial by jury work in a country where oaths are of so little cogency, and where party feeling is so universal, so vehement, and so unscrupulous, that, to speak plainly, a prisoner's only choice often lies between a jury of antagonists or a jury of partisans?

The second national requisite for the successful working of self-government is an habitual respect for established law. Before a people can be trusted either to make the laws or to enforce them, they must have learned the first great lesson of yielding them a cheerful and reverential obedience. Without the wide diffusion of this virtue through all ranks, the law can have no permanence, the administrators of the law no authority. Without this, what hold could judges and officers have over the people, by whom they were appointed, by whom they were removable, and from the will of whom they derived their mission to control that will? Where the great majority of the nation venerate and uphold the law, the judge and the sheriff act against the malefactors and the turbulent with the whole power of the community; where it is otherwise, their task is the hopeless one of casting out Satan by Satan's agency. Conceive the consequences in Ireland, were legislators, judges, and officers the direct creatures of the people's choice! Who would dare to make a just law or enforce a stringent one? In America, the great body of the people still retains much of their ancestral reverence for the laws — what Carlyle calls 'an inveterate and 'inborn reverence for the constable's staff,' — and a wholesome education is contending manfully in the same direction. Yet even there, we see occasionally alarming indications of the difficulties which are felt by popularly elected officers, in cases where the law-makers and the law-breakers are identical. The exceptions are few indeed; but enough to make us at times afraid that the apprehensions of Jefferson on the probable *euthanasia* of democracy in the United States may be a proof of his foresight as well as of his sensitiveness. In France, the despotic and anomalous power of the police to which Frenchmen have been long accustomed to submit, and the extensive ramifications of the bureaucratic system, which scarcely leaves full freedom of action in any of the ordinary transactions of life, have hitherto in some degree replaced that respect for law which is so sadly

wanting there; but as these wear out, or are cast off, the consequences cannot fail to develope themselves.

The French have a significant phrase in common use, *le droit d'insurrection* — the right of revolt. The expression, at least the ordinary use of it, speaks volumes. The right of rising in arms against the government is with them one of the most precious of the rights of man, a right, too, which they take care shall not be lost *non utendo*, a right not, as with us, kept in the background, in secrecy and silence, disused and forgotten till oppression has driven wise men mad, but kept bright and burnished as a daily weapon, constantly flourished in the face of rulers, and ready to be acted upon on the most trivial occasions. To repeat a simile which has become a common-place with us, what in England is considered the extreme medicine of the constitution, is made in France its daily bread. In the code of French constitutional law, every man whom the rulers may have injured or displeased — every man who deems any decisions of the Chamber unpatriotic or unwise — every man who thinks the proceedings of the government oppressive, or its form impolitic, — has the sacred and inalienable right of insurrection to fall back upon, and may at once set up the standard of revolt, and try what fiery and foolish spirits are rash enough to join him. An Englishman would shrink back from any similar enterprise, as being black with the guilt, and terrible with the penalties, of treason. A Frenchman has no such feeling: with him it is no question of right or wrong, but simply of the chance of failure or success. The right of cashiering his rulers, if they will not do his bidding — if they persist in doing the bidding of the great mass of his countrymen instead — he considers to be as indisputably and inherently vested in him as the right of choosing his representative, and one to be exercised with almost as little consideration. In England we look upon the matter very differently. We appeal to the great precedents of our history: and, without denying that cases may occur in which the oppressions of a government justify a general outbreak on the part of the people, we are accustomed to regard such an outbreak as an extreme measure. The right of resistance depends upon the sympathy and support of the nation; personal opinion or individual injury can never warrant it. And it is one of the inestimable advantages of liberty of speech and suffrage, that they provide the means of readily ascertaining what is the amount of injury sustained in any case by the public, and what is the opinion of the public concerning it.

A further illustration may be gathered from comparing the whole tone of proceedings in State Trials for libel, treason, and

sedition, in France and in England. The contrast is startling and instructive. In England the sole questions asked are, 'What is the law? and has the accused violated that law?' To these questions all parties, — judge, prosecutor, and prisoner, — address themselves, and confine themselves. Neither the counsel for the Crown, nor, generally, the counsel for the prisoner, makes any appeal to the political predilections of the jury: they are supposed to bring no such predilections into court. The judge coldly explains the law; the jury impartially investigate the fact. If the prisoner is condemned, it is because it has been made clear that he knowingly broke the law: no other inquiry is entered into. If he escapes, it is either because he is able to prove his innocence, — or, as is more frequently the case, the possibility of his innocence, — or because our almost superstitious reverence for law allows him to avail himself of some loophole which its weary technicalities afford. In France, the prosecutor blazons the iniquity of the doctrines broached by the accused, or the seditious views he is known to entertain; and the accused replies, seldom attempting to prove that he did not publish the libel, or was not concerned in the *émeute*, but pleading boldly his *droit d'insurrection*, defending at great length the soundness of his political opinions, and appealing to the first principles of society, the laws of nature, and the rights of man. We remember to have read an account of one of these trials, in which the prisoners in their defence left wholly on one side the question of their guilt or innocence, and confined themselves to a proof of *la supériorité de leurs principes!*

This want of respect for established law is far more to be deplored than wondered at. How, indeed, should the French possess it? Since the First Revolution, sixty years ago, swept away all the laws and institutions which were venerable and powerful from the strength of centuries, none of those by which they were replaced have lasted long enough to acquire any firm hold upon the popular mind, or fairly to take root in the habits and affections of the nation. Every institution has been liable to be changed long before it had time to gain a prescriptive title to respect; every law has stood by its own strength alone; and France has found itself in the pitiable, anchorless, rudderless situation of a nation without antecedents. It is probable that at least a century of stable government must intervene before Frenchmen can look upon their national laws with any of the same feelings, with which an Englishman bows to those which are hallowed to his mind by their connexion with the past and the antiquity of some eight hundred years.

One of the most essential conditions of success in self-government, in nations as in individuals, is a certain sobriety of cha-

racter. They must have some capacity of independent thought, some power of resisting the influence of mere oratory, of withstanding the contagion of sympathy with numbers, of turning a deaf ear to high-sounding but unmeaning watchwords. Now, to be able to do all this implies either unusual natural solidity of intellect, or a degree of mental cultivation hitherto rarely to be found in the body of the people. It is curious, as well as instructive, to observe how much more readily the populace of most countries, France and Ireland more especially, can be fired by grand ideas, and fine, though wild, conceptions, than by the ablest appeal to their reason or even to their material interests. They turn with disgust or incredulity from the wise and far-sighted political economist, and drink in with eager ears the exciting rhapsodies of the poet. Gain but their ear (it has been said) and you will rarely find them fail in their comprehension of an abstract notion, whereas they are generally incapable of penetrating into any points of detail. Talk to the starving people of plans, the best devised and wisest, for giving them bread to eat; try to induce them to see the positive correctness of your calculations; and they will either leave you to discourse to the winds or will stone you to death, after accusing you of wishing to take advantage of the public distress. But entertain them with declamations about glory, honour, charity, and they will forget their wants in child-like admiration. Now, there is much that is beautiful, much even that is hopeful, in this greater aptitude for the entertainment of high and glowing images than of material and interested considerations, in this keener susceptibility of the passions than the appetites; but it is a feature in the popular mind which does not promise well for the success of free institutions at the time, nor indicate a high capacity for self-government. It is a peculiarity which makes a people the easy victims of demagogues, the ready instruments of every fanatic orator, the prey of every soured or hungry patriot. It is interesting to see the French artisan, scarcely able by the strictest frugality and the hardest toil to maintain his family, yet listening with eager aspect, swelling attitude, and flashing eyes, to the haranguer. And what says the haranguer? It speaks to him of the unblemished honours of the Flag of France, ends every sentence with *la gloire et la patrie*, and strives by an appeal to historic memories to arouse his ancestral antipathy to England. Under the excitement not only is poverty forgotten, but joyfully exchanged for actual starvation, so that some imagined insult offered to the glory of his country may be avenged. It is interesting to see the Irishman, with all his habitual want of order and self-control, touched, and subdued, and carried away captive

by Father Matthew. His picturesque and imaginative temperament was so wrought upon, as to enable him to renounce his favourite vice, and exercise a forbearance which no regard to his own interests could ever force upon him. But in both these spectacles, if there is much to interest, there is also much to alarm. They point to a weakness in the national mind—a weakness which, beyond doubt, has its bright and serviceable side, but still a weakness which has been found to seriously impair their fitness for the management of their own affairs,—a weakness which places them at the mercy of any eloquent misleader,—a weakness which is at least as easily swayed to evil as to good. This infirmity is one which the demagogues of both countries have understood thoroughly, and have worked most mercilessly for their own bad ends; which in France, indeed, Lamartine once turned to temporary good, but which in Ireland O'Connell turned—also with one great exception—to incessant and incalculable mischief.

Further. It is of the last moment that all who are, or are likely to be, called to administer the affairs of a free State, should be deeply imbued with the statesmanlike virtues of modesty and caution, and should act under a profound sense of their personal responsibility. It is an awful thing to undertake the government of a great country; and no man can be any way worthy of that high calling who does not from his inmost soul feel it to be so. When we reflect upon the fearful consequences, both to the lives, the material interests, and the moral well-being of thousands, which may ensue from a hasty word, an erroneous judgment, a temporary carelessness, or lapse of diligence; when we remember that every action of a statesman is pregnant with results which may last for generations after he is gathered to his fathers; that his decisions may, and probably must, affect for good or ill the destinies of future times; that peace or war, crime or virtue, prosperity or adversity, the honour or dishonour of his country, the right or wrong, wise or unwise solution of some of the mightiest problems in the progress of humanity, depend upon the course he may pursue at those critical moments which to ordinary men occur but rarely, but which crowd the daily life of a statesman; the marvel is that men should be forthcoming bold enough to venture on such a task. Now, among public men in England this sense of responsibility is in general adequately felt. It affords an honourable (and in most cases we believe a true) explanation of that singular discrepancy between public men when in and when out of office, —that inconsistency between the promise and the performance, —between what the leader of the opposition urges the minister to do, and what the same leader, when minister himself, actually

does,—which is so commonly attributed to less reputable motives. The independent member may speculate and criticise at his ease; may see, as he thinks, clearly, and with an undoubting and imperious conviction, what course on this or that question ought to be pursued; may feel so unboundedly confident in the soundness of his views, that he cannot comprehend or pardon the inability of ministers to see as he sees, and to act as he would wish; but as soon as the overwhelming responsibilities of office are his own,—as soon as he finds no obstacle to the carrying out of his plans except such as may arise from the sense that he does so at the risk of his country's welfare and his own reputation,—he is seized with a strange diffidence, a newborn modesty, a mistrust of his own judgment which he never felt before; he re-examines, he hesitates, he delays; he brings to bear upon the investigation all the new light which official knowledge has revealed to him; and finds at last that he scruples to do himself what he had not scrupled to insist upon before. So deep-rooted is this sense of responsibility with our countrymen, that whatever parties a crisis of popular feeling might carry into power, we should have comparatively little dread of rash, and no dread of corrupt, conduct on their part: we scarcely know the public man who, when his country's destinies were committed to his charge, *could* for a moment dream of acting otherwise than with scrupulous integrity, and to the best of his utmost diligence and most cautious judgment,—at all events till the dulness of daily custom had laid his self-vigilance asleep. We are convinced that, were Lord Stanhope and Mr. D'Israeli to be borne into office by some grotesque freak of fortune, even they would become sobered as by magic, and would astonish all beholders, not by their vagaries, but by their steadiness and discretion.

Now, of this wholesome sense of awful responsibility, we see no indications among public men in France. Dumont says, in his 'Recollections of Mirabeau,' 'I have sometimes thought that 'if you were to stop a hundred men indiscriminately in the streets 'of Paris and London, and propose to each to undertake the 'government, ninety-nine of the Londoners would refuse, and 'ninety-nine of the Parisians would accept.' In fact, we find that it is only one or two of the more experienced *habitués* of office who in France ever seem to feel any hesitation. Ordinary deputies, military men, journalists, men of science, accept, with a *naïve* and simple courage, posts for which, except that courage, they possess no single qualification. But this is not the worst; they never hesitate, at their country's risk and cost, to carry out their own favourite schemes to an experiment; in fact, they often seem to value office mainly for that purpose, and

to regard their country chiefly as the *corpus vile* on which the experiment is to be made. Diffidence — filial respect for their native land — are sentiments, apparently, alike unknown. To make way for their cherished theories, they relentlessly sweep out of sight the whole past, and never appear to contemplate either the possibility of failure, or the weight of parricidal guilt which failure will cast upon them. Like the daughters of Pelias, they unscrupulously hack their aged parent in pieces, and put 'him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous 'weeds and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal 'constitution, and renovate their father's life.'

Few men ever lived so well entitled as Burke to try their hand at constructing a theoretical constitution, and at setting it to work. But, though the first of political philosophers, he was to the last unable to conceive how any man can have brought 'himself to that pitch of presumption, to consider his country 'as nothing but *carte-blanche*, upon which he may scribble 'whatever he pleases.' This point, however, has been attained by many of the most active politicians of France. The events of 1848 too clearly showed it. The history of the strange proceedings in February of that year, and of Lamartine's part in them, as detailed by him in the work which we lately reviewed (No. 183.), displays more strikingly than any words of ours could do, how utterly the portion of patriotism which consists in reverence for country, is absent from the thoughts of even the principal performer on that occasion. Lamartine relates, that on reaching the Chamber of Deputies, on the morning of the 24th February, he was accosted and led into a private room by seven or eight individuals, chiefly journalists, who addressed him in the extraordinary terms which we formerly quoted:—

'L'heure presse; les événemens sont suspendus sur l'inconnu; nous sommes républicains; nos convictions, nos pensées, nos vies, sont dévouées à la république. . . . Nous ne l'abandonnerons jamais; mais nous pouvons l'ajourner et la suspendre devant les intérêts supérieurs à nos yeux à la république même, les intérêts de la patrie. La France est-elle mûre pour cette forme de gouvernement? l'accepterait-elle sans résistance? . . . . Voilà l'état de nos esprits, voilà nos scrupules; résolvons-les. Nous ne vous connaissons pas, nous ne vous flattons pas, mais nous vous estimons. Le peuple invoque votre nom. Il a confiance en vous; vous êtes à nos yeux l'homme de la circonstance. Ce que vous direz sera dit. Ce que vous voudrez sera fait. Le règne de Louis-Philippe est fini; aucune réconciliation n'est possible entre lui et nous. Mais une continuation de royauté temporaire sous le nom d'un enfant, sous la main faible d'une femme, et sous la direction d'un ministre populaire, mandataire du peuple, cher aux républicains, peut-elle clore la crise? . . . . Voulez-vous être ce ministre? . . . . Le parti-républicain se donne authentiquement à

vous par nos voix. Nous sommes prêts à prendre l'engagement formel de vous porter au pouvoir par la main désormais invincible de la révolution qui gronde à ces portes, de vous y soutenir, de vous y perpétuer. . . . Votre cause sera la nôtre.'

Lamartine asked *five minutes* for reflection; and then, without a shadow of diffidence or compunction, decided in favour of a Republic, — and within six hours was accordingly installed, as the head of a Provisional Government, at the Hôtel de Ville.

Now, consider well the salient points of this strange narrative. While Louis Philippe still reigns at the Tuileries, — while the city is in tumult, and occasional shots are heard, — while the new Ministers are insanely withdrawing the troops under the idea that the people will be satisfied with the concessions of the monarch and the appointment of a reforming administration, half a dozen journalists accost an influential deputy, inform him that the old Government is at an end, that the monarch is, or shall be, deposed, — offer him the helm of State, as being in their gift, and crown the monstrous proceeding by *giving him five minutes* to decide whether the future Government of France shall be a Republic, or a Constitutional Monarchy under the Count of Paris! Lamartine expresses no surprise, — he is not shocked at the astounding audacity of the proposal, — he is not terrified by the face-to-face view of conspiracy and treason, — he does not disclaim the influence which is ascribed to him, — he does not shrink from the tremendous magnitude of the question submitted to his decision; but, 'covering his face with his hands, and leaning his elbows on the table,' he rapidly runs over the arguments on both sides, for and against, and then — in less time than an English banker would take to decide upon the acceptance of a dubious bill, or a merchant to decide upon a purchase or a sale of stock — he raises his head, and with the confident dogmatism of an oracle, pronounces the fiat which expels the House of Orleans from France, and changes at once a dynasty and a constitution! We question whether all history can produce a parallel instance of sublime assurance.

Some nations need, and are accustomed to, a much greater amount of government than others. In that case, their habits, and the necessities generated by those habits, present serious obstacles to the satisfactory working of a more popular organisation. A people reared in that condition of swathed and bandaged helplessness which bureaucracy inevitably engenders, has a long and difficult track to traverse, before it is fitted either to use free institutions, or to maintain them. A business-like training in the school of municipal self-government would seem to be an in-

dispensable preparative for managing the affairs of a Republic. In America and in England it is surprising how little government we require; and how much of that little we supply to ourselves through the instrumentality of local administration. Much of our taxation, and many of our public works, we settle at parochial or county meetings. We may pass year after year, without ever becoming conscious of any direct action of Government upon us. So rarely does it step in to affect officially the ordinary life of an Englishman, either to guide or to control, that he may pass through his whole career without becoming cognisant of its existence, except through the periodical demands of the tax-gatherer. He is accustomed to guide himself, to decide for himself, to arrange for himself in all the transactions of the world, without the interference or consultation of any higher power. The county municipalities of Hungary were in like manner admirable schools for the formation of working politicians. But in France and Austria, and throughout the Continent generally, the case is as much the reverse of this as possible. In almost every proceeding and event of private life, the action of Government is felt,—peremptory and immediate. The public functionaries are omnipresent, omniscient, and almost omnipotent. In the choice of a profession, in the conduct of a business, in contracting a marriage, in making a will, the central authority interferes to direct, to license, to sanction, to prohibit. The Frenchman and the Austrian experiences, endures, and therefore perhaps by this time needs, twenty times as much government as the Englishman or the American. Hence, free institutions bestow upon him, not personal liberty, but merely the power of selecting the particular set of busy-bodies who shall fetter that liberty. His discontent remains the same under all changes; for he feels himself little, if at all, more free under the Republic than under the Monarchy,—the heavy and irritating tyranny of the bureaucracy existing equally under both. He is as much governed by other people as he was before, and left as little to the government of himself; and feeling this, as Carlyle would call it, 'inarticulately,' he is as little satisfied with the idol he has set up as with that he has thrown down.

Where the functions of the ruling powers are limited to the decision of peace or war, the maintenance of order, and the execution of settled laws, the men who are to execute these functions may be chosen and changed by the popular will more or less wisely, more or less frequently and rashly, yet without any very serious consequences in ordinary times. But when these functions are extended over every department and almost every action of social life; when the rulers undertake to

dictate to every man what he shall do, and when and how he shall do it; when all those local and parochial arrangements, which we make for ourselves and among ourselves, are settled at the tedious discretion of a central power, it is clear that a class of persons with wholly different qualities and powers are needed: you then require men specially trained and long habituated to the business of administration, independent of the dislike of those whom they are to drill and lead, and not liable to be removed through popular caprice and replaced by inexperienced successors. It seems almost a truism to say, that the less government a people require, the fitter are they for governing themselves; and that the more independent they are of external guidance and control, the greater the chance of popular institutions succeeding among them.

It now remains to point out a few of the items that enter into the price which we find ourselves called upon to pay for the blessing of a popular parliamentary government, — even in this country, where our suffrage is still so limited, and our aristocracy still so powerful; — a price which would probably be far heavier elsewhere.

The first great disadvantage inherent in representative government, where the basis of the representation is at all extended, is this; — it brings to the head of affairs not necessarily the wisest statesmen nor the ablest administrators, but simply the most effective speakers and the most popular leaders. In a country, — where the body of the people are so much in the habit, and cling so much to the privilege, of expressing their opinions in public meetings, and where, periodically, the candidates for their suffrages address them from the hustings, — rhetorical powers will of course be in the greatest demand, and cannot fail to command for their possessor a success and a position in public estimation out of all proportion to their real value. In a representative assembly, too, where all the measures of government and all the interests of the nation are topics of daily *vivâ voce* discussion, — promptitude and vigour in debate, the 'art of 'dressing up statements for the House,' readiness of speech, quick perception of the fallacies of an opponent, practised skill in concealing one's own, are the qualities which raise a senator to eminence. It is these endowments, far more than profound views or administrative ability, which give the leadership in popular assemblies; and it is from among the leaders that, by constitutional etiquette, if not of constitutional necessity, the ministers of state are chosen. Such men cannot, it is felt, be passed over in the distribution of offices, whatever may be the idea formed of

their official capacity. So large an aristocratic element still lingers in our constitution (long may it linger!) that mere eloquence, or brilliant debating skill, will not often alone give the leadership of a party in England; but it is even here a main step, and elsewhere must become *the* main step to it; and the position is universally recognised as constituting in itself a title to the high places of a new administration. The men who occupy the front rank as debaters in the House of Commons, or in the French Chambers, feel that they have a prescriptive right to the chief offices of state whenever their party comes into power, with perhaps this difference, that in England it is *speaking*, and in France *writing*, which confers this special distinction. Now it is evident, and is daily proved, that lucid statement, powerful rapid argument, eloquent declamation, skilful sarcasm, fierce invective, — all the elements which go to make up the mighty orator, — not only differ widely from, but are seldom lodged in the same mind with, those which concur to form a sagacious statesman. On the contrary, sobriety of view, tenacity of purpose, comprehensiveness of vision, patience in inquiry, wisdom which learns from the past, prophetic insight which can discern the direction of the future, mark the politician, to whom the conduct of affairs may safely be confided. It is probable that these endowments are found more frequently, and in richer measure, among those who speak seldom and who speak ill, than among the more prominent and brilliant debaters. It is possible that the chief to whom the task of forming an administration is entrusted may be fully aware of this fact, — may distrust the salient brilliancy, and recognise the value of the hidden gem; but he must succumb to the necessities which representative government imposes. Even while we write, the evil which we are pointing out forms one of the chief embarrassments of the Protectionist party, when speculating on the prospect of their return to office. The position occupied by Mr. D'Israeli, long their most pointed and striking speaker, and latterly their recognised leader in the Lower House, unquestionably singles him out as entitled to one of the principal secretaryships of state in the event of a Protectionist administration. Lord Stanley is the last man who with any grace could deny the validity of the claim according to etiquette and custom; and Mr. D'Israeli is not a man to waive it. Yet so universally, even among those who most admire his talents, is his incapacity for such a responsible situation felt and acknowledged, that no prime minister would dare to place him in it. The danger of appointing him would be even greater than the danger of omitting him; and either difficulty is great

enough to render the formation of a Protectionist ministry almost impossible.*

In England, the mischiefs arising from the cause we have here indicated are kept in check by our national esteem for solid character; also by the opportunity which the work of Parliament offers to men of general ability for proving their several powers, independently of mere oratory, and of acquiring a sufficient facility of speech for the transaction of ordinary business. Education and the press may in time do something towards spoiling the market for mere declamation. But it is evident that the more excitable the people, the more extensive and dangerous this evil. Among nations so susceptible to eloquence as the Irish and the French, men like O'Connell and Lamartine, though possessed of no particular qualification, and with almost every disqualification, for the government of others, might acquire a degree of influence, which could not fail to be attended with the most fatal consequences. When the torch and gunpowder meet, we know what follows.

It would seem to be the tendency of all nations in the enjoyment of free institutions, more and more to supersede the original functions of their legislatures, and to carry on in society at large, by popular meetings, or through the medium of the press, those political discussions for which the Representative Assembly is the recognised arena. The effect of this is to approximate the Legislative Chambers to a sort of *lits de justice*, for the registration of the popular decrees. Whether this be or be not an evil, is not here the question: the tendency is clearly observable in England as well as in America and France. The same cause operates to reduce ministers from the rank of originating, initiating, and really *ruling* statesmen, to that of mere executors of the popular will. The class of qualifications we require from them is thus materially changed; administrative ability is more specially needed than, (what we have never set great store by,) a capacity even for philosophic legislation; and as there is now no place or little opening for commanding statesmen, it becomes more important that we should have able administrators — men who can carry out with skill and judgment the recorded decisions of the nation.

Another of the drawbacks inherent in popular government is

* Sheridan and O'Connell may be specified as recent examples of distinguished debaters in the House of Commons, and in one sense undoubted leaders, whom yet it would have been fatal to appoint to influential offices. Paley once said of a man, that he knew nothing against him, but that he was a popular preacher. We must, however, beware of the other extreme, nor carry our presumption against oratory, lay or clerical, too far.

that the turmoil, tumult, and contention it involves, deter men of thoughtful minds, peaceful tempers, and retired habits from coming forward to bear their part in it. The more popular the system, the pressure of this objection becomes more sensibly felt. Now, the object of every nation is, or should be, to call to its councils and place at the head of its affairs the ablest and most virtuous of its citizens. That form of constitution which could show that it best secured this end, would go far towards showing that it was itself the best. Now, the honest and deeply reflective man, whose views of the true interests of a nation are soundest and most comprehensive, will often be found of a character which unfits him for conciliating the popular voice, and inspires in him a distaste for public struggles. The same habits of patient and quiet thought which have guided him to wisdom, indispose him to carry that wisdom to a noisy and contentious market. The profound and subtle understanding which is an invaluable assistant at the Council Board, is commonly accompanied with a refined and fastidious taste which shrinks from the contest with reluctant colleagues, angry opponents, or an unappreciating and coarse constituency. Thus we find that in democracies, and more or less in all governments which approach that form, the most useful men are often shut out from public life. That they allow themselves to be so, is no doubt partly a weakness and a dereliction of duty on their side; but when the highest kind of wisdom is likely to be overlooked, and their duties are made irksome to the wise and good, the public will have to bear by far the greatest share both of the penalty and blame. It is an ill-omen for a nation, that calm, delicate, and philosophical minds should abjure her service, and retire into privacy. The mischief is already perceptible in England, notwithstanding the limitation of our suffrage, the variety of our constituencies, and the generally correct and gentlemanly spirit of our popular Assembly. But in France it is seriously felt; and in America it has long been a source of regret and alarm to her most intelligent sons.

Thirdly, — representative government prevents our chief officers of state from regarding merit in the distribution of their appointments as much, or as exclusively, as the interest of the country demands, and as we believe they themselves would wish. The applicants for every vacant office are innumerable; and their respective claims are supported by influential parties whose alliance, from public motives, must be rivetted, whose hostility must not be risked, or to whom a debt of gratitude is owing for former services. The distribution of patronage is, and we fear must inevitably be, materially affected by a view to the pur-

chase of parliamentary support. Paley in his day shocked the more moral sections of the public by broadly stating the extent, in which influence had succeeded to prerogative: and in itself this is unquestionably an evil and a danger. But we do not mention it as a reproach to any set of ministers, when kept within due bounds. It is to be regarded rather as one of the inherent defects in a parliamentary system, — as part of the price which we pay for representative institutions, — a price which the sense and virtue of our statesmen, aided by the watchfulness of the people, it may be hoped, will continue to prevent from becoming too exorbitant. Indeed, a marked improvement in this respect has taken place in England within the last few years. Still the danger remains one which only a generally high tone of public morality can keep at bay; and it is one to which France is more especially exposed from the immense number of places at the disposal of the government; — we have seen it put at nearly 600,000, — and the universal spirit of place-hunting stimulated, though not generated, under the late dynasty. The spirit is of older date. Madame de Stael bears witness to it under the Empire.

Under a Parliamentary Government, an inordinate amount of the time and strength of our statesmen is wasted in parrying attacks on themselves and their measures: days and hours that ought to be devoted to the silent and undisturbed study of the country's wants, are habitually consumed in meeting the assaults of implacable and sleepless adversaries; and energies that should be spent in the actual work of administration, are frittered away in the far more harassing task of personal defence. This is a sore and a growing evil, and one under which the public service suffers most deplorably. Any senator, whom hostile feeling, love of notoriety, or genuine though restless patriotism, prompts to bring charges of partiality, malversation, or injudicious conduct against a minister, may occupy the time of the House and the country in the investigation of charges which often turn out frivolous or groundless; and the minister is called away from his appropriate duties — already far too heavy for his strength — to rake up the ashes of long-forgotten transactions, and prepare and collect documents needed for his justification, but become useless for any other purpose. We have seen many instances of this in our days, — some indefensible enough of very recent date. It is well, no doubt, that all public measures, especially such as are to be embodied into laws, should undergo the ordeal of the severest and most searching criticism; it is well too that all public men should feel that they are acting in the light of day, and before an audience, by whom their characters will be considered public property, and no lapse or failing be permitted to pass with

impunity; — but in these points, as in so many others, the immoderate use of a valuable privilege may be a serious drawback on its value, — so much so, that the price paid for it at last may depopularise and discredit what ought to be the grand censorial office of a House of Commons. Popular bodies will always want reminding more or less of the celebrated protest of their most illustrious member to his constituents at Bristol: 'I must beg leave just to hint to you, that we may suffer very great detriment by being open to every tatler. It is not to be imagined how much service is lost from spirits full of activity and full of energy, who are pressing to great and capital objects, when you oblige them to be continually looking back. Whilst they are defending one service, they defraud you of a hundred. Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on — for God's sake, let us pass on.'

But this is not the only evil arising from the same cause. The constant, pervading recollection that they have to run the gauntlet betwixt ranks of hostile critics, almost inevitably compels Ministers to frame their measures with a view to the ordeal through which they will have to pass, rather than with a sole reference to the public good. They construct, not the best they are capable of, but the most passable. Statesmen under an autocratic government are at liberty to bring forward such enactments as diligent inquiry and practised sagacity satisfy them will be most conducive to the public weal: they can disregard the opposition or the doubts of those less informed or less far-sighted than themselves, and can trust to time to vindicate the wisdom of their views. But statesmen under a representative system are unable thus to appeal from the present to the future: they can pass no measures for which they cannot make out a case clear and satisfactory to the public at the moment: their projects must be plausible, as well as sound, — they must *seem*, as well as be, wise and expedient, — and often the reality must be sacrificed to the seeming. Here, again, the extent of the mischief will be measured by the degree to which the democratic element prevails in the assembly; since that will probably be the measure of the degree in which the wisdom of the trained statesman surpasses the wisdom of the legislative many.

It will be readily believed that we have been led to dwell upon the difficulties and drawbacks inherent in the working of free institutions with no idea of disparaging them, or casting doubts upon their value; but in order to warn those nations which are new to them, and those which are striving after them, that, when they have won them their work is not ended, often

indeed only half begun; that these institutions are not unmixed blessings, nor self-acting charms; that their real value must depend upon the wisdom and the virtue of those who manage them. In themselves they can confer neither personal freedom, nor good government, nor national prosperity; they are simply a means of obtaining these signal advantages. They are a spell of power, but not of power for good alone. They afford a field for the exercise of all patriotic virtues: while they dispense with none. For France this warning is especially needed; since, in truth, she is trying an experiment which, taken in all its collateral circumstances, is altogether new. The apparent similarity of her institutions to those of England and America should not blind her to this vital fact. She is trying the experiment of the most completely democratic government the world ever saw — with the broad basis of a suffrage all but universal — among a people the vast numerical majority of whom are not only defective in general education, but are wholly destitute of that special political education which habits of municipality (so to speak) can alone bestow. In America general education is cared for, and universally spread among the people to an unparalleled degree; in no country is so large an annual sum willingly raised and expended for this noble purpose. Severe economists in everything else, they are prodigal in this. But this is not all — the Americans have an instinctive faculty for self-government — a faculty which is kept in continual practice. They govern themselves in every detail of social life; in every town, in every village, in every hamlet, they can at once extemporise a municipal administration, without the least aid from the central power. By this means their political education is continually going on; every American is early and daily accustomed to discuss and act in political affairs; and the result is, that he understands these when he understands anything, and often when his education is deplorably defective on all other points. In England, it is true, though political training and habits of combined action are far more widely diffused than in France, yet the mass of our people are nearly as uneducated; but then we have a very limited suffrage, and a still powerful aristocracy. France, in her perilous political experiment, possesses neither the safeguards of America nor those of England.

We do not mean to predict that therefore the experiment must fail — we hope better things; but we say that it must encounter dangers severer than have menaced either of its prototypes; and that its success must depend upon the manifestation of qualities to which Frenchmen have not yet made good their claim. Their perils are obvious; and we think their course is clear. It will not mend the matter to seek, either

by fraud or force, to give the cards another shuffle. Having based their constitution on universal suffrage, and having thus secured a fair and simple means of ascertaining the popular will, their plain duty is not to flinch from the consequences of this fundamental principle, but to bow to that will as the supreme law. It is more sensible and more conservative than they suppose. Let them enlighten it as fast as they may — change it when they can by eloquence and reason; but obey it unreservedly while unchanged. Let it be recognised on the part of all — as an axiom of their understanding, a dogma of their creed, a fixed, unquestionable rule of their public morals — that the *majority must rule;* — that, on the one hand, any appeal to arms or to secret conspiracy on the part of the minority is treason to the majesty of the law, for which no dishonour can be too deep, no penalty too sharp or peremptory; that, on the other hand, (as a correlative proposition) any attempt by their Rulers to coerce, prevent, or vitiate that free expression of the popular voice by which only the real majority can be ascertained, is an equal treason and equal crime.

Majorities and minorities have reciprocal rights and duties. Any tampering with the fair broad basis of the suffrage — any fetters upon free discussion — any restrictions on the decent freedom of the press — are, on the part of the victorious majority, as clear, undoubted violations of the rights of their antagonists, as insurrection and conspiracies would be on the part of the defeated minority. While every man has a vote, and full freedom in the expression of his views, no excuse can exist for violence or secret plots. On the other hand, while every man bows to the decision of the aggregate votes of the community, no excuse can exist for tyranny on the side of the dominant party. Everything must be decided by votes, and votes must be gained by discussion. This is the inevitable corollary of the Revolution: in accepting it frankly, and following it out boldly, lies now the only hope of freedom or salvation — the endeavour to escape from it can lead only to bloodshed and confusion. In a forbearing respect for each other's rights the antagonist parties will do well to seek safety and peace. For if peace is their object, to this they must come at last. Otherwise, as long as each persists in encroaching on the power and province of the other — in pursuing secretly ulterior designs incompatible with loyalty to the constitution they have sworn to maintain — in employing power, when they have obtained it, to cripple and disarm their opponents — in refusing allegiance to any government, and obedience to any law, which does not embody their own crotchets, or which is not established by their own party — we can see no prospect but continued turbulence and

final anarchy. If the President *will* make secret war on the Assembly, and intrigue for an illegal augmentation or continuance of power — if the Assembly *will* thwart the President and encroach upon his functions — if the conservative majority *will* fetter the press, and disfranchise half France, because it fears the Socialist minority — while the Socialist minority lives, moves, and breathes in a perpetual conspiracy against government and order, — the issue cannot be either distant or doubtful; and, end how it may, the result cannot but be lastingly injurious to France, and discrediting to the cause of Representative Government all over the world. Our apprehensions for Republican France lie deeper, it will be seen, than any revision of an impracticable constitution, or any fusion of parties, honest or dishonest, can possibly remove.

ART. IX. — 1. *The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art.* With a Life by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, Canon of St. Peter's. London: 1849.

2. *The Life of Torquato Tasso.* By the Rev. R. MILMAN. 2 vols. London: 1850.

IT is an occasional privilege of our craft as reviewers to turn aside from newly opened paths and to survey some beaten track upon the great common of literature. We do not, indeed, summon reputations which have become authentic to the critical bar for a re-hearing of their case: but we submit them to a fresh analysis, or contemplate them under novel aspects as records of intellectual effort or permanent models of art. It is a privilege we would not willingly forego, and it is one which most readers will cheerfully grant; since it enables both parties to 'interpose a little ease' amid the uncertainties and excitement which inevitably attend upon our contemporary politics and literature. No essay of the present day can indeed add renown to the metaphysical pyramid of Aquinas, or to the sombre and lustrous vision of Dante. Nevertheless it is good at times to reconsider the laws of strength and beauty which governed the structure of the Summa Theologiæ and the Divine Comedy.

The volumes before us afford a fair pretext for exercising this privilege. They relate, indeed, to lighter matters than those great culminations of mediæval science and imagination. Yet the subjects of them are scarcely less illustrative of the epochs and the circumstances which gave them birth. Few

authors have attained a wider reputation than Tasso; none are more popular or indeed beloved than Horace. From Tasso we learn our first lispings in Italian literature, and imbibe perhaps our most vivid impression of the partly religious, partly ferocious passions which, at the close of the eleventh century of the Christian era, precipitated Europe upon Asia. With Horace we connect the memory of days when friendships were first formed, when hopes were most buoyant, and literary aspirations retained their vernal promise. With Horace also we associate the remembrance of moments stolen or redeemed from the graver business of life; moments in which, beside the blazing hearth, or through summer noons we pondered over his pregnant sense and genial wit; or even explored volume in hand, under Italian skies, the scenery of his Sabine farm, his Bandusian fountain, and Venusian birthplace. Than Horace and Tasso there are indeed no companions meeter for a critic's holiday, such as we now invite our readers for awhile to share with us.

We purpose, however, being anything rather than critical on this occasion. 'Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause.' We shall take with us, on our excursion, neither Schlegel nor Dr. Blair. We are off circuit — it is vacation time. We wish for a re-introduction to the men themselves, to their friends and patrons, their employments and amusements, their foibles and their sorrows. In the course of our retrospect we shall have occasion to mourn as well as to smile; for there were shadows even on Horace's career, and there was an horizon of gloom around the life of Tasso. But whether we mourn or rejoice, it shall be with the poets themselves, and not over the defects of the Gierusalemme, or the imperfect canons of the Art of Poetry. The works have received their *imprimatur* centuries ago; the men may be studied anew — each from an aspect of his own — as representatives of literary or individual life in Italy during two distant and highly cultivated ages.

Horace's address to the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother is not strictly applicable to the relations of Italian and Latin literature, since their several charms are in many respects too unlike for a comparison. The *pulcra mater* was a majestic and somewhat imperious matron; the *pulcrior filia* was a susceptible and somewhat voluptuous nymph. The elder literature retained even in its lighter moments and its decline the stately demeanour of a Cornelia or Æmilia; the younger literature, even in its severest garb, reflected the image of a Laura and Fiammetta. The prelude of the one was the trumpet-chorus of Ennius and Pacuvius; the prelude of the other was

the plaintive and pastoral pipe of the solitary of Vaucluse. Yet between the extremes of Latin and Italian minstrelsy are points of resemblance and affinity which no other literature can exhibit. No other literature, indeed, has enjoyed to the same extent the privilege of metempsychosis. The Roman tongue, partly from direct transmission, partly from the influence of the *Genius Loci*, passed into the Italian without such foreign admixtures as render the Spanish language nearly as much Gothic or Arabic as it is Romanesque; and without such curtailments of inflection and euphony as cripple the poetic eloquence at least of France. Of all the daughters of the Roman speech the Italian, notwithstanding the diversity we have noticed, best represents the features of the maternal idiom. Nor is the resemblance limited to words. The filial thought and idiosyncrasy are genuine grafts from the parent stem. Neither is it restricted to the sphere of intellect: there is a point of view, strange to say, in which it extends also to the sphere of action. The fortunes of the peninsula, in ancient and in modern times, if we include within our survey a sufficient orbit of change and aspect, have not been so dissimilar as they may appear. The Italy of the Cæsars and that of the Popes, the Italy which declined under the Etruscan Lucumons, and that which withered under the feudal Colonne and Ursini, the final centre of Ethnic civilisation and the earliest source of Christian art and refinement, afford parallels closer than many which have been fancied by historians or drawn by Plutarch. Before, however, we notice the points of resemblance between the age of Horace and the age of Tasso, we must briefly advert to the works now before us which have led to our proposed combination of these remote, but not alien, epochs in literary annals.

Of the editor of this eminently beautiful and splendid edition of the works of Horace it is almost superfluous for us to speak. Dean Milman, as a poet, an historian, and a critic, has already earned for himself a station in literature which no commendation of ours would render more certain or conspicuous. His Life of Horace is, of course, not a performance which can add much to his literary fame. To a scholar so accomplished, and to so experienced a writer, it was probably the work of leisure hours. It is, however, both well written and, what with such a subject is of essential importance, gracefully and genially conceived, and should be taken into account by every subsequent editor of the Roman Lyrist. We detect *ex pede Herculem* — the proverbial loyalty of Etonians to their classical training — in the almost universal reception of the Etonian readings of the text. But this is as it should be; for Etonian scholars, by their

long and severe drilling, acquire an instinctive feeling for the niceties of Latin metre, which renders them on the whole perhaps the best judges in such matters. We should be ungrateful, also, not to record our hearty thanks to the artists who have assisted the editor in illustrating the author. The Sosii brothers who published the original parchment of the *Editio Princeps* cannot have surpassed in the elegance of their borders and designs the beauty of Mr. Murray's vignettes and decorations. The illustrations do not yield to Pine's; and had Annuals been in fashion at the Saturnalia, Horace could have made no choicer Christmas gift to Varius and Virgil than such an impression of his *Opera Omnia*. Cowper's verses, 'Maria, could Horace have 'guessed — What honours awaited his Ode,' would have been more appropriate to this elegant octavo than to Lady Throckmorton's transcript of a spurious poem.

Mr. Robert Milman, we believe, commences his career as an author with the 'Life of Tasso.' Even were the merits of this work less than they are, we should welcome with pleasure the transmission of literary powers and pursuits in the same family. He does not, however, need the protection of his uncle's Telamonian shield — his book has considerable merit and promise of its own. Its chief defects are such as are incidental to youthful authorship. Mr. R. Milman will write more perspicuously when he has written more frequently, and will sermonise less in his books when he shall have preached oftener in his pulpit. He has evidently, in his biography of Tasso, undertaken a labour of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes. We should, indeed, have counselled more numerous references to his authorities; and in case of a second edition being called for, we should recommend him to append, either in the text or the notes, the original to the translated passages. This would not materially increase the bulk, while it would greatly add to the worth and interest of the volumes. Tasso's poems, with the exception of the 'Gierusa-'lemme' and 'Aminta,' are but little known to readers in general; but they are rich in biographical materials; his critical treatises, which contain much that Lessing and the Schlegels afterwards announced as novel principles of taste, are hardly read on this side of the Alps; and such apposition of the text and the translation is warranted by the practice of Bouterwek, Ginguéné, and Sismondi.

Dean Milman — his ecclesiastical rank spares us the awkward affixes of senior and junior — observes that 'the poetry of

'Horace is the history of Rome during the great change from a 'republic into a monarchy, during the sudden and almost com-'plete revolution from centuries of war and civil faction to that 'peaceful period which is called the Augustan Age of Letters. 'Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything 'who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really 'understands Horace will have a more perfect and more accu-'rate knowledge of the Roman manners and the Roman mind 'than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman 'antiquities.' Useful and admirable indeed as are the archæo-logical works of Bekker and Boettiger, we are disposed to wonder and lament that the learning and liveliness bestowed upon 'Gallus' and 'Sabina' were not rather devoted to a work entitled *Horaz und sein Zeitalter*. The freedman's son would have been a better centre for social and æsthetical disquisition than a Messalina's toilet-table, or a dilettantè prefect of Egypt.

Of all the men of his own time, perhaps of any time, Horace — whether we regard his genius, his opportunities, or his asso-ciates — was probably the best qualified for the representative functions which the Dean of St. Paul's so justly ascribes to him. His genius was not one which, by the fervour and force of its conceptions, or the wide orbit of its movements, transcended or transfigured the present; his opportunities for observation were not bounded by birth or station too illustrious or too obscure; and his associates were, by chance or choice, selected from ranks and parties the most opposite to one another. For he sprang, in modern phrase, from the people; and he became, in mature life, the companion of the intellectual aristocracy. His cultiva-tion was Greek; the groundwork of his character was Roman. In youth he was an eager partisan of Brutus and the Senate; in manhood he was the friend of the inheritors of Cæsar's usurpa-tion. He was sufficiently distinguished, in his riper years, to see the leading men of his time in their happier hours; and yet was too much of a private person to be involved in any of their divisions. He could pay a compliment, and he could speak his mind. His mode of writing exempted him from the responsi-bilities of the historian and from the exaggerations of the orator. A treasury-clerk and a Sabine land-owner, he had as large an experience as Touchstone himself of the relative advantages of city and country life. His ambition was moderate; his tastes were comprehensive; his humour was for the life contemplative, and he had the advantage of being the spectator of one of the most momentous and skilful games of policy ever played by a ruler of men. Despite his 'Parian Iambics,' we have no scruple in defining Horace as an eminently good-tempered

man. We believe, indeed, his good temper to be the main charm of his writings. In reading the *Journal*, or the political squibs of Swift, we recoil from the saturnine temperament of their author. In Walpole's letters we make allowance for more than epigrammatic malice. In Prior and Bolingbroke we are on our guard against the plenipotentiary and the pensioner; and in Pope we remember that he in turn eulogised and defamed nearly every one of his friends, from Wycherley to Lady Mary. Lapse of time and our imperfect acquaintance with details have doubtless softened, for the modern reader, some of Horace's original acerbity. Canidia, Mænas, and Cassius indeed, could their opinion be obtained, might perhaps justly describe him as being as 'good-natured a friend' as any that Sir Fretful Plagiary could boast. But we know little of the provocations he had received: he had been unfortunate in his party politics; he was again rising in the world, and he could not lack enviers and backbiters. Yet the *succus nigræ loliginis* is shed over comparatively few of his pages. He plays with foibles rather than lashes vices, and satirises the type rather than the individual. Though Rome, in the age of Horace, abounded equally with materials for a Newgate Calendar and a Dunciad, he tells us more of the coxcombs than of the criminals. We smile at the loquacity of Fabius, the perfumes of Rufillus, and the coarse hospitality of Nasidienus: but we are left to learn from other sources the atrocities of L. Hostius and Vedius Pollio. In the hands of Juvenal and Churchill, satire is the iron scourge of the Furies: in those of Horace and Cowper, it is the rod of a very popular and good-tempered schoolmaster. We believe, with Dr. Tate, in despite of the ingenious argument of Buttman to the contrary, that Malchinus was not intended for Mæcenas. We believe, too, that Horace never maligned or even civilly sneered at any person of real worth and genius, and we find nothing in his satires so disingenuous as Pope's lampoon on the Duke of Chandos, or so insidious as his 'Atticus.' Sweet as may be the uses of adversity, the uses of prosperity are oftentimes not less so; and as the fortunes of Horace improved, his poetry became not only purer in its sentiments, but also more liberal and indulgent in its treatment of men and manners.

There are losses in historical literature which surpass the injuries inflicted by barbarian blindness and Gothic rage. Among the heaviest of these is the destruction, by the author's own act, of the letters and memoranda of Pomponius Atticus. Vicar of Bray, as Atticus undoubtedly was, a model we should scarcely have expected to have been picked out by Sir Matthew Hale to dress himself by, — his adroitness in trimming proves his skill in reading the signs of the times. Perhaps,

with the exception of the late Prince Talleyrand, never man enjoyed such opportunities for disclosing the springs of faction and the motives of partisans as the friend of Cicero and Brutus, of Antonius and Augustus, of nearly every sturdy Pompeian, and of nearly every zealous Cæsarian, had access to for half a century. If he were not equally trusted, he was at least generally consulted, by all the leaders and by all the more prominent members of the conflicting parties. His advice was sought by the sufferers as well as by the actors in the revolution, — by matrons trembling for their sons and husbands, by bankers in jeopardy for their investments, and by country-gentlemen in dread of a fresh settlement of centurions in their neighbourhood. But Talleyrand seems to have extended his caution beyond the grave, and Atticus burned his correspondence with all and sundry; — preferring a good match for his daughter Pomponia to the dangerous honour of being the historian to his own life and times. Horace's opportunities for observation were much less complete than those of this prince of trimmers. Yet they were not inconsiderable: and a brief comparison of the several crises of the Republic with the principal epochs of the poet's life, will corroborate Mr. Milman's assertion that his works are, in great measure, a contemporary record of Rome. We must not, indeed, look for direct information. Neither his mode of writing, his position, nor his inclination admitted of it. Youth and adverse circumstances at first disqualified him for the office of chronicler: and his subsequent connexions with the Cæsarian court imposed upon him a politic, although not a servile, acquiescence under the powers that were.

From his birth to his twelfth year, Horace dwelt among the shrewd and hardy borderers of Lucania and Apulia. Yet even among them he witnessed the recent vestiges of foreign war and domestic convulsion. The district of Venusia — the modern Basilicata — had been seized upon by Sulla; and among the immediate neighbours of the elder Flaccus were veterans of the Pontic and Italian campaigns. Even his father's profession (he was a collector of payments at auctions), may have impressed upon the future satirist his first conceptions of the toil and trouble of revolution. In those days of confiscation and of rapid transfer of property, the hereditary landowner was the most frequent sufferer; and 'the fields of Umbrenus' may have changed hands more than once during the boyhood of Horace. From the glimpse he affords of the ingenuous youth of Venusia, — 'magni pueri magnis e centurionibus orti' — we may infer that the society of the neighbourhood was neither intellectual nor select. 'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders:' and we know how the orphan Roderic Random was [illegible]

fellows, the sons of country magnates. Doubtless the centurions were as hard-drinking and boisterous as 'the wise Mr. Justice 'Freeman or Sir Thomas Trueby,' and told as interminable stories of 'the Propontic and the Hellespont,' as Sir Dugald Dalgetty himself in his retirement at Drumthwacket. Men, too, who had revelled in Asian luxury, who had driven off mules laden with gold and seen frankincense measured by the bushel, would have small respect for the frugal collector and his unproductive farm, which would not have furnished a breakfast for one of the satraps of Mithridates. From such worshipful society Horace was removed in his twelfth year by his watchful father, and introduced to the motley crowds and turbulent pomp of the capital. The relation between the father and son appears to have been of the most tender and confiding kind. The paternal fondness and vigilance were repaid by the most filial reverence and affection: and the immortality of the poet has preserved for us one of the most interesting glimpses of Roman private life. The *patria potestas*, in the families at least of Horace and of Ovid, was a most paternal sway. At any era of Rome, to a sprightly and observant boy, removal there from the high-hung *chalèts* of Acerenza, the vast thickets of Banzi, the sounding Aufidus, and the picturesque Mount Voltore, would have been impressive: in the 701st year of the city it must have been an impression at once startling and indelible. Rome, which had long been the focus of revolution, was in that year staggering under a great defeat. Crassus and his army had perished,—the last counterpoise between the surviving triumvirs had been destroyed,—and all the moderate men and all the dangerous men in Rome were awaiting a collision between the Chief of the Senate and the Proconsul of the Gauls. Nor was the rumour of battle lost or won the only sound which would awaken his curiosity. The year of his arrival was marked upon the spot by even bloodier and more disastrous events than the murder of a triumvir or the dishonour of the legions. There was 'war in procinct' in the streets of Rome; and the gladiators of Milo and Clodius fought daily in the forum, and made night hideous with the flames of burning houses and the revelry of their respective camps.

We know not in which of the many lanes of Rome stood the school-room of Orbilius; that it was no very splendid seminary may be inferred from its owner's poverty. But, in whichever of the regions it was seated, and however rare an event a half-holiday may have been, it cannot have been so remote from the arena of convulsion, as to have been beyond earshot of the surge and recoil of fierce civil strife. We know something, however, of Orbilius himself. As every par-

ticular connected with the life of Horace is interesting, we will remark, — what has escaped even his last and best biographer, — that as a native of Beneventum, Orbilius was probably recommended to the elder Flaccus by some of his former neighbours at Venusia. He was a schoolmaster of the old stamp, — as strict a disciplinarian as Dr. Rodinos of Oviedo, whose skill in educing the logical faculties is attested by Gil Blas, — and as stout a foe to educational innovation as the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles, or even the Bishop of Exeter himself. He read with his classes Homer and Livius Andronicus; and his 'curriculum' produced permanent results upon the mind of his most distinguished pupil. Many a stripe had engraved the verses of both these archaic bards upon the Horatian memory, but with very opposite effects. For Horace retained small affection for the old Saturnian poet, or for ancient Italian verse in general; while, to the end of his life, he studied with delight the war of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses. From his twelfth to his eighteenth year the young aspirant remained at Rome, and in that period must have been eye-witness and ear-witness of the final movements of the Cæsarian revolution. It was among the treasured recollections of Seneca the rhetorician in his declining years that he had heard Cicero speak in the senate. He probably had heard one of the swan-songs of the great orator — one of the speeches against M. Antony. But, in the year after he was placed under the care of Orbilius, Horace may have listened to Cicero's defence of Milo. He may have been among the by-standers on that memorable day when the eye under which Catilina had quailed, and the voice which the tribune Metellus could not silence, drooped and faltered in the presence of the armed tribunal of Pompeius and the yelling of the Clodian mob. Five years afterwards Horace went to the university of Athens. The intervening period was crowded with all the preparations for the last contest between Pompeius and Cæsar. As a freedman of the Horatian House, the elder Flaccus was probably a conservative in politics. His illustrious son was, we know, an active partisan of Brutus and the senate. These five years of school-life must accordingly have been a period of intense excitement, both to the anxious father and the observing son. Men, it has often been remarked, live fast in revolutionary times. The events of an hour often baffle all the experiences of a past life. When Horace came to Rome, the name of Pompeius was in everybody's mouth. 'He alone 'can save the Republic.' 'He is the second Sulla.' 'He is 'the most moderate of men;' 'he is the most false of men.' 'He is all-powerful and will proscribe:' 'he is superannuated

'and will yield;' 'Cæsar and his hybrid legions will melt at a 'word of his mouth:' 'Cneius and all his carpet-knights will 'fly before the Alauda and the Xth!' Such were the party-cries and prognostications, to be stifled or fulfilled on the plain of Pharsalia. The peaceful studies of the youth of Rome must have been strangely interrupted by these political excitements. No man could be so obscure, so young, or so thoughtless, but that he must have been deeply affected by the insecurity of liberty and of life. 'In the unruffled quiet of his manhood and age,' Dean Milman observes, 'how often must these turbulent and 'awful days have contrasted themselves in the memory of 'Horace, with his tranquil pursuit of letters, social enjoyment 'and country retirement.'

Meanwhile there was a happy interval between Horace's earlier and later participation in the common calamities of the time. It was probably in the year after the battle of Pharsalia that he quitted his school at Rome and enrolled himself as a student under one of the many professors at Athens. We are not informed whether the good *co-actor* still survived, and still farther taxed his humble means to afford his son a university education, or whether Horace already inherited the paternal acres, and maintained himself among 'the groves of Academe' upon the rents of his Venusian farm. He has indicated his mode of life there, and his deep enjoyment of its studious repose by one of those quiet touches which, to the mind's eye, enrich his works with so many lively portraitures. He studied the Greek poets and philosophers, and probably learned geometry, that essential element of Athenian education. More we know not of him, although we may fairly conjecture that his intimacy with Messala and Bibulus was cemented at the university, and that he was contemporary with young Marcus Cicero; who, however, had most likely too large an allowance, and was too much devoted to supper parties and Ulian wine to be a congenial companion for the freedman's son. From Lucian and the Greek fathers of the Church we derive some interesting particulars of ancient university life. In the character of Nigrinus the satirist sketches the deep repose and the studious employments of the Attic philosophers; and the groves and walks of the Academy acquire a new charm from the youthful friendship of Basil and Gregory of Nazianzum. But of Horace and his contemporaries it can merely be told that they studied at Athens, and that their studies were interrupted by the immediate consequences of an event which pervaded, with exultation or dismay, every province of the Roman world. That event was the murder of Cæsar; and one among its many consequences was the arrival of Brutus at Athens to

revive the Pompeian party and to recruit the senatorian army in their old strong quarters, the Grecian and Syrian provinces. Messala, Bibulus, and Horace were all regarded of equal worth by the fugitive conspirator,—who, at Rome, perhaps would have scarcely deigned to return the salutation of the collector's son. But it was no time to weigh the accidents of birth or fortune. The veterans were nearly all arrayed on the Cæsarian side; and the extemporary legions of Brutus and Cassius demanded a prompt supply of Roman officers. Clive passed almost immediately from a merchant's desk to the command of a company of Sepoys; and Horace, although of no very robust frame, and altogether inexperienced in war, was, probably after a little previous drilling, appointed to the command of a legion, where he might apply to the columns and squares of Achaian and Asiatic recruits the knowledge he had recently been acquiring of the properties of curves and right lines. The untoward issue of his new avocation is well known; his military career closed at Philippi; and he appears to have never felt it a disgrace to have fled from a field on which the commonwealth itself had fallen irretrievably. 'Liberty,' Dean Milman well remarks, 'may be said to have deserted Horace, rather than Horace 'liberty; and, happily for mankind, he felt that his calling was 'to more peaceful pursuits.'

We have dwelt the longer upon the mere preludial portion of the life of Horace because its events materially modified his literary character. These stirring scenes and early calamities coloured his political prejudices, his ethical contemplations, and the entire form and texture of his imagination and intellect. His shrewd good sense proved to him, after Philippi, and probably also after a more intimate experience of the senatorian party itself, that liberty, as it was defined by Brutus and the oligarchy, was indeed a dream; and that peace, even under the triumvirs, must be preferable to anarchy under the decrepit and dissolute senate. It was not surprising that 'Roman youth, 'at this ardent and generous period of life, breathing the air of 'Pericles, Aristotle, and Demosthenes,' should, at the moment, have thrown themselves into the ranks of a party whose watch-word was 'the Republic;' and who had so recently consecrated their principles, in the eyes of the vulgar at least, and even with Cicero's vehement, although somewhat tardy approval, by a baptism of blood. Such an act as the assassination of Cæsar had more than once earned for its perpetrators in Greece the title of saviours of their country; and, in the Hellenic calendar, no saints were more illustrious than Harmodius and Aristogeiton, Dion and Timoleon. But to men of sense, no less than to men of selfish expediency, to Horace no less than to Munatius

Plancus, it had become palpable that, in contending for the name of the senate, they were contending against the restoration of order and the substantial recompenses of peace. Of the sons of Pompeius, the only survivor was a reckless, brutal, and stupid youth, whom misfortune had made an exile and choice a pirate. Of the Latin and Sabine families, whose ancestors had given their names to years, and added kingdoms to the commonwealth, many were extinct, many were bankrupt, and the residue, which had retained its place and honours, was either fighting under the triumviral banner, or expiating its share or its approval of Cæsar's murder, as suppliants at the Parthian court or as fugitives in the Iberian sierras. Nor were Horace's political sentiments alone shaken by the blank desperation of the cause he had espoused. His ethical doctrines were gradually modified by it. He came to regard what was possible, as the proper object of desire rather than the 'summum bonum,' to which many might pretend, but at which no one could arrive. His temper became more indulgent; his discrimination more mature; and he entered upon his new and proper career of literature a poorer indeed, but a sadder and a wiser man. His experience of the danger of extremes and the hollowness of professions led him, along the path of sorrow, to that sincerity and self-knowledge which are the charm of his moral writings; and disarmed, after a few relapses, his satire of that bitter spirit in which Lucilius had scourged the city, and which imparts to the diatribes of Juvenal at least as much offensiveness as energy.

One literary effect of Horace's campaigns has been unnoticed by his biographers. It has been remarked by an accomplished modern critic that Jeremy Taylor acquired in the camp his vivid and numerous martial images. Horace seems to have turned his military experience to similar account; and certainly no Roman poet, not treating of epic and consequently warlike themes, has so diversified his diction with images and metaphors derived from war. It may be observed also in this place that, for a Roman, Horace was comparatively untravelled. The vast provincial empire of Rome qualified nearly every man, entrusted with public functions, for becoming a member of the 'Travellers' Club.' As a body the senate travelled widely in the character of prætors or proconsuls; as a body the equites travelled widely in that of farmers-general, or collectors of the revenue: and as bankers, corn-factors, secretaries to embassies, and quæstors' clerks, at least a third of the better educated of the commonalty were either settled in Greece, Asia, or Africa, or visited occasionally the provinces, from 'Meroe, Nilotic Isle,' to the Black Forest. But the residence of Horace at Athens,

and his brief campaign in Macedonia, were, as far as we can now know, the limits of his foreign excursions. From his description of his journey to Brundisium, he regarded it as being as memorable an effort, as, two centuries and a half ago, Ben Jonson regarded his visit to Hawthornden. It would appear, however, that during his university vacations Horace saw more of Greece than could be discerned by climbing the Acropolis or from the promontory of Sunium. Some of his descriptive epithets look too distinct and local for merely borrowed and conventional language. He probably never sallied forth on a picturesque tour, like the Eustaces and Hoares, or Mr. A. de Vere. Yet, as Mr. Milman says, 'he must have visited parts of Greece 'at some period of his life; as he speaks of not having been 'so much *struck* by the rich plain of Larissa or the more rugged 'district of Lacedæmon, as by the headlong Anio and the groves 'of Tibur.'

He had left Rome an eager student: he must have returned in a condition and with prospects, than which nothing darker or more hopeless can be well conceived. Venusia was one of the eighteen cities assigned by the victorious Triumvirate to their soldiers; the patrimony of the ex-tribune was confiscated, and some new *co-actor* was perhaps collecting the price of his native fields. 'The world was all before him where to 'choose,' and he chose to purchase the place of clerk in the Treasury; but whence he obtained the means of purchasing, at that juncture, a patent place, neither scholiast nor commentator has told us.

We are now arrived at the proper commencement of Horace's career. He has not much more than reached manhood, and under most unpromising circumstances,—when, at once, he becomes a representative man. But in order to understand his position, we must briefly glance at the social and intellectual crisis of Rome at the time when Virgil and Varius discerned in their younger contemporary a spirit congenial with their own, and worthy to be cherished by Mæcenas. Many of the broader avenues to the Roman Parnassus were blocked up. The heroic age of poetry had passed irretrievably away; the poetry of the drama was neither 'native nor hos-'pitable' in Rome; and the old Etruscan ritual had never enkindled in its worshippers the feelings or the language of devotion. As a lyric writer, Catullus, so far as regards his countrymen at least, may be said to have failed. His grace, sweetness, and passion were 'caviare to the general;' his fame and popularity rested chiefly on his satiric iambics. In philosophic poetry Lucretius had preoccupied the ground. The dimensions of his poetic eloquence are the only correlate to the

harmonious majesty of Cicero's prose: his 'Rerum Natura' was the imaginative pantheon of Roman speculations. Nor, in spite of Horace's later success, was lyric poetry, at the first, a likely venture. The age was either resolutely sceptical or grossly superstitious. It sneered at the Olympian theology, it ridiculed the Etruscan augury, and it lay prostrate before the shrine of Isis. Jupiter Optimus Maximus was the deity of the State and of inscriptions: but the Stoic or Epicurean magistrate had reduced him to a cold abstraction, and the popular heart was absorbed in the ruder and more appalling mysteries of Bacchus and Cybele. Heroic poetry demands a people for its audience. It cannot be fostered by patronage: it droops where Art is cultivated as a luxury. It must speak to a nation of its forefathers, or it is dumb; it must be the link of historical generations, or it is barren. The Anglo-Saxon population of London or York in the age of the Tudors would have listened apathetically to the Mort d'Arthur; and the audiences which applauded Calderon's Autos would not have given a maravedi to a reciter of the Cid. And where, in the age of Augustus, were the Roman people? In the city itself there was, and there always had been, a populace, which, from the first, was not of Roman extraction. Mechanics and artisans from Etruria and Magna Grecia, physicians and schoolmasters from Achaia, Punic and Smyrniote pedlars, Syrian priests, Rhodian shopkeepers, freedmen whom Sulla had emancipated in gangs, clients whom their patrons had settled by tens of thousands in the tribes; these and such as these constituted the motley mass whom the orators addressed as Quirites, and whom the centurions refused to enlist. The four city tribes contained a rabble, with which it would be unjust to compare the population of Wapping or Spitalfields. Even if the epic and mythic songs had not long ago been transmuted into grave chronicles and mortuary panegyrics, they would have found no echo in this hybrid and pauper multitude. It was a multitude and not a race. They descended not from the Vestal and the War-God; their ancestors had not driven forth the Tarquins or fought at Regillus; they were not the seed of the Fabii who fell beside the Cremera, or of the Horatii who had twice led back the Commons from the Sacred Mount. And beyond the walls the absence of a Roman population was even more conspicuous. Of the thirty Latin cities about nine survived in the age of Augustus. Of the villages and market-towns, which had once clustered around those cities, the greater part was covered by reservoirs of water, by woodlands where the Umbrian boar and the red deer harboured, or by pastures grazed by Colchian sheep and the short-legged buffalo of Narbonne. The stern, frugal, and strongly national plebeian race

which had so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, and freedom, had been drained into the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. It had been an expensive conquest. It had exported the sinews of the commonwealth; and to the Italian peninsula the return had been a population of slaves. In the Sabine valleys or among the Umbrian uplands there might linger isolated patches of the old Sabellian stock; but in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, from the Liris to the feeders of the Anio, the depopulation was probably most complete. 'The ancient spirit was dead.' The names of Manlius and Coriolanus were as strange to Roman ears as the name of Kosciusko would be to a Russian serf. Both in city and country had died away the genuine Roman people; and with them, doubtless, the last echo of national song. Nor at any period of their history had the Romans been a theatrical people. The more domestic habits of their austerer days had been alien to public amusements: and when these were relaxed, it was into the gross license of the Oscan farce. With the lust of conquest, the ovation and the triumph became the national spectacles. Theatrical entertainments might be forced upon them as a transient fashion, but were never very cordially welcomed. The Hecyra of Terence was twice rejected. Once, the spectators hurried out of the theatre to see a boxing-match and some rope-dancers; at its second performance a combat of gladiators was the signal for a general 'exeunt.' The late Charles Matthews witnessed the interruption of 'Hamlet' at a New Orleans theatre by a general call of the house for a comic song; and a Roman prætor of Achaia insisted upon the suspension of Electra's woes, and the immediate substitution of the wrestlers and tumblers. We know, from Horace himself, that the Roman play-goers of the Augustan age preferred gorgeous melodramas, in which horses, mules, and interminable processions swept across the stage, to the acting of Æsopus or to the best tragedy of Accius. They might have applauded Victor Hugo; they would not have relished 'Macbeth' or even 'Coriolanus'; and there was small inducement for a commencing poet to adopt a profession which had scarcely given Terence bread.

There were, however, domains in poetry which the Greeks had cultivated only in the later and less creative periods of their literature; and it was one of these which Horace, with the instinctive felicity of genius, appropriated to himself. The satiric form of poetry was not, indeed, absolutely original. There was something resembling it in the Silli of the Greeks; and Lucilius had already introduced this style of writing into Rome with great success. Horace's obligations to his prede-

cessor it is impossible to estimate from the few fragments of Lucilius which have survived. His debt was probably in amount what Pope's debt was to the satires of Donne and Hall —a loan of which the interest far surpassed the principal. Whether, indeed, we possess the poems which first attracted to their author the notice of Virgil and Varius must remain doubtful. We incline to think that his maturer judgment suppressed the firstlings of his muse, or, at least, so modified them in their collected form, as to leave little of their original texture behind. But that these *primitiæ* were satirical in their character, even if they were lyrical in their form, cannot well be questioned. We believe the fierce invectives on Canidia to be of earlier date than any of the Satires, and consequently on Bentley's theory (whose arrangement of the Horatian works we wish Dean Milman had followed), earlier also than any of the other poems now extant. Pasquinade has been in all ages a genial product of the Italian mind. Marforio was the successor of Mercury. The ten tables could not put it down; it indifferently assailed Tiberius and Hildebrand; and it was the weapon of all classes, from Nævius and Catullus to Cæsar's soldiers and the vine-pruner of Cales, and the last of the successors of St. Peter. The delicacy of his taste and the kindness of his temper, however, seem to have preserved Horace, even in the bitterness of adversity, from any serious or permanent abuse of his two-edged weapon. He was neither a table-buffoon, nor an angry declaimer, nor a political lampooner. His father had early sown in his mind the seeds of shrewd observation: in Eupolis, Cratinus, and Menander he studied the models of grave and temperate irony; and amid the motley population of the Roman forum he possessed an inexhaustible store of originals and anecdotes for sketches, earnest or jocose.

We have not, however, undertaken to characterise a writer whom all men admire in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him. The world's favourite needs not the critic's bellot; and we have to deal with Horace himself rather than with his writings. A few months at least must have been spent in the business or drudgery (*invisa negotia*), of the treasury clerkship, before his verses or his conversation recommended him to Virgil. Common friends from Athens may have made them first acquainted; and already Virgil had surmounted his early obscurity, and, together with Varius and Asinius Pollio, held a high station among the wits of Rome. A few months more of probation were probably passed by Horace in this illustrious company, ere his friends took courage to present him to Mæcenas; for the great patron of the learned, besides being prime minister and chief of the police, was, by temperament, a shy man, and, from his position, a wary man. About this time, the second satire was probably circulating

as a fugitive piece among the Hotel Rambouillets of Rome; and it is suspected of having censured or laughed at several members of the Cæsarian party, if not even at Mæcenas himself. Here was an unpropitious beginning both for his introducers and their new associate; and the dry and rather abrupt manner of Mæcenas, although habitual to him, may probably have convinced all parties that they had made a wrong move, and would have to look in some other quarter for a patron. The Treasury clerkship, for nine months longer, must find Horace in bread and lentils: since his verses apparently rather hinder than forward his preferment. Meanwhile, however, Mæcenas had begun to collect around him all the men, either already eminent, or who promised to become eminent, in arts and letters. Messala had attracted Tibullus, and Asinius Pollio was patronising one or two poets, who indeed did not do him much credit; for, like their patron, they were rude and intractable, and, what was worse, insolent to Cæsar. Mæcenas, accordingly,—whether it were that he had been really attracted from the first, or heard from his literary or official scouts that the short, stout, and black-haired clerk was, in spite of his Pompeian predilections, a gentleman, and not very obstinate in either his philosophy or his politics,—admitted Horace to a second interview, threw aside all his former reserve, and adopted him into the brilliant and easy circle of the Cilnian House. In the following year, the 717th of Rome, Horace accompanied him to Brundisium, and recorded the events of their journey in one of the most genial and graceful of his Satires. The errand was diplomatic: no less a business than the reconciliation of the 'mighty opposites,' Augustus and Antonius. It was an affair in which the world at large was concerned, since upon its issue hung the life and death of thousands, 'the fate of empires and the fall of thrones;' and yet Mæcenas went upon it as upon a party of pleasure, environed by the wits and poets who were by this time forming his ordinary society.

The verses—we can hardly term them satirical—which describe the journey to Brundisium afford us a glimpse, not of the political conclave which adjusted the disputes of the triumvirs, but of a more pleasing scene,—the mutual amity of the great Roman literati. Between Virgil, Plotius, Varius, and Horace, and between Horace and Tibullus, there was not merely no vulgar jealousy, no jarring rivalry, but the most frank and cordial admiration. If an epigram of Martial may be trusted, Virgil carried his delicacy so far, that he would not trespass on the poetic provinces which his friends had appropriated. He would not write a tragedy, lest he should obscure

Varius, or lyric poetry lest he should eclipse Horace. The epigram of Martial is corroborated by a trait of the Mantuan bard recorded by Donatus. Virgil, he says, rejoiced in another's fame as much as in his own: 'Refert Pedianus benignum (Virgilium) cultoremque omnium bonorum atque eruditorum fuisse, et usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut si quid erudite dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet ac si suum fuisset.' Such virtues, combined with so much genius, entitled the popular poet to his precedency in Dante's Elysium, and to the solemn salutation which greeted his return to the 'painless fields.'

'Onorate l' altissimo Poeta,
L' ombra sua torna, ch' era dipartita.'

Ovid informs us that he had merely *seen* Virgil: and that the Fates had denied him intimacy with the short-lived Tibullus. Virgil, indeed, either for the sake of his health, or to secure leisure for his poetic and archæological studies, seems to have in general preferred the quiet of Athens, of Naples, or of his own fields on the banks of the Mincio, to the courtly and literary circles of the capital. Tibullus, when in Rome, belonged to the coterie of Messala; but feeble health often compelled him to visit the chalybeate springs of Etruria, and he also accompanied his patron on official journeys into Asia and Greece. We understand Ovid, however, to say that he had *heard* Horace recite the new measures which that skilful metrist (*numerosus*) had first transferred from the Æolian to the Ausonian lyre. At all events, Ovid's evidence confirms the testimony of Horace as to the general harmony of the Augustan bards. Sympathy with their common art banished, for at least two generations, all personal jealousies from the greater epic, lyric and elegiac poets; and their friendly union with one another affords an agreeable contrast to the brawls at Hadrian's literary suppers, and to the heartburnings which, sixteen centuries later, Politian indulged, and Ariosto ridiculed and deplored. Ovid, Virgil, and Horace have, indeed, a kind word for nearly all their contemporaries. We cannot say as much for the poets and philosophers of the age of Louis XIV.: nor can we record a similar interest in each other's fame among the wits who clustered around Halifax and Bolingbroke, in England's Augustan age. While the Johnsonian kingdom too often resembled the cavern of Æolus in being a kingdom of storms.

The most substantial proof of friendship which Horace received from his patron was the present of a small estate in the valley of Licenza, about fifteen miles from Tivoli. For this gift posterity as well as Horace is indebted to Mæcenas. 'The Sabine farm' was extrinsically as important an adjunct to his poetry, as his seclusion

in Buckinghamshire was to Cowper's fancy, or the august masses and shadows of his native mountains to the imagination of Wordsworth. Charles Lamb, when he retired on his pension from the India House, did not enjoy his leisure among 'the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire' more fervently than Horace the tranquillity of his Digentian valley. The poet in his obscure dwelling at Rome had turned with vain yearnings of heart from the strife, and heat, and crowds of the Roman alleys — until Nero rebuilt the city they scarcely deserved a better name — to the mountain solitudes of Voltore, the sparkling Bandusian fountain, and the bending meadows of the Aufidus. The Sabine farm had the recommendation of being situated in a country nearly as romantic, nearer to Rome, and even to a traveller so indolent as Horace, at no great distance from the original paternal acres. We conceive him too much a lover of nature unadorned to have been a very thrifty farmer. His pastures were apparently too mossy — his arable land too much overgrown with the wild cyclamen and the dwarf oak, to entitle him to a medal from the Royal Agricultural Society; and his friend Virgil, if he went to visit him, had doubtless the mortification to find all his Georgical precepts set at nought. Horace, however, managed to live out of his farm himself, and to maintain at least eight slaves, besides letting his cottages to five free *coloni*. But he derived better things from the gift of Mæcenas than a few combs of millet or a few baskets of olives. He reinvigorated his body and his intellectual faculties in the pure atmosphere and Arcadian beauty of the Sabine hills; and his most distant excursions from the capital were to Baiæ or Tarentum, when the snows lingered too long on Mount Soracte.

'To the munificence of Mæcenas,' says Mr. Milman, whose graceful observations we gladly borrow, 'we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli or at Baiæ, but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on the farm, reinvigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Mæcenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal mode of living. Probably at a later period of life he indulged himself in a villa at Tivoli, which he loved for its mild and long spring; and all the later years of his life were passed between these two country residences and Rome.'

Of the Roman poets three have eminently succeeded in depicting natural scenery and rural life. In Lucretius we have the earnest gloom of Salvator's landscapes: in Virgil the tenderness

and fidelity of Poussin; and in Horace the luminous grace and artful combinations of Claude. Perhaps no two poets ever viewed nature under more opposite aspects, or with less similar idiosyncrasies than Horace and Wordsworth. Yet Wordsworth was an assiduous student of the Roman lyrist; and since the ptoery of artificial life was probably not the link of attraction, we may infer that Horace's veracity as a painter of nature was the charm which bound to him the author of the Excursion. It is agreeable to extract the following passage from Mr. Dennis's letter 'De Villa Horatii.' It reads like a patent of imaginative nobility. 'Few, very few, of the travellers who 'visit the Eternal City extend their wanderings as far as 'Licenza; and of those few the greater part are English. In 'fact, it is commonly believed by the peasantry, that Horace was 'our countryman, for they cannot conceive of any other source of 'interest in one so long dead and unsainted, than that of co-'patriotism or consanguinity.'

For the dates of Horace's several publications we must refer to Dean Milman's life of the author. The subject, notwithstanding the canons of Bentley, and the industry of subsequent scholars, including the labours of that devoted Horatian student, Prebendary Tate, is still litigated. We believe that the fashion of modern books, their completeness and their number, have misled nearly all who have undertaken to settle the Horatian Fasti. The order which Bentley suggested and Mr. Tate adopted in his edition of the poet, is doubtless the true one, as regards the collected works. But it by no means necessarily follows that the arrangement of the volumes was also in all cases the order of publication of the several poems. Horace in those pieces at least which do not betray by internal evidence their proper date, might easily circulate at one and the same time among the literary coteries of Rome a satirical poem, a lyrical poem, and a familiar letter of compliment or invitation. When as many of such pieces as would form a volume had been received with approbation by Cæsar, Messala, or Mæcenas, they would be collected and arranged under proper heads for an *editio princeps* of the whole. To suppose that all the Satires were written before he composed a single ode, or that every epistle must be subsequent to every epode, is as unreasonable as to suppose that all Cowper's humorous pieces were written in one year and all his serious pieces in another, or that Southey's ballads and epics were composed at different periods of his life. Before, however, we proceed to the consideration of Horace as a lyrical poet, we must extract the following remark of Bentley's as modified by Dean Milman. We cite it, because it contains

all the wonted sagacity of the great Aristarchus, and much more feeling than he usually exhibits in his comments on men and books.

'The book of Epodes may be considered in one sense the transition from satire to lyric poetry. Though not collected or completed till the present period of the poet's life, this book appears to contain some of the earliest compositions of Horace. In his sweet youth, his strong passions drove him to express himself in the sharp Iambic verse. Bentley's observation, which all could wish to be true, is perhaps more so than would appear from his own theory; that, as it proceeds, the stream of the Horatian poetry flows not only with greater elegance, but with greater purity. The moral character of the poet rises in dignity and decency; he has cast off the coarseness and indelicacy which defile some of his earliest pieces; in his Odes he sings to maidens and to youths. The two or three of the Epodes which offend in this manner, I scruple not to assign to the first year after the return of the poet to Rome. But not merely has he risen above, and refined himself from, the grosser licentiousness, but his bitter and truculent invective has gradually softened into more playful satire.'

Two books of Satires and one of Epodes, circulated and published, had invested Horace with something of the importance of a veteran author, and extended his reputation, whether as an object of dread or admiration, among all the literary circles of the capital. He now numbered Augustus among his patrons, and his republican predilections were mitigated, if not eradicated, by the tranquillity and decorum of the Cæsarian court. Veteran captains at the head of numerous and disciplined armies had yielded to the valour of Agrippa or the policy of Augustus; and the last formidable rival of Rome had admitted within its granite quays and into its empty palaces the eagles of a conqueror as irresistible, if not as heroic, as its founder Alexander. It was no dishonour for an Epicurean poet to bow to the decrees of fate, and to accept the tendered friendship of the master of the world. Nor was Augustus a man whose favour could be justly slighted. To bigots of the senatorian party he might still appear to be the false and ensanguined triumvir; but by the provinces, by commerce, by all men whose avocations were peaceful, by all who preferred order and refinement to the fierce uncertainties of civil war, Augustus was at this time regarded, in the light in which he is described by Horace, as the tutelary guardian of peace, civilisation, and progress. So considered, it mattered little whether Cæsar's patronage of learning and the arts were portions of a scheme for the consolidation of despotism. Whether his conduct in this respect were sincere or only artful, the results to society at large were the same. In peace alone could his illustrious uncle's plans be matured. Only by a vigilant suppression of the anarchical principles of the Pompeian faction

could Italy recover from a century of revolution, or the exhausted provinces recruit their strength, — wasted as they had been under double spoliation at the hands of both Cæsar's murderers and the equally cruel and prodigal Antonius. The issue of the contest between Rome and Alexandria, must to the western provincials have seemed as momentous as the issue of the strife in oriental theology between Orosmanes and Ahriman. On the one horn of conflict were license and barbarism, on the other were law and civilisation. Had the Liburnian galleys fled at Actium, Asia would have precipitated upon Europe hordes of ruffians and slaves as fierce and insatiable as the first crusaders, or as the motley myriads who followed Attila. The victory in the Ambracian bay delivered the world from an inexorable woe; and, with pardonable adulation, the grateful Romans transferred to their deliverer the attributes of Apollo, the destroyer of Typhon.

The functions of a lyric poet in the Augustan age were greatly circumscribed. He was born out of due season. Poetry and the plastic arts, although not bound by 'laws that alter not,' require certain conditions of society for their full and spontaneous development. The polar forces of lyrical poetry are devotion and love. The temperament of Pindar and Santa Theresa, or the temperament of Petrarch and Sappho, is a necessary element for its highest excellence. But the religion of the Romans was formalism; and the love of the Romans was sensual. The Etruscan ritual inspired no devout aspirations; and the Lesbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Cynthia of Propertius, and Ovid's Corinna, one and all, seem to have been as ill-calculated to excite a sublime or mystic passion as Lucy Carlisle or Nell Gwynne. It is remarkable that of all the poets of his time Horace alone had no individual mistress. For, his Lalages and Lydias, his Glyceras and Chloes we believe to have been as authentic personages as 'Henry Pimpernel and 'old John Napps of Greece.' His amours are as numerous as those of Cowley, and as fabulous. The very names of his mistresses betray their origin. They were not natives of the Vicus Tuscus, of the Palatine or the Suburra, but damsels who had been serenaded centuries before in the streets of Mytilene and Athens. That Horace was at one time of his life a lover may be taken for granted; and we suspect Canidia to have been the object of his passion, and that she jilted him. That he indulged in transient amours with some dark-browed Syrian freed-woman, or the plumper damsels of his Sabine hills, we can also readily imagine. In his boast, *militavi non sine gloriâ*, he treats with equal levity the campaigns in which he conquered, and the campaign from which he ran away. But

as his love of ease and his years increased, he probably bade adieu to a disturbing passion so much at variance with his Epicurean character. A single elegy of Tibullus contains more real passion than all the erotic compositions of Horace.

In his Odes, therefore, we must not seek for the highest form of lyric poetry. They glow with neither earthly passion nor religious enthusiasm. But if we view them as occasional pieces inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, by genial courtesy, by picturesque taste, or by a grateful sense of favours received, we must admit Horace to have been as consummate an artist in his proper department as Stesichorus or Alcæus. 'Their ease, spirit, perspicuity, and harmony compensate, as far as may be, for the want of the nobler characteristics of daring conception, vehemence, sublimity, and passion.' So says Dean Milman, and all the world agrees. The martial odes of the fourth book have always appeared to us the noblest samples of Horatian art. War, on the scale at least of the Roman wars, had been unknown to the creative age of Greece. The elegies of Tyrtæus were addressed to a handful of men; the battles before Ilion and Thebes were combats of paladins for a suit of armour, a prince's ransom, or a beautiful slave. But, the Roman wars were recompensed by cities and kingdoms, by long processions of captives, by waggons laden with plate the work of Mentor and Myron, by mules laden with gold, the spoil of Achaian and Iberian fanes, by fierce extremes of despair and triumph, by long avenues of applauding citizens, by the alalagmas of the scarred and sunburnt veterans, by the contrast between the chieftain borne to the dungeon and the chieftain ascending the steps of the capitol. Here was a virgin vein of lyrical poetry; and here the native spirit of the poet flashes forth with all the ardour of the most warlike Roman. The fourth book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written at the express desire of the emperor. Its heroes are his step-sons Tiberius and Drusus, and the theme was worthy of the monarch who suggested, and of the poet who adopted it.

We have already intimated that the Satires of Horace served the untheatrical Romans as elegant, although not vigorous transcripts of the Attic comedy. The applause, often denied to the plays of Terence at their representation, had been warmly accorded to them by a select audience at Scipio's Liternan villa. This warning was not lost on Horace: who, while he refused to recite his compositions in the forum or at the baths, entertained the guests of Mæcenas with his shrewd and delicate sketches of Roman life. The Satires, meantime, no less than the Odes, were in some degree the copies of a more complete and [illegible] original; not so the Epistles. These were not only the [illegible]

of the mature man, but one which may be said to have originated with their author. Of the very few Greek letters, which are not forgeries, none display any of the charms of epistolary correspondence. Letter-writing was in fact a Roman establishment. The grave statesmen, the eager politicians, and the professional rhetoricians, who corresponded with Cicero, drop, in their letters, the formal dignity of the senate-house and the forum; and Cicero himself, addressing Atticus or Tiro, lays aside his consular pomp and irritable vanity, and attains the 'dignified ease' which he never realised in life. There was, however, more than one step between the relaxation of prose and the earnest, playful, and familiar moods which Horace embodied in his epistolary verses. It is perhaps the boldest and most inventive step in all Roman literature. It was a step into a region where he had no precursor, and in which, in spite of the felicitous imitations of Boileau, Swift, Pope, and Mr. Rogers, he has hitherto found no equal. Yet while we feel and acknowledge the charm of these inimitable compositions, it is singularly difficult to define in what consists their attraction. They are not critical or philosophical epistles; yet critics, from the hour when Mæcenas and Augustus burst the silken cord which bound the tablets, have borrowed from them their æsthetical canons, and philosophers their most popular generalities. They are not mere letters of the man of the world; yet men of the world have in all times emulated their ease and adopted their maxims. Their excellence consists in the perfect fusion and equilibrium of all the intellectual elements of their texture. They have all the grace of the most animated and refined conversation. They are the 'Spectator' of the Roman supper-tables. A line or two from Horace is the only classical quotation ever heard, or permitted to be heard, in what is called 'good company.' Shrewd sense is relieved by seasonable anecdote; a general rule of life by its pertinent application; the 'wisdom of age' and 'the sallies of youth' are reconciled; and the individual interest is extended and elevated by its connexion with the immediate manners of the time, and with the universal instincts of polite society in all ages. 'The Letters of Horace,' Dean Milman remarks, 'possess every merit of the Satires in a 'higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity, and a more calm 'and commanding good sense. In their somewhat more elevated 'tone, they stand, as it were, in the midway between the Odes 'and Satires.' As miniature-painters of the humours and foibles of mankind, Addison, Fontaine, and Charles Lamb, alone approach the curious felicity of Horace. In each of these delicate 'limners' the outline drawn by keen observation is softened by

catholic good humour. The offences tried in their courts are venial; the judge is lenient; the culprit is dismissed with a slight reprimand; and the spectators disperse, divided in their minds between pity and laughter.

Old age was not accorded to Horace: but no man enjoyed a more serene noon of life, or, to adopt his own metaphor, departed from its banquet, making way for younger folk, with greater cheerfulness. His trials had come upon him at the period of buoyant and hopeful youth. He had surmounted them by honourable industry and the successful exercise of popular and delightful talents. His consolations also arrived in due season — friends, reputation, independence, the intimacy of Mæcenas and the favour of Augustus. He was beloved by those who might have been his rivals; he was courted by those who could command. The freedman's son was solicited to be an emperor's secretary, and the historian of the Town and Country Mouse could refuse such preferment without giving offence. He was the associate of the descendant of the priest-kings of Arretium, upon the honourable terms of continuing to be his own master. Never was position more favourable than that of Horace for the development of the genius he possessed. He was familiar with the noblest aspect of Roman society, in virtue of his intimacy with the source of power and patronage. He was familiar also with the humbler elements of Roman life, in virtue of his early fortunes and *libertine* descent. His means, with the exception of a brief interval of adversity, were equal to his wishes; and his education surpassed his means. He enjoyed enough of the busy society of the capital to give a zest to the purer pleasures of country retirement. When weary of the sumptuous hospitality of Mæcenas, he left the palace on the Esquiline hill for his cottage villa near Tivoli, and reposed amid the deep shadows of the Apennines, beside 'the dashing and 'headlong Anio.' Hither followed him his distinguished friends from Rome. Tibullus with a new elegy to Delia, Varius with lofty hexameters in praise of Cæsar's acts, or Virgil fresh from the composition of some pastoral scene or rural sketch of Aristæus and the old Corycian bee-keeper. The cask of Falernian was broached: the garlands of ivy and cyclamen were twined; his honest friend Ofellus, the farmer Flamborough of his Sabine vicinage, was sent for; the Lares or Arcadian Pan were duly propitiated by libations, and grave or mirthful colloquy was protracted, under the broad umbrage of some favourite pine tree, until the 'loosened yokes of the oxen 'warned' the revellers of the coming night. And should he desire more complete retirement 'from the din and smoke and

prodigality of Rome, he might visit his Sabine farm, inspect the labours of his faithful steward, survey his agricultural improvements, and wander among scenes which would remind him of those in which he had spent his childhood. There is no reason to reproach Horace with either insincerity or servility in his praises of Mæcenas and Augustus. They had given him more than life — for they afforded him the means of moderate and innocent happiness. In his youth he had witnessed under many aspects the waste and ruin of war. In the camp of Brutus he had associated with the hot and heady youth (*minaces*) who had set all upon a cast, that they might regain their patrician parks and fish ponds, or revel amid the groans of plundered provinces. In his declining age he could not but contrast its happy repose with the perils and vicissitudes of his early manhood. That he should be grateful to the restorers of peace, and subside into philosophic contentment with the existing order of things, was surely in character with his sociable and reasonable nature. His buckler had been well lost; his flight from Philippi had been propitious; his adverse and his prosperous fortunes had alike disciplined his mind, and the Epicurean poet had attained a portion of the calm of his own secure and contemplative Jupiter.

But we must now pass on to a more turbulent and tragic aspect of poetic life. In the second part of Faust, the wand of Mephistopheles waves over the palace of Menelaus; and the Atreid halls, the choral and sacrificial trains, and Helen and her captive handmaidens, dislimn into the billowy mists that descend upon the valley of the Eurotas. In the next act of the mystic drama, the Cyclopean palace, the captives and the choir, the victims and the priest, and all the accompaniments of the old ethnic life, have vanished, and Helen alone survives, beloved by a Gothic paladin, and surrounded with the pomp of feudal chivalry. The spirit of beauty survives the dismemberment of empires; and Art, having accomplished its ethnic cycle, informs the fresh and lusty youth of mediæval Christendom. The apologue of the poet, if such be its interpretation, was realised in the history of Italy. Rome had fallen with not less dismay and perplexity of nations than the Babylon of apocalyptic vision. There was a new earth; and tribes unknown to the Cæsars inhabited it. A carpet of desolation was spread over the fairest provinces of the empire. The sacred fire of Vesta was quenched for ever; the augurs could 'no more divine;' the pontiff and the silent virgin no longer ascended the stairs of the Capitol; the seventh of the Etruscan years had passed away; the city of Quirinus was governed by an unwarlike priest, and professed obedience to a

German Cæsar. Of the seven hills of Rome five were as solitary as when the Arcadian Evander, according to the legend, raised the shrine of Hercules on Mount Palatine. And around the walls of Rome, from the lake of Bolseno to the Liris, stretched wide and monotonous wastes of heath and wood-land, so that he who approached the capital from Naples or from Siena, seemed to himself to be entering a city of the dead. But in the 16th century of the Christian era, beyond the boundaries of the Papal States, the northern and southern provinces of the Italian peninsula were thickly set with fair and flourishing cities. Somewhat of their original lustre had indeed passed away; for already, like the Rome of Augustus, the Italian republics had exchanged their turbulent freedom for a brilliant and, in some cases, a rigid despotism. Venice, Genoa, and Florence, however, still retained much of the vigour and alacrity of liberty, and surpassed all the capitals of transalpine Europe in the extent of their commerce, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of learning and the arts. The lonely majesty of Rome had been more imposing; but the vitality of the Italian communities penetrated deeper, and was impregnated with principles more generally conducive to the progress of mankind. It might have seemed as if the twenty-four cities of Etruria had revived again, and Magna Græcia had risen from the dust and ashes of decay and invasion. The Helen of the ancient peninsula, to resume for a moment Göthe's symbol, had bequeathed her single cestus to a group of younger and more blooming nymphs.

Of the cities which inherited her rich bequest, none, in the sixteenth century, was more flourishing than Ferrara. The princes of Este, who held by right or by usurpation the helm of government, were derived by genealogists from the Trojan Atys or Astyanax — from which of the two they are not agreed — and probably descended, in reality, from a Lombard margrave who, under the Carlovingian sovereigns, governed the northern provinces of Italy. A succession of fortunate marriages aggrandised the progeny of Astyanax as well as the family of Rudolph of Hapsburg; and a series of skilful intrigues had combined with their noble and royal alliances to render the Ferrarese princes conspicuous among the ducal sovereigns of the peninsula. At that period, no Italian city, except Florence, could compete with Ferrara in wealth, splendour, or luxury; and the lords of Este had always affected to court the friendship of men of learning and genius. Their patronage, indeed, was not always judicious or even liberal. They at times mistook a Mævius for a Maro. The salaries they gave and the homage they exacted were often

in an inverse ratio to each other; and in its [illegible] of Graffagnana, even the good-humoured Ariosto murmured the scanty guerdon afforded him by the first Alfonso. Yet and artists, nevertheless, flocked to the provincial capital, if they were generally disappointed, the court itself was [illegible] and an eager, although not always a generous, rivalry among the dependent wits rendered the intellectual harvest [illegible] prolific.

It was towards the close of autumn, in the year 156[illegible], Torquato Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara. We mark this epoch as the crisis of his fortunes; but, before rushing at once into the midst of his dramatic story, we must briefly glance at his previous career. Bernardo Tasso, his father, who is still remembered because his son is still illustrious, was himself one of the most conspicuous and unfortunate persons of his age. He was a politician unlucky in the choice of his party, a courtier unlucky in the choice of his patrons, and a poet unlucky in the choice of a theme. Accordingly, his patrimony was confiscated, he died in exile, his wife was widowed by separation from him long ere death released her from sorrow, and when his epic 'Amadigi,' the labour of a life, was published, it fell almost still-born from the press. He was, however, a man of sanguine and generous temper; and he continued to write verses to his dying day. His patrons wearied of him, yet he persisted in soliciting their favour; his son's 'Rinaldo' eclipsed the paternal 'Amadigi'; and the good Bernardo expired in the faith that the House of Tasso had produced two immortal poets.

Could the sanguine Bernardo have, for a moment, lifted the veil from Torquato's destiny, he might indeed have exulted in his son's posthumous renown; but he must have recoiled from the dreary prospect of his earthly pilgrimage. Poets, as a class, have had their full share of the original malediction. 'Tears, envy, want, the patron and the jail,' fill up their category of griefs. Of the 'importuna e grave salma' of life, Tasso endured more than even a poet's portion: and the burden was, in his case, aggravated by an irritable organisation and by sensibilities unusually morbid. The woes of his contemporary Spenser fell upon the great Elizabethan allegorist with the evening shadows of life: the agony of Chatterton was brief; the madness of Collins and Cowper admitted of physical or domestic alleviations; the 'pard-like spirit' of Shelley consoled itself with dreams of human perfectibility; the blindness of Milton was cheered by the thought that 'all Europe rang from side to side' with the burning words of his defence of the people of England; and Dante's exile was lightened by the assurance that the dooms

is 'sacred poem' would be ratified by generations which knew neither Guelf nor Ghibeline. But Tasso was the dupe of tomorrow even from a child. His father's restoration to home and honour was the subject of perpetual hope and perpetual disappointment. For twelve years, like the orphan whom Homer, in some of his most touching verses, describes as the prey and mockery of unjust kinsmen and corrupt judges, his patrimony was invaded by litigants or withheld by the Neapolitan government. From his twelfth year to his nineteenth he shared the restless exile of Bernardo; and from his twentieth year to his death he experienced, with few intermissions, the coldness of friends, the bitterness of foes, the jealousy of rivals, and the caprice of princes. During his agitated life his only havens of rest were, his early childhood, and his death-bed. All the interim was like Christian's passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in Bunyan's vision. Without were fightings, within were fears. On the one hand, were penury and exile, and frequent partings from those he loved; on the other, were jealousies and terrors, the lazar-house and the madhouse. In the reckoning of the calendar, he died at the age of fifty-one; but his infelicities might have filled a Platonic year, for they comprised all griefs which

> 'On the purest spirit prey,
> As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
> With answerable pains, but more intense.'

It is unnecessary for us, even if our limits would permit our doing so, to describe minutely the events of Tasso's life. For the English reader, besides Mr. R. Milman's interesting volumes, there is a biography of the poet, in two 4to. volumes, by Dr. Black; while the sketches by Muratori, Tiraboschi, Ginguéné, and Sismondi, leave the student of Italian literature little to desire. The sentiments and opinions of Tasso himself can only be gathered from his numerous critical and epistolary writings, and from the study of his lyrical poems; which, far more than his better-known 'Gierusalemme' and 'Aminta,' reveal the strength and the weaknesses of his character. The common sources of the general biographies are, the work of Manso, Marquis della Villa, and that of the Abate Serassi. The friendship and the hexameters of Milton have rendered the name of Manso at once familiar and 'musical to English ears.' He was the contemporary and most generous friend of the much-suffering poet. Serassi was a philologer and biographer of the last century, and in some respects better qualified than the noble marquis for the office they undertook; since he was intimately

acquainted with Tasso's works and with every record of his career. Yet the two biographers do not merely differ materially from one another; each has disqualifications peculiarly his own, which prevent him from being a complete chronicler. Manso would seem to have derived most of his information from Tasso himself; but at a time when the poet's mind, and perhaps his memory also, had been unhinged and impaired by his overwhelming calamities. Manso did not write, at least he did not publish his record, until some years after the poet's decease; and his memoir is accordingly rather a series of recollections than a regular biography. Serassi far surpasses Manso in the abundance and accuracy of his materials. But Gurth was not more the bounden-thrall of the Saxon Cedric, than the Abate was, in his prejudices at least, the servant of the House of Este. He contradicts Manso with or without reason; 'gainsaying,' says Ginguéné, 'and not refuting facts, which could 'neither have been forged by Tasso, nor imagined by Manso.' The particular inducements to Serassi's partiality are obvious. His work is dedicated to Maria Beatrice of Este, the wife of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria; and in whatever relates to the conduct of her ancestor Alphonso, or to the honour of the House of Este, the courtly biographer prefers 'Plato to truth.' Professor Rosini suspects the Abate, and not without reason, of neglecting or suppressing all documents or allusions in the least degree unfavourable to the princes of Ferrara. Dr. Black, on the other hand, has far too often taken Serassi's view; so that Mr. R. Milman, in vindicating Tasso, has discharged a pious office, for which all lovers of worth and genius will feel themselves his debtors.

Cities have contended for the honour of having given Torquato Tasso to the world. It was not, indeed, a controversy for the honour of his birth, since the claims of Sorrento are beyond dispute. But it was a controversy for the distinction of having contributed the most to the formation of his genius,—and so far it was a nobler strife than that of the candidates for the birthplace of Homer. Sorrento was a cradle befitting the future poet of the gardens of Armida. 'It is so pleasant and delightful,' says Bernardo Tasso, 'that the poets feigned it to be the dwelling of 'the sirens.' They still show the chamber in which Torquato was born. But envy, which is of all countries, has affirmed not only that the cottage at Stratford-upon-Avon was never Shakspeare's property, but also that Tasso's birth-chamber has long since been at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Like Horace's, his childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. The peasants of Bante and Acherontia pointed out to strangers 'the marvel-

'lous boy,' whom wood-pigeons had covered with leaves, and 'the black viper and prowling bear had left unharmed. Ere six 'months had passed over the infant Tasso, he began,' says Manso, 'not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and 'fluently.' — a prodigy the more memorable, since in after-years he suffered from an impediment in his speech. He would have gratified all the wishes of old Cornelius Scriblerus, if what this biographer further relates be true, that 'in his babyhood he was 'never seen to smile, as other children do, and seldom even to cry.' The legend which his friend so unsuspiciously adopts, indicates the impression made by him in his riper years. He was doubtless a grave man. His was the earnest expression which looks out of Titian's portraits, and which is stamped on the brow of so many of our native poets. The scenes of his education were as various as might be expected in an exile's son. He received the first rudiments of instruction at Naples. His boyhood was disciplined in Rome. Bologna and Padua accomplished the scholar, and Ferrara the courtier. His progress in learning was extraordinary: his ardour and diligence almost incredible. He would often rise to study in the depth of night: and he never let the day surprise him in bed. The good Jesuits of Naples marvelled at their apt and towardly pupil: Maurizio Cataneo, 'the first master in all Italy,' was equally charmed with his proficiency, and when at the age of seventeen years he was entered at the University of Padua, the eyes of the learned were already turned upon him.

The fathers of poets seem one and all to have resolved that their sons should be lawyers; and Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch and Ariosto, had all alike 'penned stanzas' when as dutiful sons they should have been 'engrossing.' The sires of these distinguished writers might have pleaded an excuse for their mistake, which, however, would not avail the poetic Bernardo. They had never lisped in numbers, whereas the elder Tasso had been a rhymer all his life, and might have been supposed capable of entering into his son's prejudices against Trebonian and Cujacius. The legal studies of Torquato were neither more nor less successful than had been those of Ovid or Petrarch. He bewailed in smooth couplets his evil destiny: he groaned, after the approved fashion, over glosses 'de aquâ arcendâ' and 'de stillicidio;' but after all, says his recent biographer, 'he had 'no very great reason to complain so piteously, for he had 'passed a year at Padua in supposed attendance on the law 'lectures of the professors, and at the end of that period had 'produced — an epic poem!'

Of the student-life of Athens, when Bibulus and Horace

were learning the properties of curves and angles, we can only form a wide conjecture. Two centuries later, indeed, we know that the Athenian professors and undergraduates banded themselves in class-rooms and nations, and that occasionally the military were called in from Corinth to keep the peace. The lecturers and students of Padua in the sixteenth century presented a very similar spectacle. That city was, at the time of Tasso's matriculation, the most brilliant and perhaps the most turbulent of Italian universities. In medicine it had always been preeminent: and in all studies, except theology, it had outstripped Bologna. Guido Pancirola was lecturing on civil law; Sigonio and Robortello on classical literature and grammar: Danese Cataneo and Cesare Pavese on poetry and polite letters. But these professors were for the most part angry and jealous rivals, and were surrounded by eager and combative disciples. The streets and taverns rang with 'barbara' and 'baralipton:' and Aristotle and Aquinas were often driven from the field by club and dagger.

Tasso entered the university with a high reputation for chivalrous as well as scholastic accomplishments. Maurizio Cataneo was equally a master of arts and of his rapier: and, together with grammar and philosophy, he had taught his pupil to ride and fence. Tasso was then only seventeen years old: but his lofty stature, his grave demeanour, his early troubles and his unusual learning made him appear considerably older. The publication of his 'Rinaldo' greatly extended his renown. It is little read now: and but for the 'Gierusalemme' would be forgotten; yet it is a wonderful composition for a youth of eighteen. The earlier, as well as the later epic of Tasso, displays the preponderance of the critical over the imaginative faculties. His judgment and sensibilities transcended his conceptive powers. He has written a better poem than Ariosto, but he was far inferior as a poet. Nothing can well be less epic than the 'Gierusalemme'—except the Æneid. No narrative poem, on the other hand, if we except the earliest and noblest of the class, the Homeric Epos, is so skilfully connected, or so little tedious, as a whole, as the Jerusalem Delivered. But we are sliding into criticism, instead of tracing the course of Tasso's fortunes.

His name, his accomplishments, and his poem procured for him many friendships at Padua, which served to spread his reputation at the time, and were useful to him in his subsequent calamities. His most distinguished associates were the future cardinals Annibale di Capua and Scipione Gonzaga. Tasso's university career was, however, as unsettled as his school-days had been,

and as his dependence at court was destined to become. At the commencement of his second year's residence at Padua, a professional squabble caused him to migrate to Bologna. The following extract from Mr. R. Milman's pages will illustrate a 'gown-row' of the Italians in 1562.

'Sigonio and Robortello, professors of the Greek and Latin "humanities," entertained a long-standing jealousy of one another. Mutual recriminations and accusations had long flown to and fro between them. No sooner did either commence lecturing on any subject than the other immediately started a rival course. Sigonio having begun to expound Aristotle's "Poetics," with great elegance and eloquence, Robortello opened his antagonist school, but not with equal success. "Inde Iræ"—for the latter, being a fiery and violent man, took every opportunity of insulting Sigonio, who was of a meeker and more patient disposition. Their respective disciples participated in their masters' jealousies, exasperated their mutual indignation, and joined in the taunts and reproaches which they hurled at one another, even in public. One day, meeting in the street, they came to blows, and in the tumult Sigonio was gashed in the face with a poniard, and otherwise maltreated. Fearful of worse injury and desirous of peace, he migrated to Bologna, and Pendasio, another famous lecturer, and other parties with him.'

Piso Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, had been appointed governor of Bologna by Pope Pius IV. He had rebuilt the collegiate schools and halls, and was inviting the learned, as well Ultra-montan as Italian, to repair to the city and revive the glories of the university. Among the scholars so invited was the youthful Tasso, and the Bishop of Narni's letter seems to have nearly synchronised with the Sigonian 'row.' The compliment thus paid him, and the wrongs and migration of a respected tutor, determined him to quit Padua.

He did not remain long at Bologna. But his residence there was marked by two events in his literary life, the one characteristic of his early proficiency and renown; the other, an event of permanent interest to the world. Although only nineteen years of age at the time of his migration, Tasso was appointed a public lecturer at Bologna: and his 'Dialogues on Heroic Poetry' as we now read them, are the expansion of his course of lectures on the same theme. At Bologna also he began and completed the first three cantos of his 'Gierusalemme.' The fame of his poem was almost coeval with its conception. Bolognetti, when he saw this beginning, and heard the whole plan from the lips of the young author, is said to have exclaimed in the words of Propertius,

'Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
Nescio-quid majus nascitur Iliade.'

'It is marvellous,' observes Serassi, as cited by Mr. R. Milman, 'that among the hundred and sixteen stanzas, of which 'this commencement consists, many of the most beautiful in 'that portion of his poem are to be found, although his later and 'more finished taste made him change the greater part of the 'sketch, and exceedingly improve the order of the story, the 'sublimity of the conceptions, and the beauty of the diction.' The most seemingly careless and the most obviously elaborate of the great narrative poets resemble one another in this respect. The *pentimentos* in Ariosto's manuscript are numberless: Spenser and Camoens were discontented even with their third or fourth amendments, and the shapely Pallas of Torquato's brain was slowly modelled and painfully refined, until few of its original lineaments remained unaltered.

The wrongs done to his tutor had caused him to leave Padua; he quitted Bologna on account of an insult offered to himself. A squib reflecting on the tutors, Heads of Houses, and principal citizens, was imputed, although it would seem unjustly, to Tasso. During a temporary absence from his rooms, the university beadle was ordered to seize his papers and carry them to 'the 'judge of the place, one Marcantonio Arresio, by whom they 'were strictly and unceremoniously overlooked.' Tasso was acquitted of all art or part in the unlucky pasquinade; but he was so seriously offended by the insult, that, after writing a letter of indignant justification to the Bishop of Narni, he quitted Bologna, and finally, on the solicitations of Scipione Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His next removal was apparently to high fortune, or at least to a fair vantage-ground of honours and wealth. It was really the most disastrous step of his life. At the age of twenty Torquato probably viewed his introduction at the court of Ferrara through the most roseate tints of youthful hope. At the age of fifty, and in his communications with Manso, he drew a picture of his suit and service under Alphonso, in all the colours of a transcendental sorrow,

> '——— as some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.'

Our limits do not permit of our tracing the progress of Tasso's misfortunes at the court of Ferrara. Our information, indeed, in spite of the labours of so many biographers, is very unsatisfactory. We do not know whether he loved or was beloved by Leonora; or whether he preferred or was preferred by Lucretia; or whether one or both of the Ladies of Este were poetical impersonations of that metaphysical passion which poets, and Italian poets especially, seem to have held it their

duty to entertain. Neither are we informed of the offence which Alphonso so cruelly avenged. On this point, as on so many others connected with Tasso, neither Manso nor Serassi can be implicitly trusted. The complexion of the Italian courts was eminently jealous; the tenure of court-favour amid so many ambitious patrons and so many anxious suitors was more than commonly precarious. We know, indeed, that the young poet had enemies, and among them one that might and did probably poison the ducal ear against him,—Giambattista Pigna, the private secretary of Alphonso. It appears, also, that either the Este family were capricious in their favours, or that Tasso himself was too incautious or too irritable for a courtier. Before he incurred the wrath of the Duke, he had displeased, or fancied he had displeased, the Cardinal d'Este. Of this enigma, which is as inextricable as the cause of Ovid's banishment to Tomi, only two points are clear,—that no indiscretion on the part of Tasso can have merited torments in comparison with which 'Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel' are ordinary penalties; and that whatever may have been Alphonso's injuries or suspicions, his fell and ingenious vengeance stands high on the register of history's darkest crimes.

At first, and for some time after Tasso's arrival at Ferrara, 'all went merry as a marriage bell.' The Duke took much notice of him, and expressed deep interest in the progress of his epic. He accorded to him the privilege—in that ceremonious and heraldic age a high one,—of dining at the *tavola ordinaria*, the daily dinner-table of the princes themselves. On Tasso's return from France, and even after the cooling of Luigi d'Este's favour, Alphonso appointed him one of his gentlemen, with a monthly salary of about fifteen golden crowns, and a special exemption from any particular duties, in order that he might have leisure for his studies and for the completion of his great work. The society of the Ladies of Este must have constituted, however, the halcyon-calm of his life. In their society he was restored to the soothing and graceful influences of which he had been deprived from the time that, in his twelfth year, he bade his last farewell to his mother Porzia de' Rossi. In this respect alone he was more fortunate than the most favoured poet or wit in the circles of Cæsar and Mæcenas. The learned ladies of Rome, the Læliæ and Cornelias, were the virtuous matrons of the commonwealth. The intriguing Livia, the Julias and Terentias were more witty than intellectual, and as licentious as they were witty. A metaphysical amour would have been incomprehensible to Horace; and, had so strange a phenomenon been pos-

sible at Rome, it would only have furnished him with a hint for another satire. Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora are the creations of a Christian and chivalrous era. The princesses of Este were among the most accomplished women of the age; and in that age — when modern literature had as yet produced few of its master-works — an accomplished woman was also a learned one. They were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as in their native literature; they were both of them excellent musicians; studious in every art and science; and attached to the society of the learned. Torquato was perhaps a dangerous companion for ladies so gifted. He was in the prime of youth. He was strikingly handsome. He excelled in all manly exercises. He had the scholar's melancholy. He sang well. He was sincere, earnest, and courteous. He surpassed all their former servants and admirers in the composition of sonnets and compliments, and in the grace with which he recited his compositions. Before his arrival in Ferrara, Tasso had celebrated all the Este family, and the Princess Lucretia in particular. His new service was a spur to prosecute his Gierusalemme with fresh vigour. Before six months had elapsed six cantos were completed. He had originally intended to dedicate his poem to the Duke of Urbino. He now inscribed it to Alphonso; and made Rinaldo, a real or imaginary ancestor of the House of Este, the Achilles of his Christian Iliad. Nor were his studies confined to the sacred army and its great captain. Not a week passed without its lyrical effusion in honour of Alphonso and his sisters. 'If Madama Lucrezia,' says Mr. R. Milman, 'had been broidering, — if Madama Leonora were unwell, — if Madama Lucrezia appeared in black, — if Madama Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold, — his harp was ever ready to admire, rejoice, or condole, to follow the glancing fingers, or to incite the removal of the envious cloud; if his lady had been singing, his choicest melodies were at hand to re-echo and prolong the sweet tones.'

It was, however, during the occasional *villeggiature* or country retirements of the princesses at Bel-riguardo or Cosandoli that Tasso passed his happiest hours of dependence. The morning hours were devoted to the healthy recreations of the chase, swimming and fishing; and the evenings to social relaxation and music, to literary and philosophical discussion, or to the recitation of new sonnets and canzones. In all these evening diversions Lucretia and Leonora were well qualified to take part; and the irritable spirit of Tasso was soothed and strengthened by their applause, sympathy, and admonition. The Duke himself rarely accompanied his sisters in their retirement. Ceremony was laid aside: the court remained at Ferrara, the

voice of calumny and rivalry was for a while hushed; and the distinctions of rank were, perhaps, forgotten amid the chestnut forests, the silvery waterfalls, the sheltered gardens, and the well-stocked libraries and galleries of these ancient palaces of Este. In such retreats were read the earlier scenes of 'Torrismondo,' the best of Italian tragedies, until Alfieri created the real tragic drama of Italy. The 'Aminta' had been represented at the court theatre with every adjunct of appropriate music and gorgeous scenery and costumes, and amid the acclamations of the most beautiful women, the most chivalrous men, and the most accomplished scholars of a land and an age pre-eminent for its beauty, its chivalry, and its learning. One voice alone was wanting to complete the tribute of grateful and unanimous applause. The Princess of Urbino had been unable to witness the representation of the most touching and graceful of modern pastorals. But Lucretia would not forego a delight in which thousands of meaner and less susceptible spectators had participated. The poet was invited to Urbino; he was most kindly received by Lucretia and her husband Francesco; he accompanied them during the summer heats to their villa of Castel Durante; and recited there the 'Aminta' to his early friend, to his new patron, and to a small circle of approving courtiers and friends. The applause of the theatre was probably less welcome to the triumphant author, than the more tranquil gratulations of such an audience. It is, perhaps, idle to inquire, because it is impossible to ascertain, whether Tasso, when reciting some impassioned canzone, in such sweet seclusion, may not have indulged in sentiments too tender and perilous for a dependent of the noblest or, at least, the haughtiest, of the princely Houses of Italy.

By what envious clouds so fair a dawn was overcast we are unable to discover. His old enemy Pigna was dead; but Pigna's successor in the secretaryship was even more embittered against him. The success of his 'Aminta' in 1673, seems to have been the beginning of new sorrows. It provoked the jealousy of the courtiers. It was at first whispered, and next bruited abroad, that the humble dependent had dared to love a daughter of Este. Tasso's papers were once more seized. A few sonnets and canzones, and especially a madrigal,—none of which compositions, however, were addressed to any one or apparently intended to see the light,—were thought to countenance the rumour, and even to boast of a successful passion. The House of Este did not belie its character of being the proudest in Italy. The Duke was easily moved, and, when moved, inexorably vindictive. He alternately soothed and slighted

Tasso. He menaced him with the inquisition; he restored him for a moment to favour; he embroiled him with a gentleman of his household: he gave out to the world that the poet was a maniac; and he did all in his power to make him one. The dreadful apparatus of Webster's Duchess of Malfy,—the wild masque of madmen, 'the tomb-maker, the 'bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by de-'grees,' are, so to speak, scenic representments of the tortures inflicted by Alphonso's ingenious anger. At first Tasso was confined in his own apartments, where his present misery was sharply contrasted with the hopes which had inaugurated his fatal dependence upon this inhuman court. There he was placed under charge of the ducal physicians and servants, who reported to their employer every uncontrollable murmur and every impatient gesture. From the palace at Ferrara he was removed to the Duke's country-seat at Bel-riguardo, privately to commence 'the second scene of the painful drama.'

'For the subsequent scenes of that drama we must refer to Mr. R. Milman's pages. It is sufficient to have indicated the course pursued by Alphonso, and the sufferings endured by Tasso. We must, however, briefly contrast with each other the secrets of his prison-house, and the immediate celebrity which greeted his 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

In the gorgeous apartments of Bel-riguardo the sentence was passed upon him, that he must be a madman for the remainder of his days. He was confined in the convent of San Francisco, and two friars kept watch over him continually. They held, probably they were ordered to hold, negligent guard. He fled at different times to Naples, Venice, Urbino, Mantua, Padua, Rome and Turin. Flight answered Alphonso's purpose as fully as imprisonment. Torquato's haggard looks, his penury, his hurried appeals, his perpetual restlessness, even the spell which carried him back at intervals to Ferrara, confirmed, wherever he went, the rumour of his madness. A Venetian nobleman, a Lombard gentleman, and the Duke of Urbino, treated him with kindness. But, in general, all men turned coldly from him. If even he were not mad, the object of Alphonso's anger might be a perilous associate.

On the 2nd of February, 1579, Tasso quitted Turin, and returned to Ferrara. On the day following, Margherite Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, entered the city as the bride and third wife of Alphonso. Fourteen years before, Torquato had stood among the graced and distinguished spectators of that prince's nuptials with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria. He now gazed upon the masque and revelry of the marriage pageant a

homeless vagrant and a reputed maniac. To shelter him, even to speak to him, was dangerous; to slight, to mock, and revile him, was loyalty. His patience was exhausted. He broke forth into vehement reproaches against the duke, his courtiers, and the ministers. He retracted the praises he had poured upon them; he renounced the service of Alphonso; he proclaimed aloud the falsehood and cruelty which had so long tortured him; and he was hurried off to the hospital of Santa Anna.

The hospital of Santa Anna was a Bedlam of the lowest description. The madhouse which Hogarth drew will aid us in forming a conception of an Italian Bedlam in the sixteenth century. In one of the worst cells of this wretched building was the author of the 'Gierusalemme' lodged. There was one alleviation to the sufferings of the other inmates of Santa Anna — they were unconscious of their misery. Even that single alleviation was wanting to Tasso. He was, at least for a while, sane and conscious, — 'a living ghost pent in a dead man's tomb.' 'His next neighbours were the mad folks.' A thin partition only divided him from

'Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness.——'

'I am all on fire,' he wrote to Scipione Gonzaga, 'nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labour. And the dread of endless imprisonment perpetually increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it; and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth and the damp annoy me; and, above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was so often troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society.'

His sufferings were perhaps increased by an accident, trivial in appearance, but, in its consequences at least, melancholy and important. Agostino Mosti, the prior or warden of the Hospital of Santa Anna, had been the scholar of Ariosto, had raised, at his own cost, a monument to his deceased master in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, and continued to be the zealous partisan of his fame and writings. The supremacy of Ariosto as a poet was menaced by the prisoner now under Agostino's custody. The poet of Orlando had written satires, but he was accounted, by all who knew him, affable, generous, and humane. But the disciple of Ariosto was possessed by a different spirit; and his hatred or his fears prompted him to obey implicitly, if not to exceed, the instructions of Alphonso. His vigilance was unceasing, his language harsh, his demeanour arrogant: and his afflicted captive deplored at once the choice

which had subjected him to such a patron, and the chance which now put him in the power of such a keeper. His sufferings were soothed, in some degree, by the generosity of a nephew of Agostino. This worthy youth, whose scholastic accomplishments appear to have awakened in him an active sympathy with the greatest and most hapless of poets, passed many hours daily with Tasso in his cell: acted as his amanuensis, listened patiently to his complaints, to the eager petitions or the indignant remonstrances which he poured forth to Alphonso, to his sisters, and to the princes and cardinals, the senates and universities of Italy; and charged himself with the transmission of the letters which his uncle would have suppressed, or perhaps forwarded to his unrelenting enemy. The good spirit, which, in the most poetical of Massinger's plays, soothed and sustained the dying moments of the 'virgin-martyr,' was scarcely more a spirit of health than was the nephew of the churlish Agostino Mosti.

New bitterness was, in September 1580, poured into an already brimming cup. His 'Jerusalem Delivered' was surreptitiously published, and published in so maimed and meagre a form, as, says Mr. R. Milman, 'might well drive any author mad, much more one of Tasso's character.' And it was not an enemy who did this, but one who, in a more fortunate season, had boasted of his intimacy with its author. Celio Malaspina, formerly in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained possession of such parts of the poem as had been privately submitted to his master's perusal, and printed them at Venice in September, 1580. He published ten cantos entire, the arguments of the eleventh and twelfth in prose, and the four next cantos with several stanzas which their author had rejected. The whole was lamentably incorrect, confused, and imperfect. Such was the first edition of a poem which all Italy, if not Europe, was eagerly expecting; to the composition and correction of which sixteen years had been devoted; about whose fable, episodes, and diction the most learned scholars and the most renowned universities had been consulted; which Bolognetti had hailed as a second Æneid; which Ronsard had greeted with a stately sonnet; and to whose immaculate and matured splendour Tasso had looked forward as to the adjustment and compensation of all his woes. About the time of this culmination of his distresses, we obtain a glimpse of the poet from an eye-witness. In the November of the same year Montaigne visited Ferrara, and of course the Hospital, where its celebrated inmate appears to have been made a show of to all whom curiosity or pity attracted to its walls. I had even

more indignation,' says the honest Gascon, 'than compassion, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous an estate, a living shadow of himself, forgetful of himself and of his works.' Are we to understand that the forgetfulness was so complete as to have made him then insensible to this last dishonour?

Beyond the walls of Santa Anna, indeed, there was consolation for Tasso, could it have reached him through the din of chains, and shrieks, and maniac laughter, and through the distractions and perturbed visions which were settling upon his mind. He was becoming the madman that Alphonso had reported him to be. But while the poet himself languished in prison, his poem itself was read or recited in city and in country, in market-place and haven, in palace and in convent, on the populous highway, and in solitary glens, from the fountains of the Adige to the Straits of Messina, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the capitals of Spain and France. Men could not praise it enough. Fortunes were made by its sale. Two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in a day or two.

'Everywhere,' says Mr. R. Milman, 'all over the country, nothing was to be heard but Tasso's echoes. The shepherd read it as he watched by his flocks on the ridgy Apennine. The boatman, rocking in the Campanian Gulf, hung over the verse of his exiled compatriot. The gondolier, waiting at the Venetian bridges, whiled away the hours with learning the stately and liquid stanzas. The brigand, lurking behind the rock in the wild passes of the Abruzzi, laid by his matchlock for the strains of love and valour. The merchant, in the inn, ceased thinking over his ships, and the shopkeeper forgot his business, in the gardens of Armida, or the enchanted forest. The prelate and the monk hurried with the book into their cells, to visit in its pages the sacred walls and holy buildings of Jerusalem. The brave cavalier and fair maiden admired the knightly feats, or wept over the tender sorrows of the champions and their ladies, in hall or in shady bower. The scholar to whom the work had been in part submitted, rushed eagerly to see how his criticisms had told. Nobles and princes, and their stately dames, in addition to the interest of the poem, desired to see the verse of the famous object of princely love and princely hate. The French knights panted to see their progenitors' deeds of pious valour blazoned anew to the world in the burning words of song.'

Tasso was released from his seven years' imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586. He was released from a life little less burdensome than imprisonment on the 25th of April, 1595. The strong man was bowed; the grave man had become saturnine: he had regained liberty but not repose. At the age of forty-two, with impaired vigour and extinguished hope, he was as much a pilgrim and an

exile as when, at the age of twenty, he had entered the service of Alphonso, and offered his willing homage to the virtues and genius of Lucretia and Leonora. A few gleams of prosperity attended the last two years of his life. His fame pervaded Italy: it was proposed to crown Rinaldo's poet with Petrarch's laureate wreath; the noblest Houses of Italy aspired to become his patrons: but he had already put too much trust in princes, and his best consolations were the friendship of Manso and the hospitality of the good Benedictines of Mont Olivet.

We must now close our imperfect sketches of the ethnic and the Christian poet. In the history of the former we have contemplated a career marked by few vicissitudes, and expressive, if not of the highest genius, yet of talents honourably exercised in extending the taste of a nation not naturally poetical, and ministering to the literary enjoyment of future ages. Philosophy was perhaps never more successfully applied in the regulation of character than it was by Horace; and external circumstances had favoured his happy nature. In an age of ostentation and excess he was simple, frugal, and contented. His early asperities had yielded to the gentle influences of friendship, experience, and self-knowledge. In the ancient world he stands forward prominently as the philosopher of good sense. The life of Tasso is a more tragic volume. Throughout his few and evil days he exemplified the remark of the ancient poet, that 'he who enters a tyrant's house, becomes a slave even if 'he goes in a freeman.' Yet the woes of Tasso, although in themselves it is difficult to consider them medicinal, fell upon a nature so chastened and elevated by endurance, that at the last we can contemplate the closing scene with feelings not purely painful. One by one the inherent imperfections of his disposition appear to have been corrected. His passion for praise, his proneness to take offence, his impatience, his jealousy, and his pride gradually left him. The great reconciler of wrongs, impartial and inexorable death, removed every cloud from his spiritual vision — Alphonso and Ferrara faded away upon the horizon of eternity: even the fame of his Gierusalemme had become 'of the earth' and indifferent to him; and his failing senses admitted alone the echoes of the consoling hymn and the words of the parting benediction. In the church of the Monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome, a small marble slab and a more stately monument inform the traveller that there, after his weary pilgrimage, rest the bones of Torquato Tasso.

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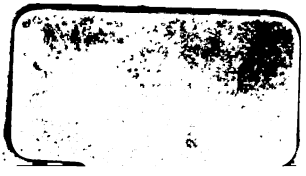
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